WEEK ENDING JULY 28, 1928

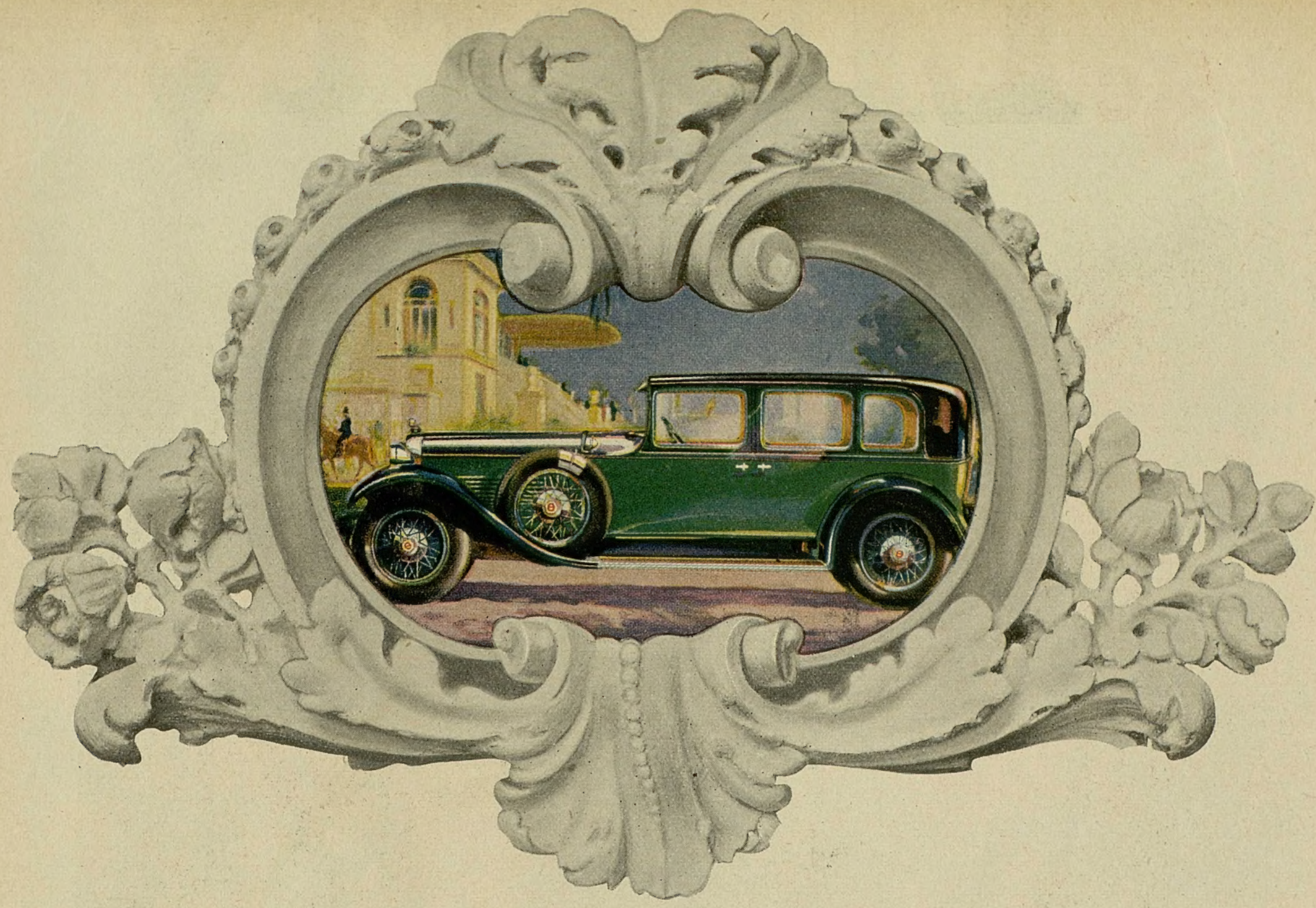
5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

"Aw, go to h—"

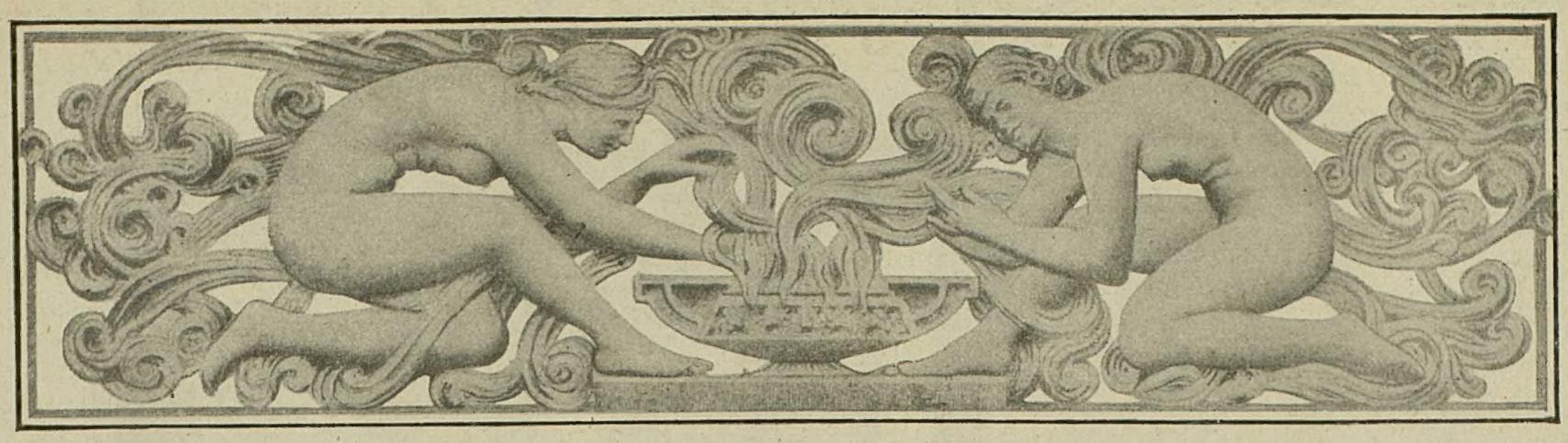
DELMAR ~ HENDERSON ~ YORK
WODEHOUSE ~ RAINE ~ FULLERTON ~ The *Duchess of* SUTHERLAND



IN THIS MOST SUCCESSFUL YEAR THAT STUTZ HAS EVER HAD, ITS FINANCIAL STABILITY BECOMES A THING OF DOWNRIGHT PRIDE. A HANDSOMER, SAFER, SPEEDIER CAR HAS MADE POSSIBLE THAT FINE ACHIEVEMENT.

THE
SPLENDID
STUTZ

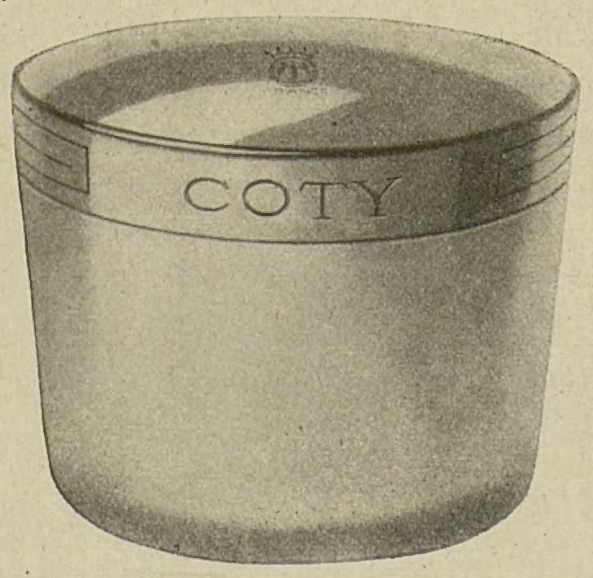
THE SAFEST CAR HAS THE RIGHT TO BE THE FASTEST



BEAUTY CREATIONS COTY

Twenty million women daily use COTY Face Powders *for their perfection of quality and artistry—and these twenty million women will want* "Colcreme„ COTY— *the exquisite new cream which* COTY *has created for them, to give true, healthful, natural loveliness to their skins. It cleanses—nourishes—beautifies—all three in one—and all the complexion needs for its fresh radiance.*

New!



"COLCREME„ COTY
In frosty glass jar with air-tight metal cover. Complete rules for care of the skin enclosed with each.

"PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU"
For guidance in choosing the correct Face Powder *shade and expressive perfume odeur to intensify individuality*

COTY INC.
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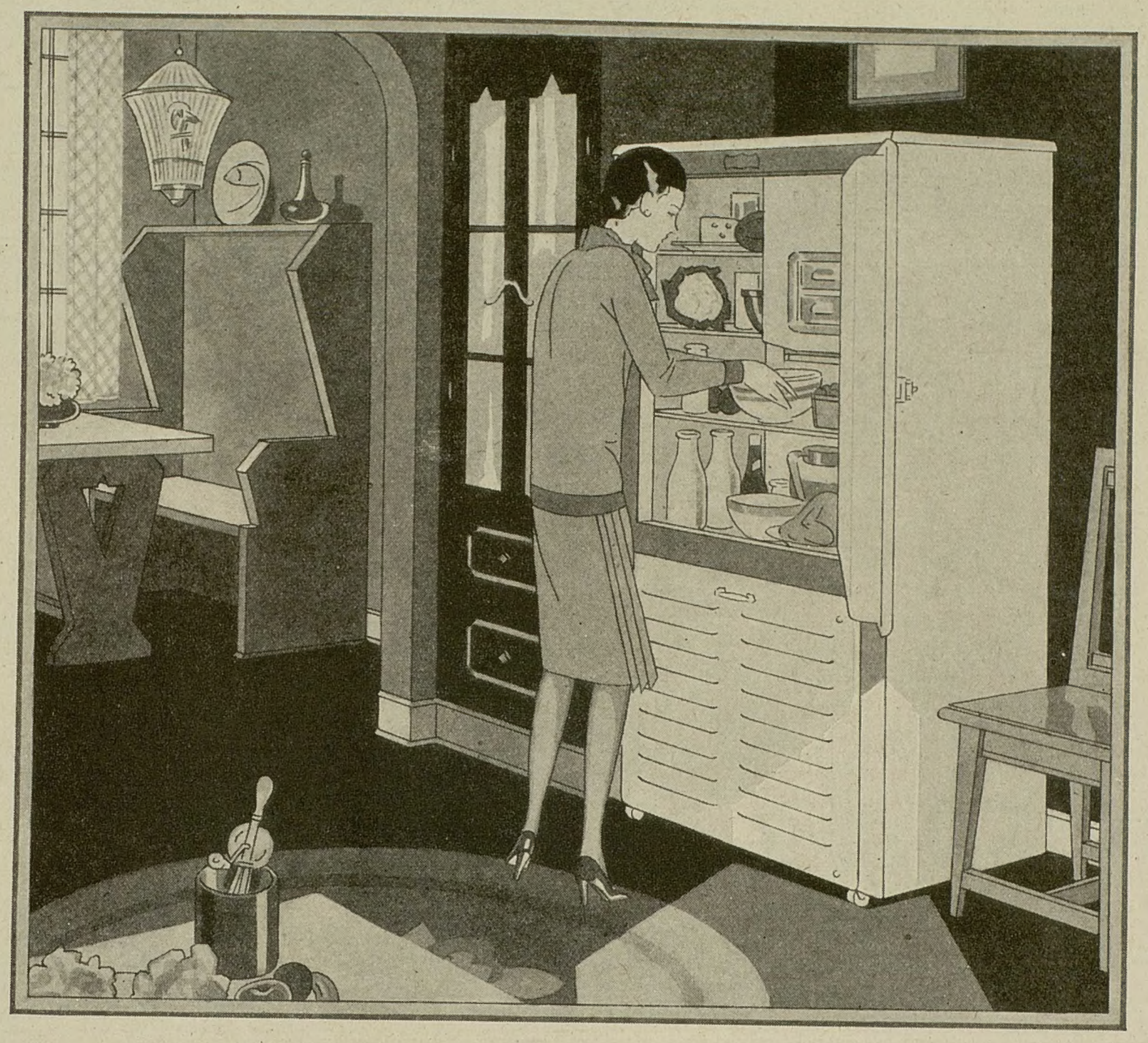
FRIGIDAIRE

THE CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY



Powered to freeze ice quickly . . . always

ICE CUBES tinkling in beaded glasses. You want them and need them the year around. And that's *one* reason you're thinking of buying an electric refrigerator.

When you put water into the Frigidaire trays to be frozen you're never disappointed. No matter how hot the weather, it freezes quickly . . . solidly . . . all the way through.

It takes surplus power to give *safe, dependable* refrigeration, and to freeze ice cubes quickly and surely . . . always. This surplus power is built into every Frigidaire, and the powerful Frigidaire mechanism is completely concealed, completely out of sight. There's nothing to mar Frigidaire's practical beauty.

This wide margin of reserve power does not add to the cost of operation. This master automatic refrigerator actually pays for itself in ice and food savings. This economy is the result of Frigidaire and General Motors mechanical experience. Such unique features as the Frigidaire fan and the V-belt drive, carefully tested over long periods, have proven their value in providing efficient, low-cost operation.

Let Frigidaire pay for itself as you pay for it

If you care to buy Frigidaire on a deferred payment plan, as most people do, the first payment can be so small and General Motors terms so liberal, that Frigidaire will actually pay for itself as you pay for it. Not only in summer and winter ice savings, but in the prevention of food spoilage and deterioration, and the chance to buy food in larger quantities.

You need Frigidaire in your home today to protect your family's health, to provide ice cubes and frozen delicacies. Telephone your Frigidaire dealer today. And remember, Frigidaire pays for itself as you pay for it. So why put it off any longer? Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

JULY 28, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 30

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

TO PUT IT VULGARLY—

To put it vulgarly, we believe Secretary of State Kellogg has bitten off a good deal more than he can chew. Certainly this is what we hope.

He has gone to the length of stating, in a note to the fourteen nations with whom he has been discussing a "multilateral" (which means many-sided) treaty, that "the Government of the United States is ready to sign at once" a treaty in the form he proposes.

A reading of this multilateral treaty will convince even the simplest-minded that it is merely an effort to enter the League of Nations by the back door.

In view of the declared sentiment of the American people regarding the League of Nations when that became an issue in 1920, this is a most astounding action.

The people of the United States do not intend to enter the League of Nations by the side door, back door, cellar, or skylight, nor will they do so. Fortunate it is that Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg, by their signatures, cannot commit this nation to a multilateral or any other treaty. Fortunate it is that the Constitution provides: "He [the President] shall have power, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate*, to make treaties, *provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur.*"

This proposed treaty agrees that the United States is not to go to war for any cause whatsoever, but is to settle all questions between itself and other nations by pacific methods. If a dispute about the Monroe Doctrine arises it is to be settled by pacific methods—and that means by reference to some of the other signatories.

The signatories are familiar. We read their names frequently at the time of the other League of Nations debate. They are as follows:

The President of the United States of America.
The President of the French Republic.
His Majesty the King of the Belgians.
The President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic.
His Majesty the King of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India. (For Great Britain and Northern Ireland and all parts of the British Empire which are not separate members of the League of Nations.)
A signatory for the Dominion of Canada.
A signatory for the Commonwealth of Australia.
A signatory for the Dominion of New Zealand.
A signatory for the Union of South Africa.
A signatory for the Irish Free State.
A signatory for India.
The President of the German Reich.
His Majesty the King of Italy.
His Majesty the Emperor of Japan.
The President of the Republic of Poland.

It is the same old stuff—Czecho-Slovakia one vote, Belgium one vote, Poland one vote, and the United States one vote, on a question which concerns the Monroe Doctrine! Since the disputants in this list must settle all questions by pacific means, when any two of them cannot compromise their own affairs the issue must be left to arbitration by the others.

What form of blindness is it that impels our Secretary of State to negotiate such treaties? We hope and believe that when the Senate convenes again it will do its duty by this, as it has by the League of Nations. We hope not only that the multilateral treaty will fail to get a two-thirds vote but also that it will be beaten by a majority vote.

We hope that the Monroe Doctrine will continue as an American doctrine and will not be abandoned, and that the United States will continue as an independent nation.

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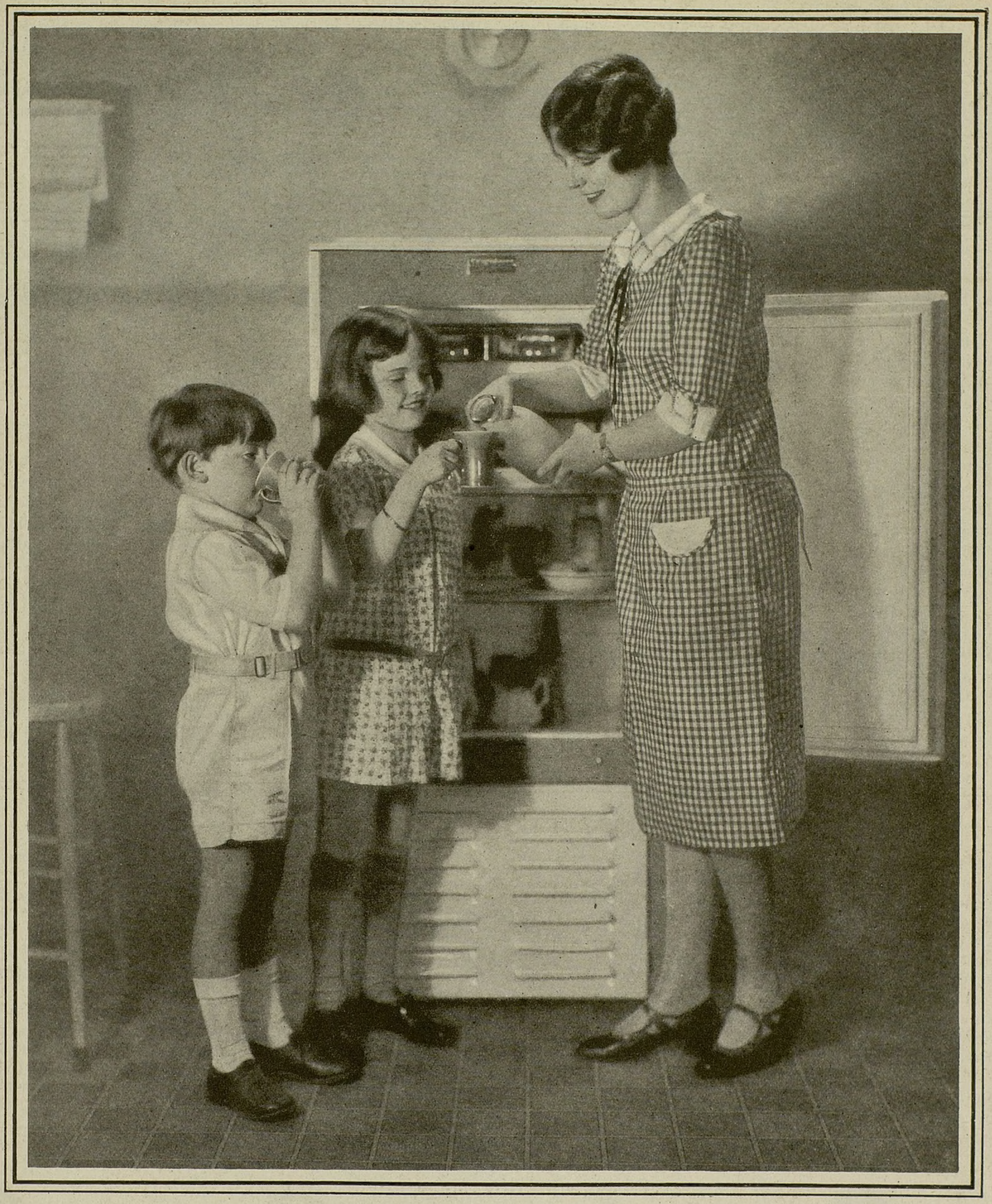


GENERAL

FRIGIDAIRE *and* THE OPEN MIND

TWELVE years ago General Motors asked: "Is there any service which can be rendered *inside* the home comparable to the service which the automobile renders *outside?*"

Already the Delco-Light division was carrying the comforts of electric light and power to farm homes. Electric refrigeration was in its infancy, and General Motors, acquiring Frigidaire, set its research organizations to work to improve it.

Having accomplished this, the next step was to increase production and reduce costs so that the price could be brought within the reach of every home.

To the solution of this second problem many departments of General Motors contributed. The research laboratories in Detroit worked with the laboratories in Dayton, the home of Frigidaire. The Fisher Body Corporation was consulted in the design of the cabinets. The same engineering principles which have made automobile construction so economical were applied, for the first time, to the production of refrigerators.

Today Frigidaire is the world's largest selling automatic refrigerator. General Motors' resources and experience have made it possible to produce a low-priced model which is $570 cheaper than the lowest priced model of five years ago. All over the nation—and indeed all over the world—food is better preserved and health is safer because this big problem was met with adequate resources and an open mind.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND
BUICK
LASALLE
CADILLAC
All with Body by Fisher
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE
The Automatic Refrigerator

DELCO-LIGHT
Electric Plants

Delco-Remy Electrical Equipment · Harrison Radiators · Delco-Remy Lovejoy Shock Absorbers Jacox Steering Gears · A C Spark Plugs · A C Speedometers · A C Oil Filters · New Departure Ball Bearings · Jaxon Rims, Wheels and Tire Carriers · Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials · Hyatt Roller Bearings · Inland Steering Wheels · Klaxon Horns

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator, and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the standard low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan

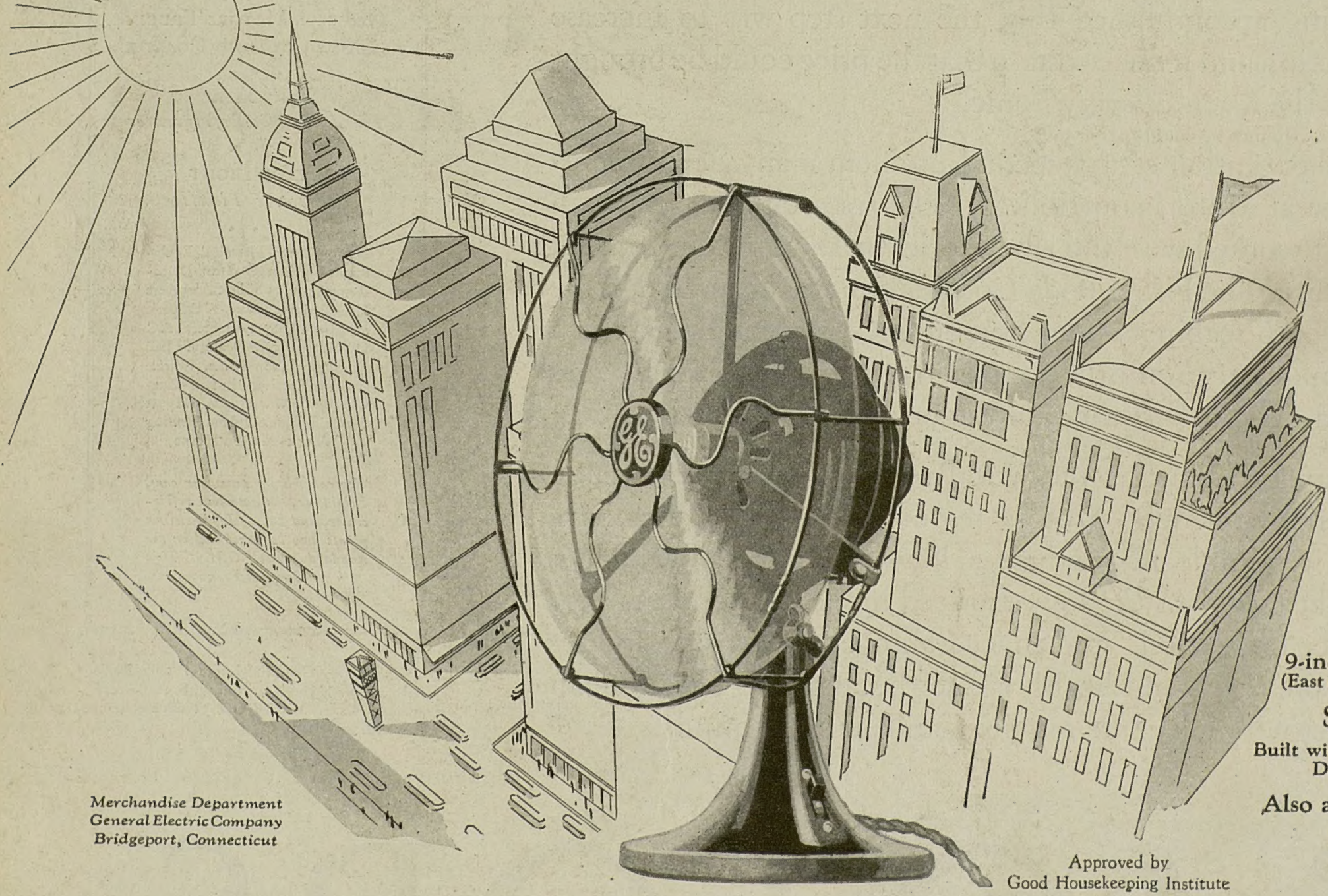
TUNE IN — General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening, 8.30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 31 other stations associated with N. B. C.

MOTORS

A ready breeze where you see this sign

The sign of a good fan

This is the sign of a good fan—a General Electric Fan. Always on tap, ready to swing its silent way from side to side—ready to search out stagnant air and puff it into a breeze. Twelve dollars and a half is the price of summer comfort—for all the family. This summer's comfort—and many more.



Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

9-inch oscillator
(East of the Rockies)
$12.50
Built with either A. C. or D. C. motor.

Also a 6-in. fan for
$5.00

Approved by
Good Housekeeping Institute

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Da Capo

A Story of Husbands' Luck

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

da ca'po (dä kä'pō) From the beginning; a direction to return to the first strain and repeat.

(Reading time: 28 minutes.)

MR. GRANT was standing at the window of his office. The window was open and the first faint fragrance of summer rose tantalizingly to his nostrils and called up a mood of dreamy detachment. That small, sweet smelling breeze was a reminder of all that would follow. Silver, star splashed nights, brilliant misty dusks, and mornings with sweet, spicy scents in the air. Roger Grant sighed. He was forty-three. Time he stopped yearning romantically toward silver, star splashed nights. After all, forty-three!

His secretary tapped her pencil on the desk. Mr. Grant smiled to himself. She thought he had forgotten her. Funny how dense a woman can be at times. As though he could forget her. Was it possible that she had no inkling of the truth?

He turned around and looked at her. She looked back at him. She saw a grave eyed, good looking, middle-aged man. He saw a girl with silvery blonde hair parted in the center and drawn down straight over her ears. Her hair was not bobbed. He saw her eyes, sapphire blue. Thrilling eyes. Lips red and warm looking. And she thought he had forgotten her!

"'Sincerity, loyalty, and understanding are necessary,'" she read from the notes before her. "I have all that, Mr. Grant," she added.

"Yes, Miss Taylor, I know you have."

Her eyelids fluttered as she looked up from her notes. She laughed a little. "I meant—" she tried to explain. Her confusion was very pretty.

Mr. Grant dropped into his chair and made an effort to think of something to add to Miss Taylor's notes. Miss Taylor's eyes fixed themselves on him; consequently thought was slow in coming.

"I'm stupid today," he admitted, after a painful interval.

"Not stupid," she said; "but your thoughts are evidently occupied with something more important. I'll finish this for you and you can sign it if it is all right. It's only that greeting from you to the factory hands that's going to be read at their picnic."

That was the way she was. Full of practical ideas, thoughtful and efficient. There was never anyone else like her. It was not, he told himself, because he was at the dangerous age that he felt this way toward Irma Taylor. Had he met a girl like her when in his twenties he could certainly have adored her.

She was gathering her notes together. Roger got up and stood looking down upon her silvery blonde hair. His eyes traveled to her dress, that fitted her with such delightful perfection; to her feet, neatly clad in silk and lizardskin.

"I'll bring this to you," she said, "in half an hour." She smiled at him. She had a brilliant smile that showed her perfect white teeth.

"Wait a moment," he said.

She waited respectfully while Roger Grant wondered what excuse he could give for having delayed her. He wanted to look at her another moment, but he couldn't tell her that. She said nothing. Just waited coolly and faithfully at his command. Good heavens, what couldn't a man achieve with a woman like that at his side forever?

"Is it true, Roger, that you take that pretty blonde out to lunch?" Roger jumped suddenly. "What pretty blonde?" he asked.

"It seemed that there was something I wanted to say," he told her, after a minute's silence. "It's slipped my mind completely."

Irma Taylor walked to the door. She turned another beaming smile upon him. It was a smile that warmed Mr. Grant strangely.

After she had gone, Roger Grant lit a cigar and permitted his fancy to roam far and wide. What would it be like to be married to that girl? There couldn't be anything remotely verging on argument with a wife of her intelligence. She was efficient and skilled in practical psychology. She would know that causing a man to wait an hour while she counted over the contents of her hand bag made for frayed nerves and ill humor. No, there could never be stupid husband and wife squabbles with a wife like Irma.

SHE came back into the room and placed a few typed pages before him. It was his greeting to the factory hands phrased warmly and yet with aloof dignity.

"Perfect," he said.

"I'm glad it's all right." She lingered beside his desk for a moment, glancing over some letters.

"Everything you do is all right," he told her.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DA CAPO
Continued from page nine]

"I'm glad that I please you," she said gravely. "I have tried to do all that I can to make things run smoothly in the office."

She need not have taken his praise so impersonally, he thought. Still, that was like her—to act as though any conscientious girl could be all that she was. To the list of Irma Taylor's virtues, Roger Grant added modesty.

"Aren't you catching your usual train tonight?" she asked presently.

"Yes, I suppose so." He sighed then, for his "usual train" reminded him of other things and of that part of his life spent away from his smooth running office.

"I'll go, then," she said, "since you won't need me. Good night, Mr. Grant."

"Good night, Miss Taylor."

She went then, but he continued to sit at his desk. He could have been heard to sigh again.

Suddenly she had returned. She was standing beside him, ready for the street. A light coat with an upstanding fur flare of a collar made her seem taller. Flare collars always made Roger think of queens and great ladies. Her hat, however, was a pert little hat. It had a brim that shot up with rapid suddenness right about her eyes. He would have hated the hat if it hadn't let him see Irma's thrilling blue eyes.

"Mr. Stryker said you wouldn't be here tomorrow morning," she said. "You perhaps forgot to tell me. Is that right?"

"I had intended to go see the house I'm building at the shore," he said. "I didn't tell you, because I wasn't certain that I'd go. In fact, I don't think I shall go. Would it matter if I didn't come in tomorrow?"

Her eyebrows drew together in thought. "N-no," she said; "there isn't anything of great importance."

The mischievous little breeze, with its promise of warm, bright summer nights, blew gently into the office. It touched contemptuously a pile of important looking documents. It danced disrespectfully about the office and carried the scent of Irma's perfume to Roger.

"I meant," he said, "would it matter to you? Suppose I went away for a month—would you care?"

Her deep blue eyes rose questioningly to his face. There she saw that he was no longer Mr. Grant talking to Miss Taylor.

"You know I'd care," she said. "You can tell, can't you? I haven't guarded my secret more cleverly than you've guarded yours."

"Irma, sweetheart!" She was in his arms now, raising her lips for his kiss. The little mischievous breeze paused just long enough to make sure that it had done its work thoroughly.

It jumped gayly through the window just as Irma Taylor said, "Darling, you'll miss your train. Mrs. Grant will be angry."

ROGER did miss his train. He arrived home exactly nineteen minutes after he was expected. Carolyn was watching for him at the window. She was looking distressed, furious, and baffled, all at once. She opened the door for him and threw her arms about him. "I was worried about you," she said. "How was it you missed your train?"

"I was unavoidably detained at the office," Roger replied.

"Dinner is ruined. Amelia always has everything timed to that train, you know. You'll have to eat everything dry. I had a letter from William. It's got me all in a fever. He's asking for more money again. What that boy does with all the money we send him is beyond me. And Mrs. Lawson was here today. She bought a mink coat in the warm weather fur sale. Her daughter's going to marry Fred Weatherly after all. I knew that the minute she walked in—such an expression of cat-eaten-the-canary on her face."

While she was talking, Roger took off his coat and hung it on the hatrack. He walked into the library and sat down.

Carolyn screamed at him: "What are you sitting down there for? Amelia has everything on the table. Don't you want to eat?"

He got up and walked toward the dining room. Carolyn had spoken truly. Amelia had everything on the table. Now, that wasn't sense or efficiency. Why didn't Carolyn give orders for things to be kept warm and palatable in the kitchen until his arrival?

"What's this about William?" he asked as he seated himself at the table.

"Oh, don't remind me," Carolyn moaned. "He's asking for more money, and here we just sent him a big check for his birthday. I don't know what college life does to a young man's sense of values. It's got me positively sick."

"Why?" asked Roger.

"Why! Well, Roger Grant, I'm surprised at you. Here I've been absolutely in a fever all day, worrying about William wanting more money, and you ask me why!"

"What I mean, Carolyn, is this: There's no point in making yourself ill. We're either going to send him more money or we're not. It's nothing to get excited over. Do you suppose parents all over the world get feverish at the requests that come from their sons away at college? Be cool, Carolyn, and handle the situation like Miss Taylor would."

"Like who would?"

"Like my secretary. She's efficient and intelligent. She thinks things out. She never gets excited, and, take my word for it, Carolyn, in business there is more wear and tear on one's equilibrium than you'll find in any domestic situation."

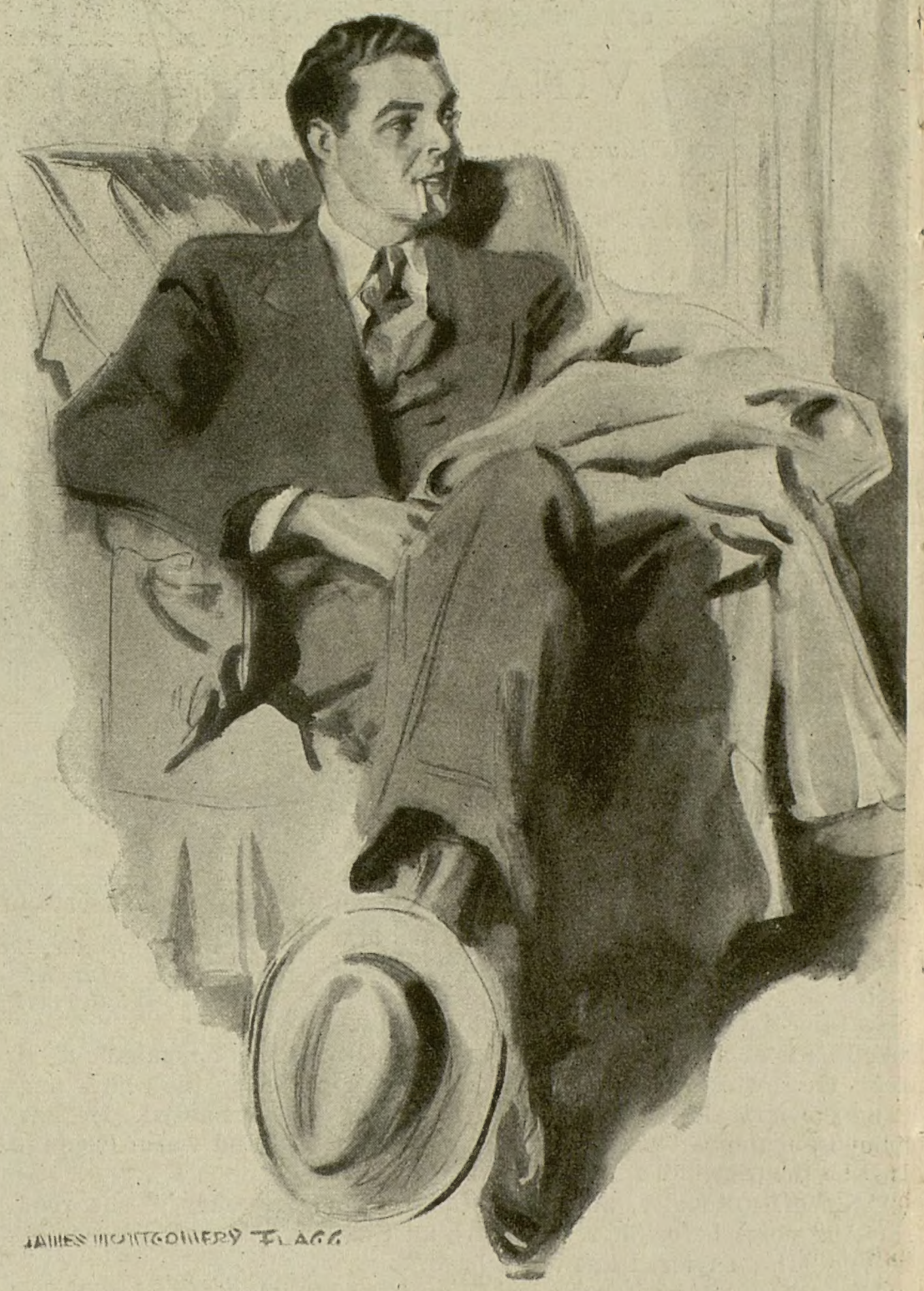
"Do you think so, Roger?"

"Yes, I do."

"That proves you're a nitwit, Roger."

He did not answer her. He felt that she was deserving of any pleasure that this speech might have given her. It had been unthinking and decidedly out of place for him to bring Irma's name into the conversation. It wasn't fair to compare Carolyn to Irma. Poor Carolyn! She was so impossible, so inadequate.

He looked at her with a softer expression in his eyes than had been there for many a year. She was forty, and far too heavy for her height. Her face had a lingering youthfulness about it, owing to her very small mouth that looked as though it had been snatched from a baby. Her eyes were brown and ridiculously mournful looking. Eyes had no right to be mournful looking unless there were brains enough in back of



them to tell them when to cry. Carolyn's eyes, realizing that they lacked this necessary coach, cried frequently so as to be on the safe side.

She had bobbed her hair and it was naturally wavy. It stood out with astonishing ease and made her head look three times its normal size. Roger remembered when he had thought Carolyn's hair beautiful. Ah, live and learn! She was looking at him now, smiling up into that soft expression which had crept into his eyes. She couldn't recognize it for pity. She was too stupid.

Roger looked away from her. He looked at the dining room, with its solid mahogany furniture and its heavy drapes. A nice room, a satisfying room. This room belonged to them—Carolyn and Roger. He could not pick himself up and depart, leaving her alone and forty in this room. He could not ask release of this flustering, blubbering woman who had given him twenty-two years of her life. She didn't know that he wasn't happy. Words were the only things that told Carolyn anything, and it would take a harder hearted man than he to tell her.

BESIDES, she had given him William, and William was the pride and joy of Roger's life. But then, there was Irma. What did men do in situations like this? Roger wondered. Certainly this must have happened to other men.

"It's very nice out," Carolyn ventured, after five minutes of silence. "I'd like to take a ride tonight, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, I'm not particular about it," Roger answered. "If you want to go we'll go."

Amelia came in with the dessert. It was blancmange. Roger knew that tonight it would be blancmange because it hadn't been blancmange last night. Carolyn thought that rice pudding and blancmange were

Roger started up the stairs. "Irma," he asked, "are you sure you have your keys?"

the only two desserts in the world.

"Amelia," said Carolyn, "tell Herbert that Mr. Grant wants to go for a ride."

Amelia nodded and departed.

"I know that you don't want to go for a ride, dear," Carolyn explained, "but I put the message that way so that Herbert will show some action. If it's for me, he'll take all night to get ready and to get the car. Somehow I don't get much service out of him or Amelia."

"That's your own fault, Carolyn. You've never been able to manage them."

Carolyn sighed. "There's so much to manage," she said.

Roger got up and went to the library. He lit a cigar and sat down in a huge, soft chair. He closed his eyes and a vision of Irma promptly materialized. Irma keeping house for him. Irma riding with him through the warm, silver dusk.

Herbert, the gardener, chauffeur, furnace tender, and general handy man, passed beneath the window. Soon, Roger thought, Herbert would be driving the car down gleaming roads lined with whispering, dark trees. There would be perfume in the air and the strange, mystic beauty of May. In the car there would be Roger lost in his dreams and Carolyn talking, talking, talking.

SHE came into the library. She wore a dark broadcloth coat and a small felt hat. She looked as though she had been mercilessly rushed. Her hat had not been pulled down far enough over her forehead and her coat collar was half turned in. Yet Herbert had not, so far, brought the car from the garage.

"Come on," she said.

"Plenty of time," Roger told her, puffing contentedly on his cigar.

They waited. Herbert brought the car to the front of the house. Carolyn's excitement grew.

"There's the car," she said.

"I see it." Roger walked over to the hatrack and got his hat and topcoat. "I'm ready," he said.

Now came the moment he had anticipated all along. Now that his coat was on and Herbert actually was ready, Carolyn suddenly opened her hand bag.

"I haven't a handkerchief," she said.

Roger stood in the hall and waited for her while she got a handkerchief. She came downstairs with her cheeks red and her breath coming in spasmodic little jerks.

She opened her bag and tucked the handkerchief safely away.

"Now, let's see," she mumbled. "Have I my compact, my keys, my gloves, and my little mirror? Oh, goodness, I haven't my keys!"

"What, in the name of heaven, do you need your keys for? I'm with you, aren't I? And Herbert's with you, and Amelia's going to be in."

"I feel better when I have my keys."

"You'll need them," Roger remarked, "in the event of a motor accident in which Herbert and I are killed and you miraculously escape and find yourself unable to rifle our pockets for the keys to the house. Of course, even then you won't need the keys, unless in the meanwhile Amelia has committed suicide or dropped dead from a heart attack. But, all things being possible, my dear Carolyn, be on the safe side and go get your keys."

Carolyn went and got her keys. Then Mr. and Mrs. Roger Grant went out to drive in the May moonlight.

THE situation grew more difficult. Carolyn was probably no more trying than she had been for years, but it was hard to come home to her after a day at the office. Sunday was worse. Only the hours spent in the office did he count as living hours. Irma and her quiet competence made his office a haven of peace and rest. She was so dependable, so thoroughly capable. Roger pictured her taking over his life, refashioning it, shaping it into a newer, brighter mold. She was never rattled—always calm and commander of the situation. Yet when he made a request she was soft and yielding, eager to please her lord and master, desirous of nothing save his gratitude and praise.

Sometimes she clung to him, and hot, glittering tears would mist her sapphire blue eyes. It seemed so terrible, so unfair, that Carolyn had him all for herself. Roger would kiss her and pat her shoulder tenderly. He never spoke at these times, because he did not know what to say. He could not promise that some day things would be different, because he could not bring himself to tell Carolyn that he loved Irma. At the same time, the present conditions were not fair to Irma. She loved him. None of the men who could offer her a home and a life of her own pleased her.

Carolyn or Irma? One had to be sacrificed for the other. Could he sacrifice the woman who had given him William and twenty-two years of her life? Could he sacrifice Irma, who had brought him the gift of her warm young love and who had tossed aside men who had everything to give her?

Sometimes Roger would pace his office madly, running his hands through his hair, wishing that some way out would present itself. And that was exactly what happened. A way out did present itself.

One day Carolyn came to the office. She was not the sort of wife who came frequently to her husband's office. Its size and general air of importance intimidated her. She had not been there for seven years. Nobody in the outer office knew who she was. She stood meekly by the switchboard, waiting for someone to notice her.

A tall girl with silvery blonde hair and slim ankles came through the door which Carolyn knew led to Roger's office. The blonde came closer.

"Sorry," she said to the girl at the switchboard; "I'll have to cancel that lunch date with you."

"Oh, yeah?" responded the operator. "Going to lunch with the grand Grant again?"

The blonde blushed.

"Don't blush, darling; everybody knows about you and his royal highness."

The lovely ankles moved across the large office and disappeared through another door. Carolyn moved over to the switchboard and said, "Please could I see Mr. Grant?"

"Who's calling?" asked the girl.

"Tell him it's Carolyn."

The girl smiled and eyed Carolyn superciliously. Carolyn didn't notice.

"That's the way to Mr. Grant's office," said the girl, gesturing with a memorandum pad.

Carolyn opened Roger's door. He was standing up, waiting for her.

"Hello!" he said. "What brings you here?"

"Well, I had a telegram from William. He says he owes some money and he wants to pay it and that twenty dollars you sent him was just a good laugh. I think he's terrible, and I was coming in for lunch and matinée with Mrs. Kling, and I thought instead of phoning you I'd drop in and ask you if I should send him some more or not. It's got me in a perfect fever. Is it true, Roger, that you take that pretty blonde out to lunch?"

Roger had not been listening with both ears to Carolyn's speech. Now he jumped suddenly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DA CAPO
Continued from page eleven]

"What pretty blonde?" he asked.

"Well, I suppose she's your secretary. A young girl and very pretty."

"That's Miss Taylor," Roger said. "She's a marvelous girl. She represents an ideal to me. I take her to lunch, yes."

"Well, for heaven's sake, don't get mad, Roger. I don't blame you for taking her to lunch or anywhere else that she'll let you take her. Judging from her nice, wholesome looks, though, I doubt that there's more than luncheons going to come of it."

Roger looked wonderingly at Carolyn. What sort of attitude was this? No scenes? No epithets to be hurled at Irma? Perhaps this was the moment that was going to put an end to all his sleepless nights.

"Miss Taylor has, for God knows what reason, chosen to love me," he said.

"And do you love her, Roger?"

"I do, but I'm not unreasonable enough to expect you to divorce me so that I can marry her."

CAROLYN sat down. She said nothing for a few minutes. Then: "Oh, dear, everything comes at once. My dear mother used to say it never rains but what it pours. Here's William telegraphing for money, and trouble with that vacuum cleaner man annoying Amelia again, and now here you're putting problems up to me."

"No problem, Carolyn," said Roger gently. "You either want me to remain your husband, even though you know I love Irma, or else you'd rather be single than married to a man that isn't wholly yours."

"Oh, dear! Now, what would you do, Roger, in my place? What would you say? Seriously now, what do you think? If William were here I could ask him, but there he is up at college, spending as much as it costs me to run a house. What he does with that money is beyond me."

"Don't decide now, Carolyn. Go to your matinée with Mrs. Kling and I'll see you tonight."

A look of relief spread over the plump face with its babyish mouth.

"Will you be home on your usual train, Roger? You know Amelia times everything to that train."

"Yes, I'll be home on that train. Forget everything now and enjoy the matinée."

"I'll try to, Roger. Dear me, I never did ask you about William. Shall I wire him that money or not?"

"I'll attend to him. You run along now, Carolyn. Good-by."

"Good-by, Roger. Don't be harsh with him."

She went then, and Roger fell limply into his chair. He had just lived through a very strange scene. He felt weak and foolish. He wanted to laugh. Had he expected dramatics from Carolyn? He might have known better. It takes a woman with emotions to stage dramatics. Of course, he didn't know yet whether Carolyn would divorce him. Still, it looked very much as though she would.

He rang for Irma. He would tell her of the latest development. But first he must attend to William. If he and Irma got dreaming about the future, William might be completely forgotten.

"I wish," he said, as she entered the office, "that you would telegraph my son."

"What shall I tell him?" asked Irma.

"That's just it. I don't know. He's always asking for money. I don't know whether I should send him some now or not."

"How much have you sent him this month?"

"I don't know."

"More than twenty dollars?"

"Oh, yes," he said.

William was sitting with his feet up on a tea wagon, peacefully looking over the pictures in a humorous weekly.

Irma took up a telegraph blank and wrote busily for a moment. Then she rang for a messenger.

"What did you tell him?" asked Roger.

"Plenty," Irma replied. "He won't ask you for money again for a while. It's just as well that you don't see this message; you might think it's too harsh, whereas that's just what he needs—a little rough treatment. Trust me."

The message dispatched, Roger reached for Irma's hand. "Darling," he said, "you're wonderful. You take worries off my mind and manage things just right. I have something to tell you. It looks as though things were going to come out right for us. Of course, I can't tell yet, but it looks as though Carolyn will divorce me."

Carolyn did divorce him. She went to Reno. There was a terrible to-do about getting her started. Irma arranged everything. She bought Carolyn's ticket and arranged for the stateroom. She wired to the hotel for a reservation. Roger thought for a while that he'd have to send Irma along with Carolyn to make sure that Carolyn didn't go to Galveston or Bangor by mistake.

William came to town to see his mother off. He and Roger went to the train with her. She was terribly excited, and a corsage which William had given her kept coming unpinned. Carolyn had plenty of things she wanted to say, but somehow she couldn't think of one of them.

When the corsage was standing in a glass of water and Carolyn was sitting in her stateroom with her magazines, books, and candy piled up beside her, a great load seemed to drop from her mind. She smiled and kissed both Roger and William affectionately. She was positively merry.

"Miss Taylor won't mind my kissing you," she said to Roger. "I have known you a long time."

As they left the depot together, Roger cast his son a furtive look. It was the first time he'd been alone with him since William had known about the divorce. Roger took a header.

"I feel a terrible brute," he said, "to want your mother to divorce me, but believe me, Will, she hasn't suffered. She's been perfectly satisfied."

William grinned. He was six feet tall and tanned goldenly. His teeth were perfect and he had grinning down to a science.

"Sure, she's satisfied, old man. By gosh, don't let's kid ourselves. Mother is a good scout, but she's a lightweight above the ears. Keeping house and telling maids what to do and deciding whether it would be lamb or roast beef for Sunday was too much deep thinking for her. She hated it. I guess she thought you were O. K., but you were part of the deep thinking. She's glad to be free."

"Do you really think so, son?"

"Sure. It was all over her face. She's got it all mapped out now how she'll never think another thought so long as she lives. You're going to marry Miss Taylor, dad?"

"Yes, Will."

"Good for you. She seems like an all right kid. Well, old man, I guess you have a date with her. I'm barging over to see some friends. I'll look you up in the morning before I take the train back."

No matter what people might say of the younger generation, Roger thought, as he hailed a taxi, he was in favor of these gay, light thinking kids. They didn't see divorce as a great calamity. No reproachful looks from Will. God bless his soul!

AND so, in due time, the marriage of Roger Grant and Irma Taylor took place. They went to live in the house where Roger had lived with Carolyn. Roger had offered the house to the first Mrs. Grant, but she had shrunk from it and presented every symptom of being about to cry when he insisted. She had set her heart on four sunny large rooms in the newest, duckiest apartment building in town. And was he going to spoil her plans now with his offer of that big house, where she'd had so much trouble with vacuum cleaner men and Amelia?

So Roger and Irma lived there. Irma hired a new maid and a new general utility man. She refurnished Roger's bedroom and the one which Carolyn had had. She had two new bookcases built in the library and then she said that the house pleased her.

Roger heaved a big sigh of relief and sat back to enjoy his new marriage. Oh, what it was like to have an efficient, capable woman about who was as energetic as Irma was! He had been accustomed to a lonesome breakfast during his marriage to Carolyn. Now here was Irma every morning sitting across from him. Sweet indeed.

During the third month of his marriage Irma did not come down to breakfast one morning. He became alarmed. She must be ill. He went upstairs and rapped on her door. No answer. He walked in. Irma was lying asleep, with her silver hair spread in a fascinating pattern upon the pillow.

"Irma!"

She opened her eyes.

"Are you ill?"

"No. Why?"

"You didn't come down. I thought perhaps—"

"For mercy's sake, Roger, can't I sleep one morning without alarm-

ing the household? Must you have somebody to watch you eat your sausages?"

Roger withdrew. His brow was puckered with some strangely familiar annoyance for a time. Then it cleared. The dear girl was merely trying to make him appreciate his mornings with her more thoroughly by absenting herself this once.

He was wrong. The dear girl never came down to breakfast with him again. She said that it was ridiculous to do so, because then she had nothing to do with her whole morning.

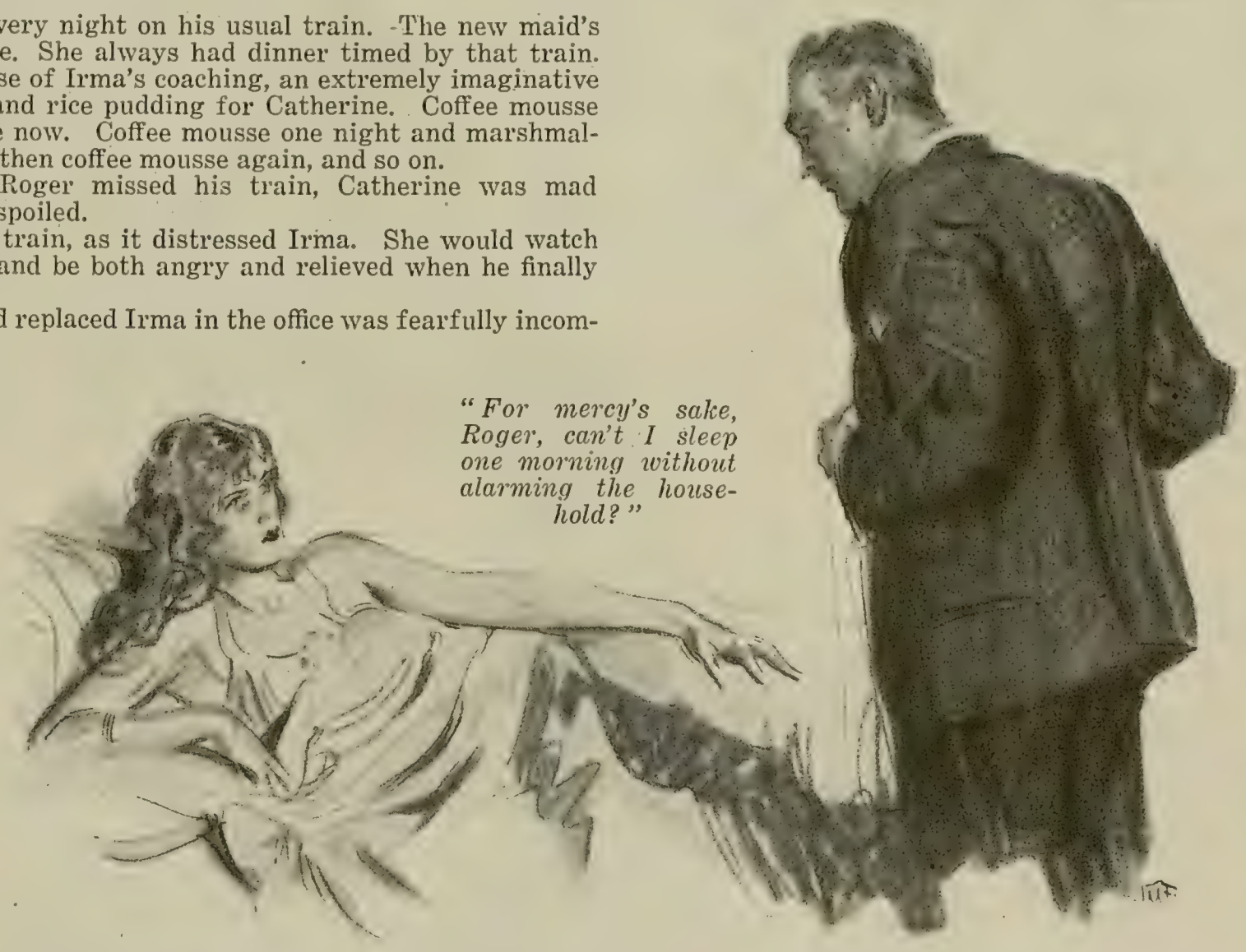
ROGER came home every night on his usual train. The new maid's name was Catherine. She always had dinner timed by that train. She was, possibly because of Irma's coaching, an extremely imaginative cook. No blancmange and rice pudding for Catherine. Coffee mousse and marshmallow crême now. Coffee mousse one night and marshmallow crême the next, and then coffee mousse again, and so on.

Some nights, when Roger missed his train, Catherine was mad because the dinner was spoiled.

He hated to miss his train, as it distressed Irma. She would watch for him at the window and be both angry and relieved when he finally came.

The secretary who had replaced Irma in the office was fearfully incompetent. A little scatterbrained thing whose breath smelled constantly of licorice and who never knew the right answer to anything.

Roger was thinking about this new annoyance during dinner one evening. He hated discharging an employee; still, he had grown so accustomed to efficiency in his office that he was a lost soul without it. He looked across the table at Irma and thought of how she had managed everything so perfectly. She had taken orders so intelligently and had been such a model of conscientiousness.



"For mercy's sake, Roger, can't I sleep one morning without alarming the household?"

"Did you stop in Comstock's today and order that bridge table for me?" she asked suddenly.

"No, dear; I forgot," he answered.

"That's a help to me," said Irma. "I'll tell the Gordons when they get here that you forgot, and I'm sure they won't mind, even though they are coming solely to play bridge."

"We'll get one in time, Irma. Don't be nasty, darling. By the way, did you get John to take those suits over to the tailor's to be pressed?"

"No, I didn't, but it wasn't because I forgot about it. I didn't have him do it because I needed him myself today. I went for a drive."

"Oh," said Roger.

"Your son wrote you a letter today. I opened it. He wanted some money."

"Confound that boy, anyhow! He doesn't get another cent."

"You're mistaken, Roger. I wired him some at once."

"What did you do that for?"

Irma's chin rose an inch or two. Her blue eyes flashed the look of defiance used by people who know they are in the wrong and are determined to stay that way.

"I'll tell you why I sent it, Roger, and why I'll send him money every time I know he wants it. It's because I'm your second wife. If he doesn't get a lot, I'll be blamed for it. People will think I influence you against him because he's Carolyn's son."

"Good heavens, Irma, are we to end up in the poorhouse so that foolish people won't say you're a wicked stepmother? Is that a system?"

"I don't care whether it's a system or not. I'll not get a reputation for jealousy and meanness. On the other hand, I hate to see him wasting money. Oh, it is a problem, Roger! I've been in a perfect fever all day, thinking about it."

Roger darted a swift look at Irma. She was placidly eating her coffee mousse. He picked up his spoon and plunged it into the dessert.

During the summer months William spent a week or two with Roger. He and Irma got on amiably enough together.

"All I have to do is call long distance," William often said, "and tell Irma who's calling, then walk down to the telegraph office and collect the money. The fellows up at college think she has committed some terrible crime and one word from me will be her undoing. Gee, old man, it breaks my heart to see the way this woman throws away your hard earned money."

Somehow Roger couldn't laugh. It wasn't the idea of the money. He had been pretty weak himself about giving in to William's requests. The thing that annoyed him was different. He had pictured Irma coping with William in a firm yet kindly manner. Instead, she got feverish and generously answered every distress signal of his.

When a principle was at stake, when William was merely taking them for a sleigh ride, Irma should have been above caring what people would think. She wasn't, though. When Roger went to tell William what he thought, Irma cried, "Yes, you tell him. You can rest easy about it, knowing full well that he'll believe it's all my doing."

And so a year passed. A very happy year, Roger told himself. Nothing like having an efficient, capable woman about the house.

"Does it seem as though we've been married a year?" asked Irma.

"It seems like a week," Roger gallantly returned.

They were in the library, waiting for John to bring the car around. William was on a holiday, and he leaned idly against the banister, regarding his father and Irma.

"Going with us?" asked Irma.

"If I'll not intrude," William said.

"Glad to have you," said Irma; "but if you're coming, get your things on. You too, Roger. You sit there as though it was going to take John four years to bring the car."

Irma herself was already wearing her hat and coat. She did not look as charming as she had been known to look, because she had put her hat on hurriedly. Roger wondered why she had done that. There was no rush.

He went for his coat when he saw the car appear on the driveway. William also got his. The men were now ready.

"One minute," said Irma. She opened her hand bag. "Have I my keys and my compact and my gloves and my lip stick and a handkerchief, I wonder? Goodness, no! Roger, you'll find my lip stick in the left-hand side of my right-hand vanity table drawer. The gloves are under that scarf I bought at Barlow's, and you can take this handkerchief upstairs with you and put a drop of that new perfume on it. As you're coming past the hall table, you can bring me a rose out of that vase, too. I'd like to wear a rose."

Roger started up the stairs. "Irma," he asked, "are you sure you have your keys?"

For the first time since William's birth, Roger felt that he could cheerfully choke that young man to death. William was sitting down with his hat balanced audaciously on his left foot, and he was grinning in that special way which he had down to a science.

After all, Roger did adore William. Only twice in his whole life did he ever feel like reducing him to nothingness. The occasions were separated by many months.

THE second came on an unsettled, highly exciting morning, when Roger, after a sleepless night, had received an important telephone call from a big house up on a hill. Carolyn had sent William over to get the news.

Roger, with a haggard expression on his face and a pair of wild eyes, came downstairs. William was sitting with his feet up on a tea wagon, peacefully looking over the pictures in a humorous weekly.

"Well, old man," he asked, "any news from headquarters?"

"Yes," said Roger; "you have a new brother and I have another son."

"Three cheers!" said William. "That's great. Say, dad, bust open a bottle, will you? It's an insult to Irma and the kid if you don't."

Roger went for the decanter and some glasses. He brought them back and poured out two drinks. William sipped his speculatively.

"Not bad," he said with gracious condescension. "Say, old boy, you know what I was just thinking?"

"I'd never guess," his father said.

"It was this—I'll bet not one man in a million makes two marriages that are exactly alike. But look at yours now. As similar as two cans of tomatoes. Even to having a son in the second marriage just the same as in the first. Gee, it's astounding. You know it?"

The son of Roger Grant's first marriage grinned across at his father. There was something sly, something significant, yet a sort of kindly tolerance in the grin.

That was the second occasion upon which Roger felt like choking William to death.

THE END

The BARRYMORES

And the DEVEREAUX, and the MENDUMS, and the DREWS

An Article by

EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 26 minutes 18 seconds.)

WOULD you like to grow up, little stage-struck girl, as the daughter of a great theatrical family, have all your relatives actors and actresses, and all your stage dreams nurtured and made real? What kind of life would you live, and what would become of you?

You would play with dolls of course, you think. But they wouldn't really be dolls. They'd be heroes and heroines, heavies, soubrettes, comedians, and ingénues; men and women who loved and hated and cheated and sacrificed, and spoke lines they had learned from your mother or your uncle or your aunt.

Your house would be full of excitement, except when mother and dad were on the road trouping. There would always be some famous man or woman around to talk to you or play with you.

It would be most exciting just before the first night of a new play, with seamstresses running all around, mouths full of pins, hands full of silks and ribbons and stockings and hats and shoes; mother trying on costumes, and talking to the seamstresses, and spouting lines at you, and making faces—the face depending on the nature of the line.

Sometimes she would be a queen, in clothes that dripped with diamonds so that you could hardly look at her. Sometimes she would be a bride; sometimes a weird military creature with a bold air and strange words on her tongue, like "Zounds, sir," or "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Sometimes she would be a Richmond belle in hoop skirt and a blonde wig, and sometimes a gypsy fortune teller so lovely you couldn't help running to her and hugging her.

Some nights the house would be filled with flowers and with people saying how wonderful your mother looked, and how easily she had "knocked them out of their seats." You would understand that mother never got arrested for this; that it was actually expected of her. You would sit on the dark stairway, listening, until you couldn't hold yourself longer, and you'd rush down to share in mother's triumph.

Plays, plays, plays, all your little life. New plays and old plays, gingham plays and spangles and old lace, Shakespeare and Sheridan and Fitch, Zöe Akins and George Cohan and Ned Sheldon and Charles MacArthur. Grandma would play at you, and mother and dad. Perhaps dad, in Roman uniform—mostly bare flesh and flashing steel—would thump his queer broadsword and whisper to you confidentially:

> "For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
> The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
> Cæsar said to me—"

You'd snatch the lines away from him, wouldn't you? Be *Cassius* and *Brutus* and *Antony* and *Cæsar* himself? And mother would chime in here and there—"All honorable men!" in a mock heroic voice—so that your exhilaration would dissolve in giggles.

Plays, plays, plays—even school would be plays. And there would be a school playlet in which you would have the leading part, and no one to bother about costumes but yourself or your teacher.

But when the play was given, you would find all your relatives sitting as close to the stage as they could get, proud of you; mother with tears in her eyes. They would swear you were your mother all over again.

And mother would hold you and stroke your hair—not realizing the time you had spent to make it look just right. But you wouldn't care about that, would you? And she'd keep saying: "My little girl, my little girl," very unlike any lines in any play you ever heard. You would feel, you imagine, just as Ethel Barrymore's daughter felt when mother took her in her arms after the schoolgirl play in the Philadelphia convent. Well—perhaps you would.

And you would grow naturally to fame and importance in the theater, have splendid plays thrust upon you, have famous authors and managers eager to humor you and give you money and honors. Ah, yes—perhaps. But I do not believe it.

The present generation of Barrymores found the road to fame as steep and heartbreaking as it had ever been, despite the fact that most of their forebears had traveled that road and tried to make it easier for those to follow.

THEY were born into a family that had been a theatrical unit for more than a century, but not one of these three—Lionel, Ethel, and Jack—had any wish, in their early years, to keep up the family traditions.

Perhaps Ethel had such a girlhood as you have dreamed for yourself. Perhaps even her childhood fights with Lionel and Jack were but unconscious, mimic reproductions of fights she had seen enacted on the stage or read about. Perhaps. But I don't believe that, either.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Louisa Lane (Mrs. John Drew), the talented grandmother who reared Ethel and Lionel and John.

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John Barrymore, who climbed from vagabond art student to stardom on the stage and in the moving pictures.

Ethel Barrymore, actress and mother. "Uncle Jack" Drew started her on her career.

Lionel Barrymore, the oldest of the trio.

This new perfection is making Campbell's Beans more the leader than ever!

When you buy beans for your table, you are interested in only one thing—Quality. Which beans taste the best? Which beans are cooked just the way the vast majority of people prefer? Which beans do most other strict housewives serve regularly on their tables?

Campbell's Beans! Their popularity is overwhelming. They far out-sell any other beans on the whole continent! For years the favorites, Campbell's Beans now go farther into the lead because of their latest perfection. Slow-cooked to a golden brown, the beans are whole, yet deliciously mellow and tender.

Only the pure juices of red-ripe, luscious tomatoes are used in Campbell's famous tomato sauce, which flavors these beans so irresistibly. No beans *could* be higher in Quality than Campbell's! Serve hot or cold.

Slow-cooked Golden Brown

Come one, come all, Your palates tickle— the REAL Oh Henry! now a nickel

FOLKS are demonstrating that they prefer the quality—passing up the imitations for the *real thing*—the candy made the home-made way–Oh Henry!–keeping the dealers busy playing jazz tunes on the old cash register—ringing up the nickels. Everybody's happy, 'cause look how good Oh Henry! is:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed].

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Her parents were of the stage, her grandparents, uncles, aunts, and all the grown-up people that she knew. But she was more interested in music and in swimming than in drama.

She made her début before the footlights when she was fifteen. But it was seven long, hard years before she was given the chance to play a real part. And when she first saw her name in electric lights it was so grand a sight she almost fainted.

Ethel and Lionel and Jack were children when they lost their mother, Georgiana Drew Barrymore, and they were brought up in a little old house in Philadelphia by their grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, one of the finest actresses of her day and the best *Mrs. Malaprop* ever seen on the stage.

MRS. DREW managed the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia. She was the star of the company. Tickets at the box office—"25c to $1." She was Louisa Lane, the daughter of Thomas Frederick Lane and Eliza Trentner Lane. Her father was a London actor, and her mother an actress and singer. She was born more than a hundred years ago—the year George III died; made her first appearance on the stage when she was four; and came with her mother, then a widow, to New York City when she was five.

Louisa made her American début at the age of seven in the Walnut Street Theater in Philadelphia—the theater where Ethel was to enjoy stardom so many years later. When she was eight she had a play written for her. It was called At Twelve, Precisely, and she had to play five different characters.

Her mother married John Kinlock, an actor, and bore him a daughter who grew up to footlight fame as Adina Kinlock.

Mrs. Drew had been twice married before she met John Drew, a handsome young comedian from Dublin, and one of a line of famous Irish actors. He had spent his ante-theater years on a whaler out of New Bedford. He loved the sea as his grandson Jack Barrymore loves it. Wonder how he would have felt if he had lived to see that grandson playing *Captain Ahab* in The Sea Beast, on the trail of *Moby Dick?*

John Drew and Louisa Lane were married in Albany in 1850; and they had begun to manage their children and the theater, when John died. He was but thirty-five. And how the women rioted for the last look at his dead face! Rudolph Valentino alone has ever achieved such fame as an idol of the matinée mamas.

John Drew had a twin, Frank Drew, who looked so much like him that either one could play the two *Dromios* up to the last scene where the *Dromios* meet. Frank's children are managing theaters in Ohio.

Mrs. Drew went on with her career after John's death, playing with Edwin Booth, and Edwin Forrest, and Junius Brutus Booth, and Joseph Jefferson, and many others of the most famous actors of the time; went on with her theater management—arranging for next week's play, getting the programs printed, getting the posters distributed, rehearsing every day, playing every night and every matinée, taking care of her children and her grandchildren and her home.

Sixty-three years she spent on the stage. Thirty-one years she managed the theater. She died in a little old hotel in Larchmont, New York, looking out at the Sound, and was buried beside her husband in Glenwood Cemetery, Philadelphia.

As she had requested, her son John caused this poem to be chiseled on the stone that marks the grave:

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cause a sigh, a tear;—
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning."

Some time before she died she called the three Barrymore orphans to her and caressed them and said:

"You'll always get along fine, my Jack. And so will you, Ethel. But my poor Lionel—God only knows who will take care of you!"

Their mother was dead, and their father; and she knew that she was soon to die. Her own children? John was doing well on the stage. So was Sidney—whom she had adopted as a son. Georgie was dead and Maurice Barrymore, Georgie's husband, was dead. Louisa had married Charles Mendum, a Boston theatrical manager, and had a daughter, Georgiana Drew Mendum, who was to become a star in musical comedy.

Mrs. Drew had seen all her children make their débuts; had seen Ethel—all eyes, like her mother—playing her little first rôle in The Bauble Shop; had seen her son John grow into one of the most celebrated actors in the land. There was a cigar named after him! And well dressed young men were copying his clothes.

She had left her theater;

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How Ethel Barrymore looked at the age of fifteen.

International photo

Where Ethel and her three children reside at Mamaroneck, New York, amid acres of flowers overlooking Long Island Sound.

she had retired from her stage; she was only the mother and the grandmother—worrying over the oldest of the brood. Gifted, brilliant, headstrong children: the deep, athletic, music loving Ethel; the wild, unmanageable, affectionate John; the quiet, serious, steady Lionel. What would become of them?

"I was alone with my grandmother the summer that she died," Jack Barrymore writes in his book, Confessions of an Actor. "I can see her now as she sat there in her rocking-chair on the porch. . . . She had innumerable paper-backed books, and there was always one in her hands, but she seldom read. She sat gazing out across the Sound, but she was really gazing at old half-forgotten things, things that had once seemed important and which were now becoming confused in her mind. . . . Mostly, she spoke of other times and other manners in the world of the theater. . . .

"What was the understanding, what was the rapport between this tired old woman of the theater and her wastrel grandson? Tired? Why shouldn't she have been? . . .

"After an absence of fourteen years, I went

Davis Collection

Ethel and her three children: (left to right) John Drew, Samuel Pomeroy, and Ethel Barrymore Colt.

back to the house in North Twelfth Street, in Philadelphia. It had seemed such a wonderful place to me, and the rooms had been so big; but now it was all drab and dreary. I do not know of what substance those conventional white Philadelphia steps are made, but they were being washed by a slatternly woman, and they did not seem to get much cleaner in the process.

"Those three steps that Ethel, Lionel, and I had jumped up and down on in our countless trips in and out of that house! John Drew had crossed them to see his mother. Grandmother, with her stately dignity, had left from them to go to the theater. Jefferson, in his calls upon her, had walked there. It was perhaps on the second step that my mother stood one Sunday morning when she met my father as he was returning from an all-night party.

"'Where are you going, Georgie?' he asked.

"'I'm going to church. You can go to hell.'

"I went into the house and looked at the old rooms where I had played, and of which I had such deathless memories. They were cramped and fusty. I saw the place on the top floor which was a cache for the things I stole. . . . I did get back something of the personality of that wonderful old actress. Somehow I sensed the aura of Mrs. John Drew, even in that mean, shabby house. I felt something of her personality and austerity which she ever carried into the theater, where she was known as 'The Duchess.'"

JOHN and Sidney and Georgiana—who was called Georgie—and Louisa Drew were brought up in that old house, and Maurice Barrymore lived there for a time—the most brilliant actor of his generation, husband of Georgie and father of Lionel, Ethel, and Jack.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BARRYMORES Continued from page seventeen]

Maurice was the son of an Episcopal clergyman and had gone to Cambridge and Rugby. He became the "gentleman champion boxer of England," and at one time thought seriously of becoming a barrister. He was a handsome brute, a wit, a wag, a fire-breathing, devil-may-care sort of chap.

He got on his mother-in-law's nerves at times—especially when he forgot his lines—and sometimes on Georgie's nerves too. But Georgie was just as quick on the retort as he and, so the children say, usually could get the better of him. But once Maurice scored on her.

He was coming home early that morning, when he took thought that perhaps it would be just as well to take a friend with him. That might soften Georgie's greeting.

They stood on those white stone steps—the steps Jack Barrymore has described—and Maurice rang the bell. He smiled at Georgie when she came down, and waved an eloquent hand toward his friend.

"Oh, you've brought your squarer with you, have you?" she asked.

"No, my dear," he replied gently. "Not my squarer, my rounder."

Steele Mackaye, a playwright, told Barrymore that he would never become a great actor—"not unless you get a great sorrow or a harrowing experience."

"Then, my dear Steele," said Barrymore, "write me a play and I shall get both."

Another friend was bragging that he was a self-made man. Barrymore asked: "Who interrupted you?"

"Every blow struck in a woman's defense is a dent in her reputation" is one of his epigrams.

Davis Collection

Josephine Baker, John Drew's devoted wife.

Barrymore was shot by a gunman, Jim Curry, when his company was playing in a little Texas town. Curry had picked a quarrel with Ben Porter, one of the troupers, and Barrymore, unarmed, went to his friend's assistance. Curry killed Porter with his first shot. The second bullet struck Barrymore in the shoulder, and went down along his spine, temporarily paralyzing him. There are many who believe this wound directly responsible for his idiosyncrasies years later, and for his death.

Curry was captured and brought to trial. On the day he was acquitted he sent to Barrymore the gun he had used to wound him, making it known that, in his opinion, the actor was "a game guy" and therefore entitled to the weapon.

Georgie died in Santa Barbara, California, when Ethel was thirteen. Ethel, who had gone with her to the coast, was at church when her mother died. "A divine, gay, lovely person," those who knew her describe Georgie; a brilliant, witty woman; a wife much in love with her husband, a mother deeply attached to her children. "Oh, my poor kids, what will ever become of them?" she cried just before she died.

MAURICE BARRYMORE—his name was really Herbert Blythe and he stole his stage name from the last of the Earls of Barrymore—survived his wife by many years. He died in Amityville, Long Island, just at the time his three children were having their hardest struggles and were most in need of him. Ethel had had to give up all idea of a musical career. Lionel was barnstorming, earning barely enough to eat. Jack was trying to be an artist and wondering how he could get enough to eat. Maurice had drawn big salaries—as much as $600 a week—but he left nothing to his children.

Sidney White Drew, the adopted son, was one of the first of the family to venture into the movies. Lionel Barrymore was another. John Drew wanted to go to Hollywood, but was unwilling "to trade on his brother's fame." Another one of the family who might have distinguished himself in the picture world was Sidney's boy, Sidney Rankin Drew.

Sidney Rankin Drew was born October 19, 1891, the son of Sidney and Gladys Rankin Drew, the latter being the daughter of the actor, McKee Rankin, and an actress in her own right. The young man was an actor and a director in Hollywood when he sacrificed his future to fight for France.

He was killed in action near Montdidier, May 19, 1918, fighting for France and his own country, attacking a squadron of enemy planes. He was then an officer in the Lafayette Escadrille, a French outfit made up largely of American boys who could not wait for 1917.

He was the first American actor to be killed in the World War.

His gallant enemies erected a cross above his grave, a cross fashioned from the struts of his ruined plane. This cross was presented nearly a year later to the boy's stepmother, Mrs. Lucille McVey Drew. She looked at the marks of machine gun bullets, held the cross to her breast, thanked the donors, her stepson's comrades, in the name of his dead father, and burst into tears.

Davis Collection

John Drew and his grandson, Master John Drew Devereaux.

Sidney Rankin Drew's mother, his father's first wife, wrote plays under the name of George Cameron. His stepmother, Lucille McVey, was famous on the Chautauqua circuit because of her recitations. She and the elder Sidney Drew played in comedies for years, and refused to be separated. There are millions still living who remember the funny, wholesome comedies of domestic life they gave to the screen.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew were playing in a little skit called Keep Her Smiling when Sidney became ill. They were in St. Louis, but it was not until after they reached Detroit that they gave up the tour. The trouper goes on, sick or well, until he collapses or dies. Sidney collapsed in Detroit, and had to quit. He was taken to his home at 876 Park Avenue, New York, where he died April 9, 1919.

S. Rankin Drew was one of three who gave up their lives in battle. John Drew recalled two uncles who fell in the Civil War. One of these, his father's brother, was a captain in Berdan's Sharpshooters. He was Edward Drew, and John remembers—in his book, My Years on the Stage—that he wore "one of those uniforms with long blue frock coat effect, single breasted, with brass buttons. He had long side whiskers called 'Piccadilly weepers,' which gave him a sort of *Dundreary* appearance." John regarded Uncle Ed as a great hero because he was killed in action, whereas Uncle George, who died of wounds at his home in Buffalo long after he had come back from battle, was not so venerated.

JOHN DREW made his first appearance on the stage of his mother's theater in 1873, when he was twenty, and his last on a stage in San Francisco fifty-four years later.

His mother, at the height of her career, gave him the cue that brought him before the world of the theater. "What a dreadful young man!" she said, speaking the line written for her, and adding her own thought to it: "I wonder what he will be when he grows up."

John entered, unperturbed, saying his first line: "This must be Old Barkins." The play was Cool as a Cucumber, and the phrase might have been used to describe the actor. The critics said he was too cool; that he might be a Drew, but he hadn't proved it.

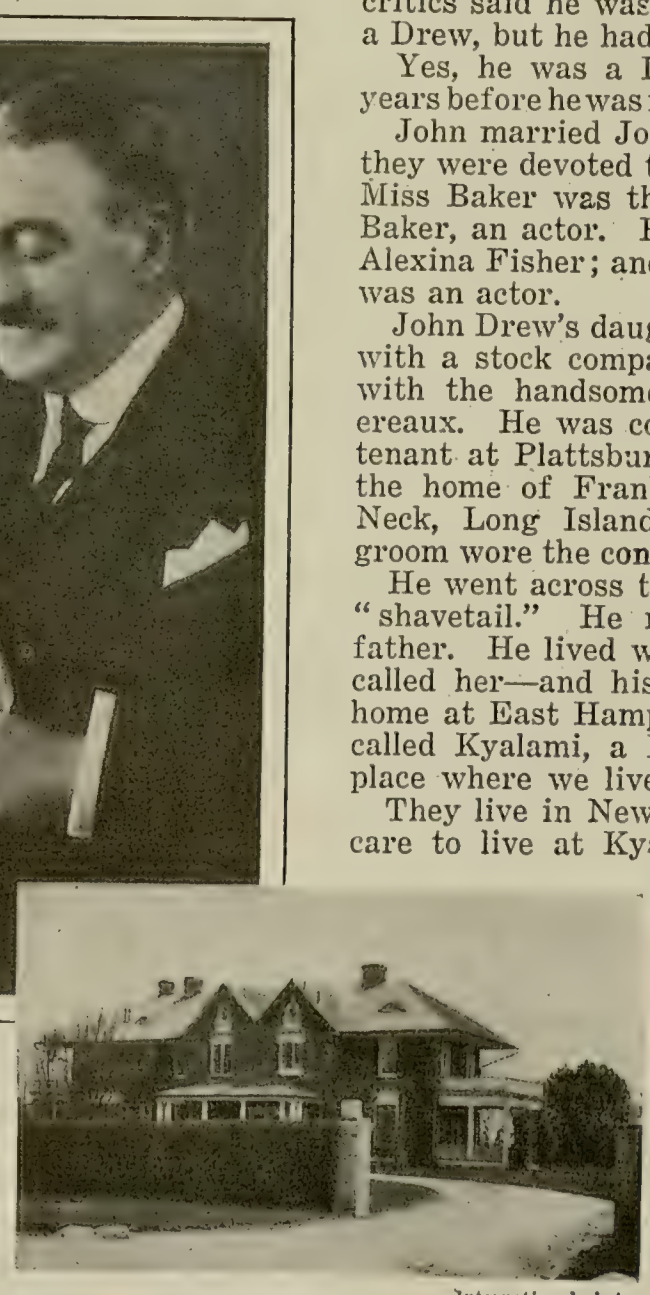
Yes, he was a Drew—but it was nineteen years before he was made a star. Nineteen years!

John married Josephine Baker in 1880, and they were devoted to each other until she died. Miss Baker was the daughter of John Lewis Baker, an actor. Her mother was an actress, Alexina Fisher; and her brother, Lewis Baker, was an actor.

John Drew's daughter, Louise, while playing with a stock company in Albany, fell in love with the handsome leading man, Jack Devereaux. He was commissioned a second lieutenant at Plattsburg. They were married at the home of Frank Craven, actor, at Great Neck, Long Island, August 11, 1917. The groom wore the conventional khaki.

He went across the sea a bridegroom and a "shavetail." He returned a captain and a father. He lived with his wife—"Bee" they called her—and his son, in John Drew's big home at East Hampton, Long Island, a house called Kyalami, a Kafir word meaning "the place where we live."

They live in New York now. They did not care to live at Kyalami alone, though there were so many tender memories connected with that house. One of the family it sheltered had gone from it to war. One had waited there for his return. One had been born there. Mrs. Drew had died there. John Drew had left it to tour the country in a revival of Trelawney of the Wells, and had died almost 4,000 miles away. Kyalami was too big, too lonely for the three who were left.



International photo

The Drew estate at East Hampton, Long Island.

John Drew was almost blind when he died; had been almost blind for months. You might have seen him going through the rooms in the Lambs Club, or any others of a hundred clubs in the United States, during his last years; might have noticed him bowing politely to a chair that might have been a friend, to a statue that might have been nodding in his direction, bidding a gay good morning to a rack of newspapers that might be somebody that he knew.

You wouldn't have smiled had you seen him

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

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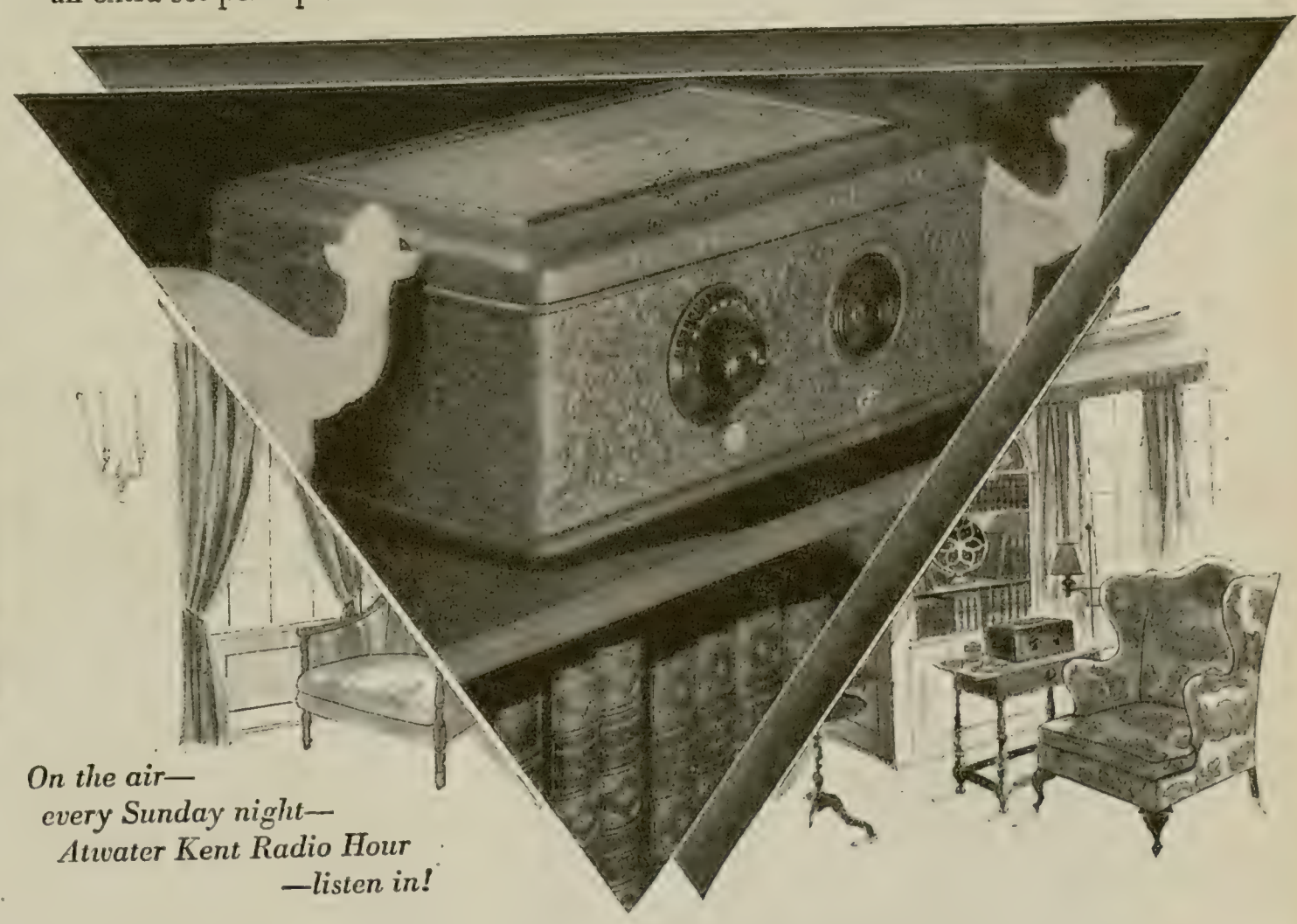

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[THE BARRYMORES
Continued from page eighteen]

thus. You would have said: "There goes a poor blind gentleman."

Flags were flown at half-staff in many cities when he died, and the great ones of the earth were among those who sent condolences to his kin. John Drew, Master of Fine Arts—the University of Pennsylvania conferred the degree on him in 1923—the last of the Drews, was the greatest of the Drews.

He was "Uncle Jack" to the Barrymore trio. He was as devoted to them as his mother had been, and he knew their virtues and their faults as well as she did.

Ethel was reading him a letter she had received from Jack. It was just after the San Francisco earthquake and fire. Jack had lost almost everything he had because of the quake, and in order to stress his desperate situation and his need of money he used his imagination. He admits it all. I'm not telling anything out of school.

He told his sister how the quake had wakened him; how he had fled for his life; the horrors he had witnessed—and he made them terrible; the work he was forced to do by the merciless Marines; and how badly he needed whatever money she could send him.

Ethel stopped reading suddenly, moved by some mysterious mood of her listener. Ethel is like that. She has the faculty of reading the thoughts of many people.

"Uncle Jack," she said, "surely you don't think John is lying?"

"Not at all," said Drew. "Doesn't he say that it took an earthquake to get him out of bed and the United States Marines to put him to work? Why shouldn't I believe him?"

IT was John Drew who gave Ethel her first chance. She had been studying music and singing. She wanted to be a concert singer; perhaps some day a star of the opera. She wanted to study in Germany and in Russia. But there was no money.

Uncle Jack made her understudy Elsie de Wolfe, then playing with him in The Bauble Shop. John was the star and Maude Adams the leading lady.

Miss de Wolfe was taken ill, and Ethel had her chance. She went on, wearing Miss de Wolfe's costumes, despite the fact that they were much too big for her. She almost got lost in them. She kept the part for the rest of the season, but she had to have the dresses cut down.

So! She was an actress—a Barrymore actress. And all that that meant was work—seven years of hard work in America and England; seven years of study and rehearsals; seven years of bad parts and misery and worry—and salaries a good stenographer would despise.

But she was a Barrymore and she expected hard work. She expected to play in the small towns, the one-night stands, the big cities. She expected little pay and little parts and much experience. Success came almost like a blow to her.

Sir Henry Irving taught her much, but it was Frohman who discovered her. He gave her the lead in Clyde Fitch's Captain Jinks, despite the advice of one of his friends, who said: "Miss Barrymore has never done anything worth mentioning; why ruin one of Mr. Fitch's good plays?"

Seton Collection

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, who won laurels in film comedies.

Int. photo

Sidney Rankin Drew, who quit Hollywood for the Lafayette Escadrille—and was shot down by an enemy plane.

She opened in the Walnut Street Theater in Philadelphia, on the stage well known to her mother, to her father, to her uncles and her aunts and her grandmother. And when the piece came to New York, Frohman put her name in electric lights on Broadway. She was a star!

She went back to England several times. She was as popular among the nobility over there as she was among the aristocracy in America—as popular as she was with play lovers everywhere. The press was always engaging her to some nobleman or other, or chronicling some new triumph she had achieved—as, for instance, her fifty-foot dive at the Duchess of Sutherland's home, Dunrobin Castle. Lady Constance Mackenzie, the then champion woman swimmer of Great Britain, had dived thirty feet—so Ethel dived fifty.

GOOD plays came her way all the time after she had reached the stars, among them Sir James Barrie's Alice Sit-by-the-Fire, in which she was so good that a critic was inspired to remark: "Not that I like Barrie less but that I like Barrymore." She played with both her brothers in this play, and she gave Jack a chance to shine in Captain Jinks when she played it as a return engagement in Philadelphia.

Ethel impressed her little brother into service because one of the cast had suddenly left her company and there was no understudy. Ah—a Barrymore in an emergency! He doesn't know the lines; he doesn't know anything of the part. But what does that matter? He is a Barrymore. His instinct will guide him. So? He blows up in the middle of his one good scene, in the first act. And he says to the astonished actor with him on the stage: "Well, I've blown up; where do we go from here?" Ethel stands in the wings, convulsed with laughter.

FOR her husband Miss Barrymore picked, not an English noble, not an actor, but a young American business man—Russell G. Colt. She is the mother of three children, Samuel Pomeroy Colt, named after his grandfather, who invented the Colt revolver, Ethel Barrymore Colt, and John Drew Colt. The mother and children live in a big house in Mamaroneck, a house looking out on the Sound and acres of green grass and flowers, a house not far from the hotel at Larchmont where Grandmother Drew spent the last years of her life.

Ethel is the only one of the three Colt children who seems at all inclined to the stage. She's a brilliant student, a husky young swimmer with many cups to prove her prowess, and she had the leading rôle in the class play, Ivanhoe, one Easter week not long ago in the Notre Dame Convent in Philadelphia — the convent her mother attended.

Mother, who supplied all the children with wigs, couldn't keep from crying when she saw how naturally her daughter played the part. However, she will not push the child into the theater, doesn't really care what the child does, so long as she is happy.

It was hard for Ethel Barrymore to rear her children and to keep on trouping. But she did it. Previous to her divorce from Mr. Colt, she made it a practice every day and every night, wherever the wife and mother might be, to wire the husband and father. Mothering by wire? It can be done.

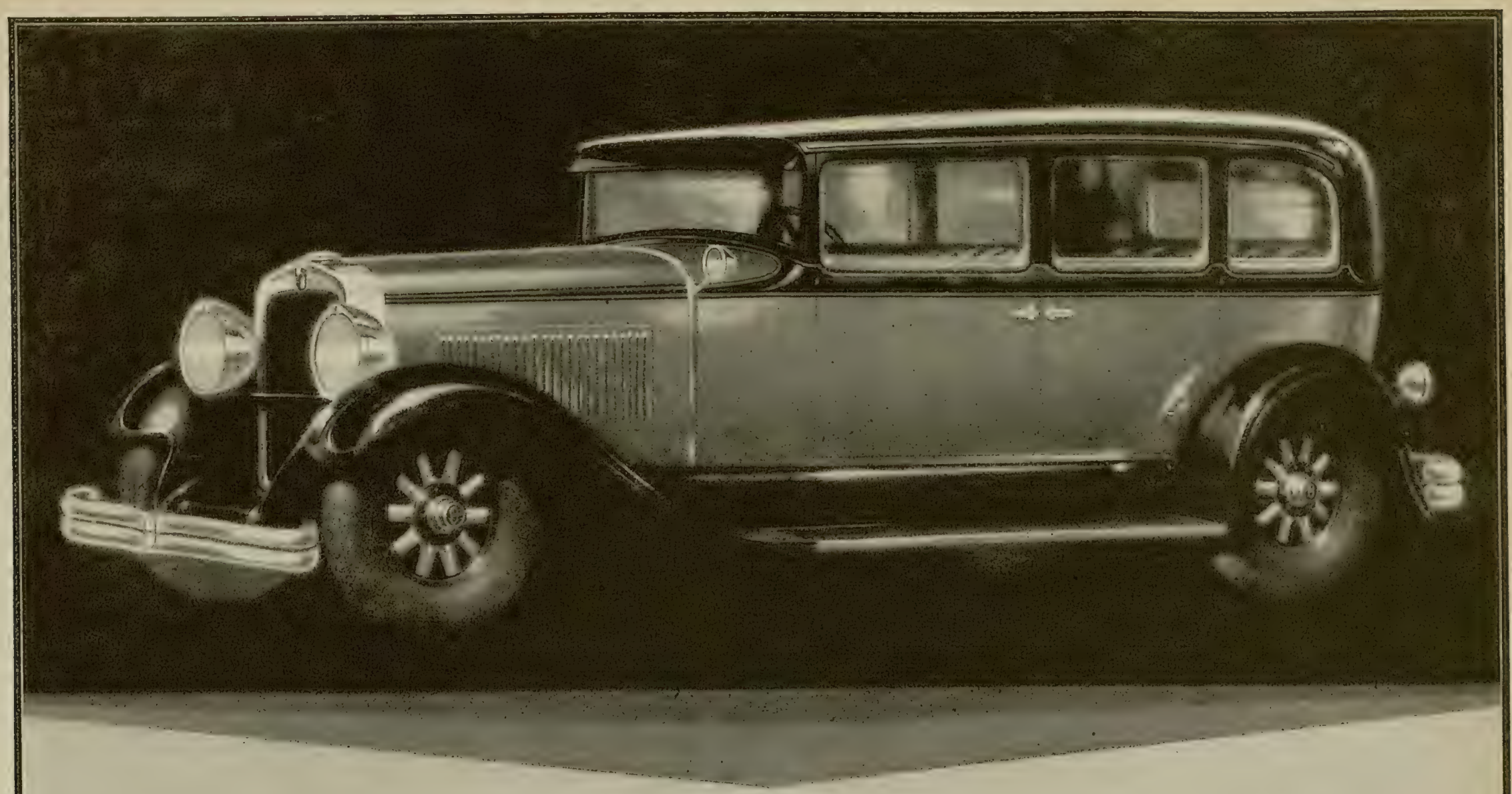
ETHEL BARRYMORE CHICAGO JACKIE CROSS STOP CANNOT LOCATE TROUBLE STOP LOVE STOP RUSSELL

RUSSELL COLT MAMARONECK. LOOK FOR LOOSE PIN STOP LOVE STOP ETHEL

Like Ethel, neither Jack nor Lionel had any idea of going on the stage when they were young. Oh, it was great to sit in a box in grandma's theater, when they were kids, and watch their relatives and friends perform. But they weren't stage-struck. Not at all.

Let me crib a little more from Jack's book. After confessing that he was a good deal of a grafter—that he usually stole his uncle's clothes, and that he once overturned a punt so he might rescue a lady and thereby obtain a

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]



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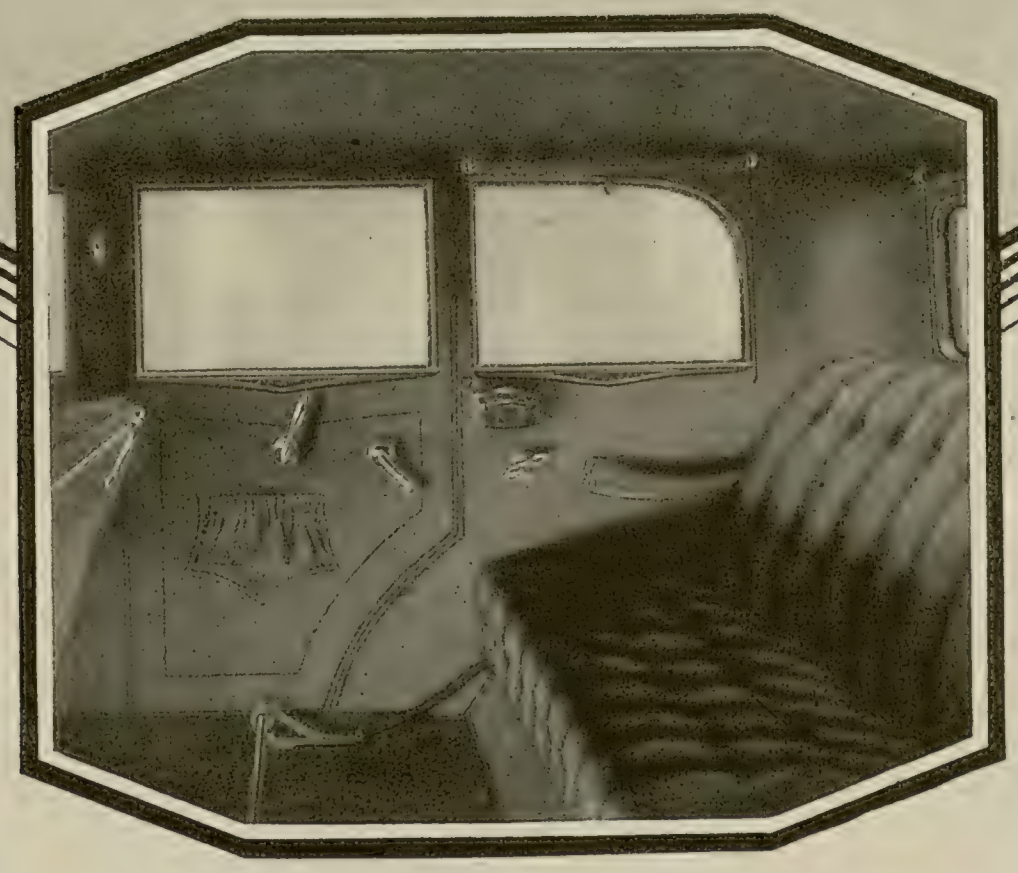

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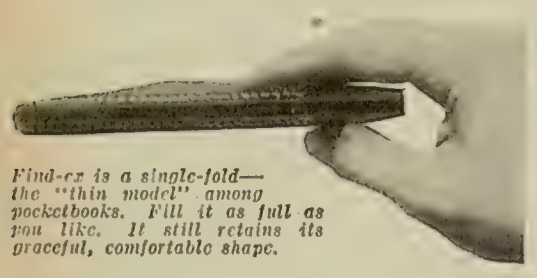

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[THE BARRYMORES Continued from page twenty]

fine chance to sponge on her husband—he confesses he went in for deception and for theft. He pilfered money from other members of the family "and carefully hoarded it" until he had enough to buy a rosary "for a symmetrical lady many years my senior with whom I fancied myself in love."

"At the age of nine," he says, "I got into a fight with a schoolmate, and threw a hard-boiled egg at him. As a punishment I was forced by the good Sister Vincent to look at a large book. It was Dante's Inferno, illustrated by Doré. From this I trace much of my later history. It made such a lasting impression that—some years later when I took up drawing—I tried to draw like Doré."

He went once to the Art Students' League—his father wondered how he managed to go even once—and then to a school run by George Bridgman. He worked quite hard—at times. He drew a poster for E. H. Sothern's production of the François Villon play, If I Were King, and sold it to Frohman for five dollars. The rôle of *Villon* so fascinated him that years later he played it himself in The Beloved Rogue. After some time he sold another picture. Andrew Carnegie parted with ten dollars to acquire it.

Jack was a very vagabond in his "art student" days, posing for an artist in exchange for the privilege of sleeping on the floor of the studio.

Some mornings breakfast was hot water, salted and peppered. He called it "bouillon," and smacked his lips heroically as he swallowed it. He worked on the New York *Telegraph* for twenty minutes, and for eighteen months on the New York *Journal*. It was Arthur Brisbane who suggested that as an artist Jack might some day become a great actor.

WILLIE COLLIER made an actor out of Jack, and perhaps the San Francisco earthquake helped. He did go seriously to work, at least; he did play some fine characters. He produced Hamlet in New York and London. He played in The Jest with Lionel. He made a hit in Justice and in Peter Ibbetson.

Now, as of course you know, he is one of the biggest of the movie stars. He is more temperamental than Pola Negri, more determined than Mary Garden. He will use three or four leading ladies and directors before he gets the right one—thus spending half a million or more of the corporation's money before he starts in earnest on a picture. He will have things done his own way or not at all. He is not a snob, but he hates pretense.

Georges Carpentier gave him a monkey, and John's quite fond of her. Her name's Clementina, and she usually tumbles around in a cage outside the window of John's dressing room. This dressing room is in his bungalow on the movie lot—a sumptuous bungalow with a kitchen attached to it.

John's first wife was Katherine Corri Harris, an actress. His second wife, Blanche Marie Louise Oelrichs, was Mrs. Leonard Thomas, a society leader. After her marriage she became not only Mrs. Jack Barrymore, but also Michael Strange, poet and actress and playwright. She lives in New York with the baby, Diana. John's home is in Los Angeles.

Jack couldn't stand the house into which he moved with his second bride. Too many servants. It was much simpler to live in Hollywood, to act when one felt like acting, to put on a pair of old tarred dungarees when one wanted to, and take the wheel of The Mariner and go deep-sea fishing.

Jack and Ethel—they've got along all right. "But my poor Lionel—"

For the better part of his half century of life he has been an actor, though he, too, wanted to be an artist and a musician. He has come up from the one-night stands, unimportant parts, bits, extra work. He has done magnificent work. He is, in the estimation of thousands, the best actor America ever saw. But—he isn't a star.

HE has been in two pictures at once in New York recently—in Rain and The Drums of Love. Gloria Swanson starred in one, Mary Philbin in the other. He was half the show in Rain; but he was only a featured player.

He was the whole thing in the other picture—but Miss Philbin, almost young enough to be Lionel's granddaughter, is the one who had all the honors of the star.

Lionel is the eldest of the three Barrymores, and, though he has been twice married, the only childless one. His first wife was Doris Rankin, actress; his second, Irene Fenwick, actress.

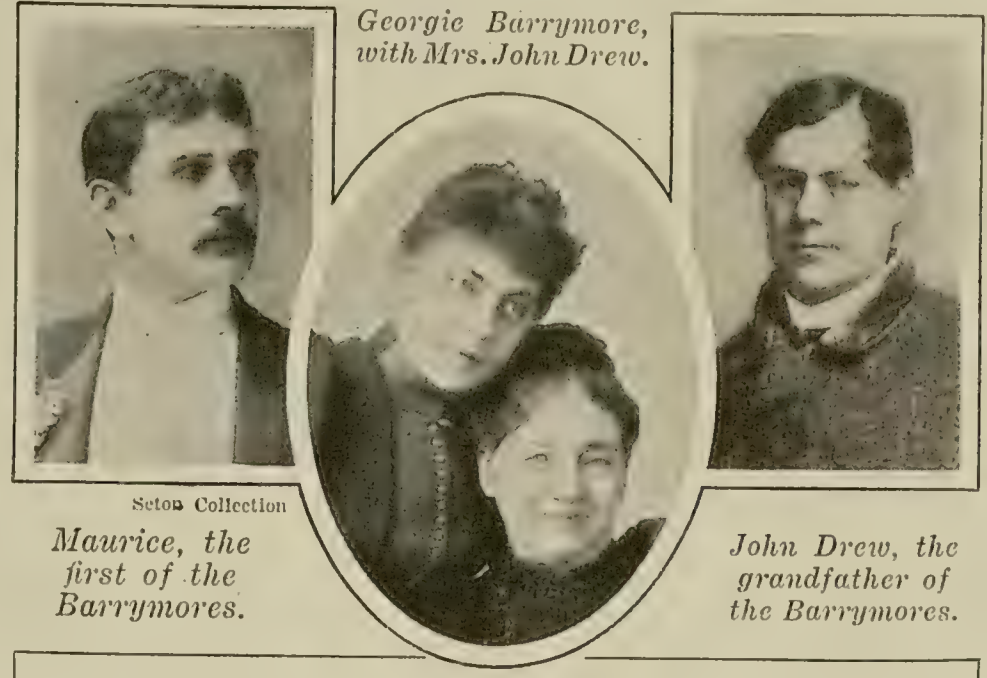
Ethel's children are Colts. Jack's daughter will change her name some day, no doubt. And, in time, the name of Barrymore as a family name may vanish from the theater, even as the name of Drew.

There is always the possibility, however, that both Diana Barrymore and Ethel Barrymore Colt will be among the first actresses of tomorrow, and that—no matter what new names they acquire through matrimony—they will be Barrymores on the stage.

For more than a hundred years the family has been purely of the theater—with the exceptions of Russell Colt and Mrs. John Barrymore. Colt never "belonged" to the family profession. That may have been one of the reasons why Ethel divorced him. Mrs. Barrymore was "converted." She wrote Clair de Lune, and, though both Ethel and Jack played in it, its life was short and not merry. She played the little *Napoleon* in L'Aiglon last winter, but the critics weren't kind to her.

For more than a hundred years the family has given England and America its finest players. And who shall say that—though the names of its members change—it will not continue to supply the stage for another hundred years and more?

THE END



Georgie Barrymore, with Mrs. John Drew.

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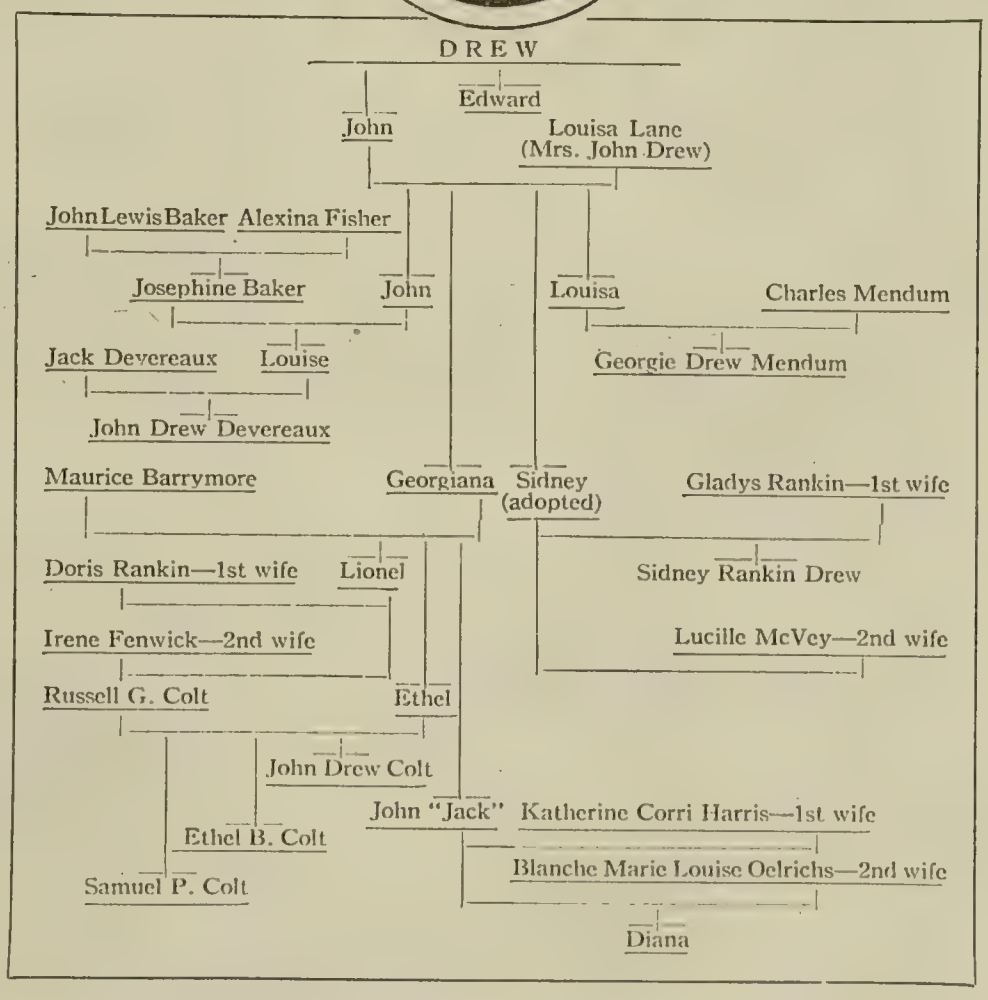
Maurice, the first of the Barrymores.

John Drew, the grandfather of the Barrymores.



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As much as one pound daily under the direction of your Doctor---

"Acidosis," the result of wrong ways, need not injure you. Take these scientific measures and improve your health as well as your appearance. Enjoy three attractive meals per day including sugars and starches. Ask your physician about this sound, safe way.

MARY had plainly drooped physically—and mentally. She surely had lost the charm that men admired. Mary had listened to the lure of "reducing" methods; had undertaken "treatment" without her physician's knowledge or approval. Now, she was always tired. Her eyes, even the unnatural droop of her mouth suggested exhaustion—and "nerves."

"If I could only have made Mary understand the difference between right and wrong methods of reducing," thought Sarah. And she couldn't help comparing her own girlish figure and snap and energy with Mary's predicament. "If women would only play fair and consult their doctors," she mused.

(From "Telling Fortunes with Foods" offered in coupon below.)

[Every statement verified by high Medical Authority]

THE Medical Profession has been united in its opposition to most methods of reducing because those methods have been wrong.

Wrong methods may reduce the weight, but almost always leave a look of age about the face.

Slimmer lines can be accomplished without the drooping cheeks, the tired eyes and other signs of error.

You can, in fact, lose all your extra pounds and still retain your youthful contours without wrinkles or "crowsfeet" and your doctor knows the way.

* * * * *

THE Medical Profession is coming to a new conclusion with regard to this condition. "Acidosis" is the word on almost every modern doctor's tongue.

According to the authorities nearly half the people who are suffering from "low vitality" and other ordinary ailments, are afflicted with it in varying degree. It keeps the body nagging at the brain. Clear thinking, profitable concentration, sustained effort and an attractive, natural personality are made difficult by it.

It is one of the most frequent causes of headache, "biliousness" and sour stomach.

Constipation, indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness are often closely linked with it. It is present with each common cold.

Persons who have been reducing in wrong ways are almost always subject to it.

"Acid mouth," the tooth destroyer, is one of its results. Pyorrhea cannot be successfully combated until Acidosis is controlled.

Recent experience indicates that the treatment of it, as one of the most frequent contributing factors, is having more effect in the correction of "high blood pressure" than any other method known.

It must be subdued in every case of diabetes before these patients show very much improvement.

So Acidosis seems to be an underlying factor, or a beginning, or result, or complication of many of our common and some of our most serious and dangerous ills.

"Behind it," doctors say, "is our American diet"—lack of proper balance between the alkaline-reaction foods (vegetables, fruits and milk) and the acid-forming (cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs).

One of the most interesting facts in this connection is the so-called "Orange-Lemon Paradox." Oranges and lemons although *acid in taste*, are two of the most potent correctives of Acidosis that the Medical Profession knows.

While some people still refer to them as "acid fruits," Science has demonstrated in thousands of tests that their effect in the body is *alkaline*, the opposite of acid.

Three full glasses of refreshing, luscious orange juice per day; the same quantities of lemon juice and water, as delicious sweetened or unsweetened lemonade; the frequent use of fresh, dainty orange salads and desserts (in which other fruits are included also if desired) with zestful lemon juice in place of vinegar in the salad dressing—all these are simple and attractive anti-acidosis measures that any home can follow easily.

However, if your case is in any way abnormal, *do not try to treat yourself*. See your physician. He will best determine what your type of Acidosis is.

To you who are not definitely ill, we will send a free book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," with important chapter on Safe Reducing approved by an authority on diet, complete lists of acid-forming and alkaline-reaction foods used daily in the home, and ideal menus for both normalizing and reducing. Mail coupon below for your free copy. Clip it now before you turn the page.

ACIDOSIS Symptoms

The following are some of the common symptoms of Acidosis:

Headache	Acid Perspiration (*the most frequent cause of body odors*)
Sour Stomach	
"Biliousness"	
Nausea	Acid Mouth (*the tooth destroyer*)
Children's "Upset Stomach"	
Nervousness	Acetone Urea (*with unpleasant breath odor*)
Sleeplessness	
High Blood Pressure	Acid Urine

Coma, in both diabetic and non-diabetic cases.

Of course, not every case of headache, "biliousness," nervousness, etc., is due to Acidosis, although it is one of the most frequent causes of these ailments. Women and men desiring to reduce must be doubly careful to avoid Acidosis. There are special diets for them that doctors can recommend which will prevent Acidosis while safely reducing weight.

If you feel "under par," send at once for a free copy of our book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods." If your case is in any way abnormal, consult your physician.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT.
California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1307, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," explaining Acidosis in more detail and including Important Chapter on Safe Reducing, together with Safe Reducing and normal anti-acidosis *diet menus*.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

"The Orange-Lemon Paradox"

ALTHOUGH referred to frequently as "acid fruits," a fact well known to Science is that oranges and lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and thus actually function to *correct* Acidosis rather than aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Persons who wish to prevent or offset Acidosis should use oranges and lemons freely. Ask your doctor. He will verify this truth.

* * * * *

Sunkist (California) Oranges and Lemons, are by chemical analysis, exceptionally rich in the soluble solids that give these fruits their beneficial qualities. Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are selected for the general public and the Medical Profession according to standards that insure superiority, so always ask for them by name. The trade-mark "Sunkist" appears on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons.

© 1928 C. F. G. E.

Tooth paste takes your youngsters to the ballgame

How come, you ask? Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please.

Compare this dentifrice to *any*. The results will convince you.

When you try Listerine Tooth Paste we ask you to note the following:

How white and gleaming it makes teeth after a few brushings.

How swiftly it sweeps tartar from the gum line—yet how *gently*.

How delightfully clean and stimulated your entire mouth feels when brushing is over.

We spent fifty years studying tooth and mouth troubles, and in Listerine Tooth Paste we have a dentifrice of which we are proud. Compare its results with those of any dentifrice you have used before. Don't buy unless you feel that Listerine Tooth Paste performs the tooth brushing task more efficiently.

The price of 25c, of course, is possible only because of our advanced manufacturing methods and mass production. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

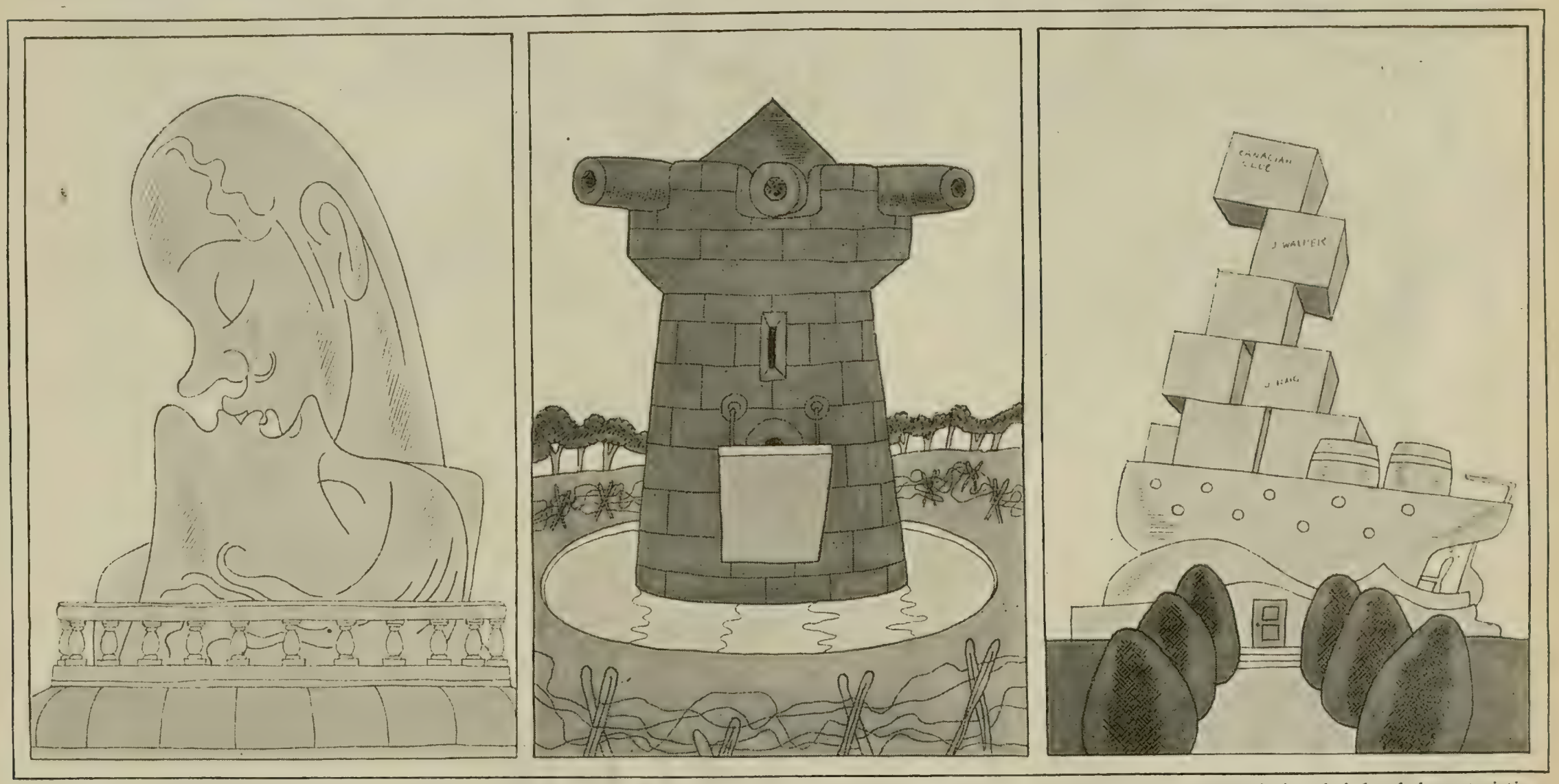
Large tube 25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

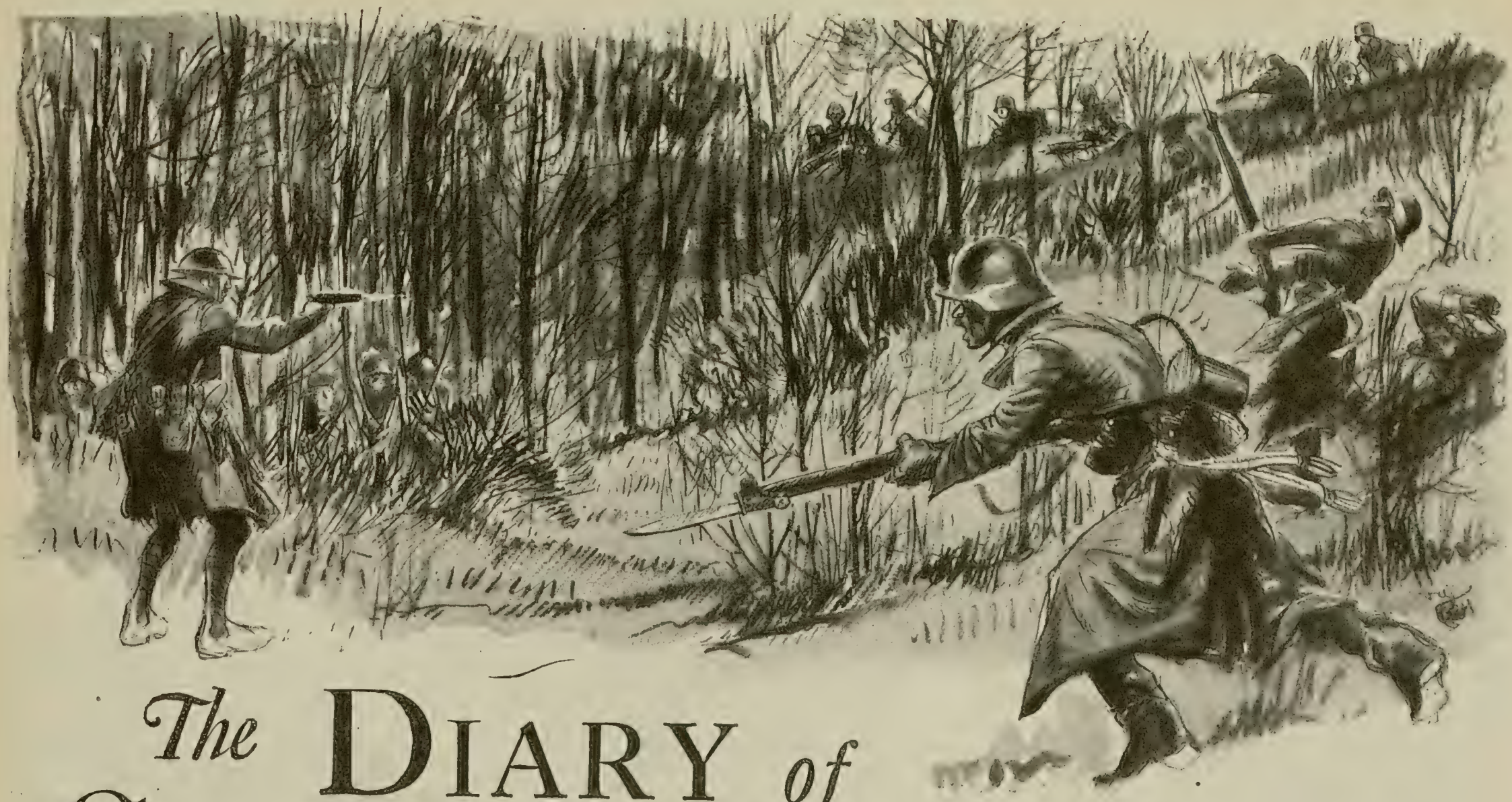


AMERICAN BUILDERS SOUND ALARM. The American Institute of Architects declares communities all over the United States are losing their local characteristics and employing a standardized architecture, with the result that our cities are becoming as like as peas in a pod. The Graphic Section hastens to offer the following designs for (1) the dome of the Hollywood County Court House, (2) a country residence for Herrin, Illinois, (3) the United States Customhouse at Detroit.

COLONEL LINDBERGH waves farewell as he takes off from Curtiss Field to go in search of Big Bill Thompson of Chicago, who has not been heard from for months.

ALLEGORICAL PICTURE ENTITLED: AMERICA, THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY, where any poor lad who can raise three or four hundred thousand dollars' campaign fund may be President.

PAINTINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS now having become far too expensive to be looked at, millionaire collectors have been obliged to insure them against theft or deterioration.



"I saw Corporal York fire his pistol repeatedly in front of me."

Pictures by
CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

The DIARY of Sergeant York

A Famous Hero's Own Story of His Great Adventure

(Reading time: 21 minutes 37 seconds.)

SERGEANT ALVIN C. YORK has told of the engagement in which, alone, he held off thirty-five German machine guns in defending the remnant of his command, and captured 132 prisoners, a feat which Marshal Foch pronounced "the greatest thing accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of Europe." Here follow the more important official records of his heroism, and his story of subsequent experiences.

PART THREE

WE marched those German prisoners on back into the American lines to the battalion p. c. [post of command], and there we came to the Intelligence Department. Lieutenant Woods came out and counted 132 prisoners. And when he counted them he said, "York, have you captured the whole German army?" And I told him I had a tolerable few.

We were ordered to take them out to regimental headquarters at Châtel Chéhéry, and from there all the way back to division headquarters, and turn them over to the military police. On the way back we were constantly under heavy shellfire and I had to double time them to get them through safely.

There was nothing to be gained by having any more of them wounded or killed. They had surrendered to me, and it was up to me to look after them. And so I did.

I had orders to report to Brigadier General Lindsey, and he said to me, "Well, York, I hear you have captured the whole damned German army." And I told him I only had 132.

After a short talk he sent us to some artillery kitchens, where we had a good warm meal. And it sure felt good. Then we rejoined our outfits and with them fought through to our objective, the Decauville Railroad.

And the Lost Battalion was able to come out that night. We cut the Germans off from their supplies when we cut that old railroad, and they withdrew and backed up.

October 8th (Continued).

So you can see here in this case of mine where God helped me out. I had bin living for God and working in the church some time before I come to the army. So I am a witness to the fact that God did help me out of that hard battle; for the bushes were shot up all around me and I never got a scratch.

So you can see that God will be with you if you will only trust Him; and I say that He did save me. Now, He will save you if you will only trust Him.

The next morning Captain Danforth sent me back with some stretcher bearers to see if there were any of our American boys that we had missed. But they were all dead. And there were a lot of German dead. We counted twenty-eight, which is just the number of shots I fired. And there were thirty-five machine guns and a whole mess of equipment and small arms.

The salvage corps was busy packing it up. And I noticed the bushes all around where I stood in my fight with the machine guns were all cut down. The bullets went over my head and on either side. But they never touched me.

. . . . .

FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORT MADE BY OFFICERS OF THE EIGHTY-SECOND DIVISION TO GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

The part which Corporal York individually played in this attack [the capture of the Decauville Railroad] is difficult to estimate. Practically unassisted, he captured 132 Germans (three of whom were officers), took about thirty-five machine guns, and killed no less than twenty-five of the enemy, later found by others on the scene of York's extraordinary exploit.

The story has been carefully checked in every possible detail from headquarters of this division and is entirely substantiated.

Although York's statement tends to underestimate the desperate odds which he overcame, it has been decided to forward to higher authority the account given in his own name.

The success of this assault had a far reaching effect in relieving the enemy pressure against American forces in the heart of the Argonne Forest.

FOLLOWING are the affidavits of Privates Donohue, Sacina, Beardsley, and Wills, unwounded members of York's patrol. These affidavits are among the records of Lieutenant Colonel G. Edward Buxton, junior official historian of the Eighty-second Division.

AFFIDAVIT OF PRIVATE PATRICK DONOHUE

During the shooting I was guarding the mass of Germans taken prisoners and devoted my attention to watching them. When we first came in on the Germans, I fired a shot at them before they surrendered. Afterwards I was busy guarding the prisoners and did not fire a shot. I could only see Privates Wills, Sacina, and Sok. They were also guarding prisoners as I was doing.

AFFIDAVIT OF PRIVATE MICHAEL A. SACINA

I was guarding the prisoners with my rifle and bayonet on the right flank of the prisoners. I was so close to these prisoners that the machine gunners could not shoot at me without hitting their own men. This, I think, saved me from being hit. During the firing, I remained on guard, watching these prisoners, and unable to turn around and fire myself for this reason. I could not see any of the other men in my detachment.

From this point I saw the German captain and had aimed my rifle at him when he blew his whistle for the Germans to stop firing. I saw Corporal York, who called out to us, and when we all joined him, I saw seven Americans besides myself. These were Corporal York, Privates Beardsley, Donohue, Wills, Sok, Johnson, and Konotski.

AFFIDAVIT OF PRIVATE PERCY BEARDSLEY

I was at first near Corporal York, but soon after thought it would be better to take to cover behind a large tree about fifteen paces in rear of Corporal York. Privates Dymowski and Warcing were on each side of me and both were killed by machine gun fire. I saw Corporal York fire his pistol repeatedly in front of me. I saw Germans who had been hit fall down.

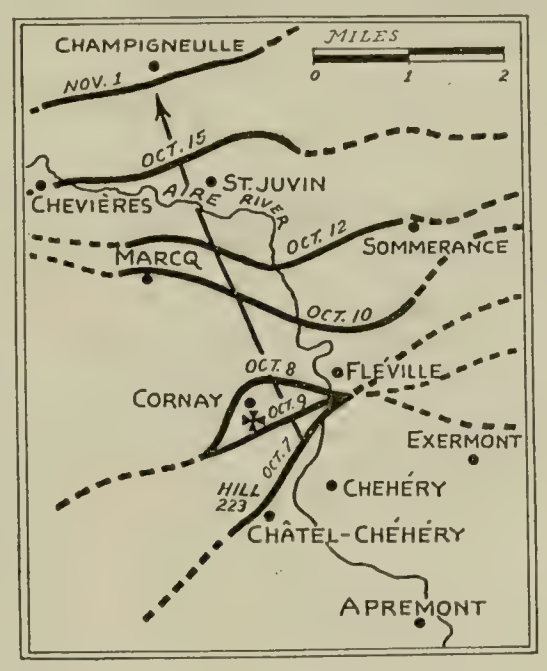
I saw the German prisoners, who were still in a bunch together, waving their hands at the machine gunners on the hill as if motioning for them to go back. Finally the fire stopped and Corporal York told me to have the prisoners fall in column of twos and take my place in the rear.

AFFIDAVIT OF PRIVATE GEORGE W. WILLS

When the heavy firing from the machine guns commenced, I was guarding some of the German prisoners. During this time I saw only Privates Donohue, Sacina, Beardsley, and Muzzi. Private Swanson was right near me when he was shot.

I closed up very close to the Germans with my bayonet on my rifle and prevented some of them who tried to leave the bunch and get into the bushes from leaving.

I knew my only chance was to keep them together and also keep them between me and the Germans who were shooting. I heard Corporal York several times shouting to the machine gunners on the hill to come down and surrender, but from where I stood I could not see Corporal York. I saw him, however, when the firing stopped and he told us to get alongside of the column. I formed those near me in column of twos.



The heavy lines show the advance of the Eighty-second Division in York's last campaign. After his exploit on October 8 at the place marked by X, the line fell back on the 9th before again pushing forward.

FROM THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE EIGHTY-SECOND DIVISION, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

One exploit in this day's work will always be retold in the military tradition of our country. It is entitled to a place among the famous deeds in arms in legendary or modern warfare.

Early in the attack of this battalion, the progress of G Company on the left was seriously impeded by heavy machine gun fire from a hill directly southwest across the valley from Hill 223. Although this territory was south of the zone of action assigned the Eighty-second Division, it was necessary to reduce this fire or suffer disastrous consequences.

A force of four noncommissioned officers and thirteen privates was sent from the left support platoon of G Company to encircle the hill and silence the enemy guns. This detachment, under Acting Sergeant Early, encircled the hill from the southeast and by a very skillful reconnaissance passed through the heavy woods on the east crest and descended to the wooded ravine on the west side of the hill.

The detachment, in working through the underbrush, came upon a German battalion estimated to contain about 250 men, a considerable number of whom were machine gunners. Orders taken later from the pocket of the German battalion commander proved that the mission of this battalion was to launch a counter-attack against the left flank of our attack at 10 hours 30 minutes.

About seventy-five Germans were crowded around their battalion commander, apparently engaged in receiving final instructions. A force of machine gunners and infantrymen, however, were lying in fox holes fifty yards away on the western slope of the hill. Other machine gun detachments were located on the north and northeast slopes of this same wooded hill.

The handful of Americans, led by Corporal Early, appeared as a complete surprise to this German battalion. The large body of Germans surrounding the German battalion commander began surrendering to our men, whom the enemy supposed to be the leading element of a large American force which had enveloped their position.

German machine gunners on the hillside, however, quickly reversed their guns and poured a hail of bullets into the bottom of the ravine, killing six and wounding three of the American detachment. All of the noncommissioned officers were killed or seriously wounded except Corporal Alvin C. York of Pall Mall, Tennessee.

With Corporal York were seven privates, four of whom were mostly occupied in covering with their rifles the large group of German infantrymen who had thrown down their arms at the first surprise. A few shots were fired by the remaining three Americans, but the chief burden of initiative and achievement fell upon Corporal York.

Crouching close to the huddle of German prisoners, he engaged in a rapid-fire action with the machine gunners and infantrymen on the hillside. The return fire struck just behind him, due to the fact that careful shooting from the hillside was necessary by the Germans to avoid injuring their own men a few feet in front of Corporal York.

The American fired all of the rifle ammunition clips on the front of his belt and then three complete clips from his automatic pistol. In days past he had won many a turkey shoot in the Tennessee mountains, and it is believed that he wasted no ammunition on this day.

Once a lieutenant on a hillside led a counter-attack of a dozen gunners and infantrymen against this extraordinary marksman, who shot the lieutenant through the stomach and killed others before the survivors took cover.

German morale gave way entirely and the battalion commander surrendered his command.

Corporal York placed himself between two officers at the head of the column and distributed the seven Americans on guard along the flanks and in rear of the hastily formed column of prisoners.

On his way back over the hill he picked up a considerable number of additional prisoners, from the north and northeast slopes of the hill. When he reported at the battalion p. c., Lieutenant Woods, the battalion adjutant, Second Battalion, 328th Infantry, counted the prisoners and found they totaled three officers and 129 enlisted men. The prisoners proved to be part of the Forty-fifth Reserve Division.

The three wounded Americans were brought in with the column. The six dead Americans were buried later where they had fallen. During the forenoon Lieutenant Cox passed the scene of this fight with a portion of F Company. He estimates that approximately twenty dead Germans lay on the hillside.

After the Armistice, Corporal York received the personal thanks of Major General Duncan, the division commander; Major General Summerall, commanding the Fifth Corps, and General Pershing, the Commander in Chief. He also was given the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Croix de Guerre.

Among Sergeant York's most treasured honors is the following letter, written by Lieutenant

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Here is the official list of men participating in the action of October 8, 1918, in which 132 prisoners were captured:

KILLED

Corp. Murray Savage
Pvt. Maryan E. Dymowski, Corp. Savage's Squad
Pvt. Ralph E. Weiler, Corp. Savage's Squad
Pvt. Fred Warcing, Corp. Cutting's Squad
Pvt. William Wine, Corp. Cutting's Squad
Pvt. Walter E. Swanson, Corp. York's Squad

WOUNDED

Sgt. Bernard Early
Corp. William B. Cutting
Pvt. Mario Muzzi, Corp. York's Squad

SURVIVORS

Corp. Alvin C. York
Pvt. Percy Beardsley, Corp. York's Squad
Pvt. Joe Konotski, Corp. York's Squad
Pvt. Feodor Sok, Corp. Cutting's Squad
Pvt. Thos. G. Johnson, Corp. Cutting's Squad
Pvt. Michael A. Sacina, Corp. Cutting's Squad
Pvt. Patrick Donohue, Corp. Cutting's Squad
Pvt. George W. Wills, Corp. Cutting's Squad

The officers spent a right smart amount of time examining the hill and the trenches where the machine guns were, and measuring and discussing everything.

The lather makes the shave

MEN changed their shaving habits after Mennen developed the *dermutized* shave. And Mennen Shaving Cream daily grows more popular with men everywhere.

Mennen-lathered is well-shaved. Unless your beard is completely softened, the razor either hurdles over the hairs, or hooks part way into the beard, yanking and dragging painfully at the roots. Mennen avoids all that. For Mennen lather has that special beard-softening process of *dermutation,* developed in the Mennen laboratory and available only in Mennen Shaving Cream. Dermutation starts the instant you touch the moistened brush and cream to the face. Its gentle action completely softens the beard. No finger rubbing necessary.

It levels the minute mounds at the base of each hair, smoothing the way so that the razor slips clean and smooth through the thoroughly softened hairs at the skin surface. No nicking or scraping of these little peaks—no rawness or smarting. No caustic to burn. And *dermutation* is complete in any water, hot or cold, hard or soft. Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather soothe and soften the skin, leaving it soft, fresh, clean and smooth. And how long a Mennen shave seems to last!

Also Made Mentholized

Like a cooling shower on the face is a dash of menthol in your lather. To those who relish its reviving freshness we have good news. You can now get Mennen Shaving Cream with or without menthol. Thus you may enjoy this added feature in Mennen, the shaving cream that softens your beard by the Mennen *dermutation* process, giving you the world's finest, coolest shave. To get Mennen mentholized, ask your dealer for the tube with the red ball. He has it, or can get it for you. Either tube—50c.

Top off with Mennen Talcum for Men

It's growing—this habit of toning down after-shave glitter with a splash of Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tinted not to show. Soothing and comfortable. 25c per tin—in stick form 50c.

[THE DIARY OF SERGEANT YORK]
Continued from page twenty-seven

Colonel Buxton to the girl whom York married as soon as he returned:

Hq. 82d Div., A.P.O. 742,
American E. F., France.
26 February, 1919.

Miss Gracie Williams,
Pall Mall, Tenn.

MY DEAR MISS WILLIAMS:

It has come to my attention that you are one of the people at home who, by virtue of friendship, is interested in Sergeant Alvin C. York, Company G, 328th Infantry.

Entirely without any suggestion on the part of my friend, Sergeant York, I should like to tell you and his mother something of the very high esteem in which he is held by the officers and men of this division.

Until the 82nd Division entered the fight in the Argonne, it was my privilege to command the battalion of which Sgt. York's company was a part. During those many trying days Sgt. York grew daily in our esteem as a very efficient noncommissioned officer and as an unusual influence for duty and good conduct among his comrades. Not only was this record maintained during the terrible battles in the Argonne, but on the 8th of October, 1918, Sgt. York performed acts of extreme heroism and presence of mind which won him the Distinguished Service Cross and the personal thanks of Major General Duncan, Major General Summerall, and General Pershing himself.

With a little detachment of men from G Company, he faced an entire German battalion in an isolated ravine, far from any American assistance. Nine Americans were at once shot down, but Sgt. York fought on until the German major and 131 German officers and men surrendered as prisoners. There were only seven Americans left besides Sgt. York, who had himself personally borne the heaviest brunt of the fighting. This achievement on his part came at a very critical time and unquestionably saved the lives of large numbers of his comrades, who would have later been attacked by this captured battalion.

It will be a great satisfaction to Mrs. York and yourself to know of the respect which all of us feel for the manly Christian character displayed by this splendid American.

. . . . .

AFTER the Armistice was signed, I was ordered to go back to the scene of my fight with the machine guns. General Lindsey and some other generals went with me.

We went over the ground carefully. The officers spent a right smart amount of time examining the hill and the trenches where the machine guns were, and measuring and discussing everything.

And then General Lindsey asked me to describe the fight to him. And I did. And then he asked me to march him out just like I marched the German major out, over the same ground and back to the American lines.

Our general was very popular. He was a natural born fighter and he could swear just as awful as he could fight. He could swear most awful bad.

And when I marched him back to our old lines he said to me, "York, how did you do it?" And I answered him, "Sir, it is not man power. A higher power than man power guided and watched over me and told me what to do." And the general bowed his head and put his hand on my shoulder and solemnly said, "York, you are right."

Sergeant York after he had received world wide acclamation for his exploits.

There can be no doubt in the world of the fact of the divine power being in that. No other power under heaven could bring a man out of a place like that. Men were killed on both sides of me; and I was the biggest and the most exposed of all. Over thirty machine guns were maintaining rapid fire at me, point-blank from a range of about twenty-five yards.

October 9th.

ARGONNE FOREST.—Well now, as we went on fighting our way through the thick forest of the Argonne woods, we could hear the cries of our boys who were getting shot, and oh my, we had to sleep by the dead and with the dead. But when we were seeing so many of our boys being shot, all we could say was just to say as we saw our fallen comrades—

"Good-by, pal; I don't know
where you're camping now—
Whether you've pitched your
tent 'neath azure skies
Or whether o'er your head the
bleak storm winds blow.
I only know that when your final
call came for you
It almost broke my heart to see
you go."

But I trust pal, that you were ready to meet that last call. Yes, and now you be careful that the last final call don't find you not ready to meet your God in peace.

October 10th.

FLÉVILLE, THE ARGONNE FOREST.—We got to Fléville.

October 12th.

SOMMERANCE, THE ARGONNE FOREST.—We had got to Sommerance, and during this time we had lost many of our men and were still losing them, as you know that you can't fight in war without losing men, and the Germans was shelling us awful with big shells, also gas, and

the boys laying there that they couldn't bury. Oh my, I can't tell you how I felt, and when those big shells would come over and bust, then I heard my comrades crying and mourning. All we could do was to trust God to protect us and look up and say—

"Good-by, old pal, your body sleeps here
'neath the sod;
Your soul, I pray, has gone home to God."

So we stayed in the front at Sommerance until we got relieved by the Eightieth Division boys.

We stayed in actual fighting in the Argonne from the time we went in, which was the morning of October 8, to November 1. Over three weeks. Fighting in the front line all the time and through those terrible woods. And we were mussed up right smart—the woods and us.

There were not many of the Greeks and Italians left. But what were left were still fighting like a sackful of wildcats. I sure did like those boys now.

The nearest I came to getting killed in France was in an apple orchard in Sommerance in the Argonne. It was several days after the fight with the machine guns. We had a very heavy barrage from the Germans suddenly drop down on us and we were ordered to dig in and to lose no time about it. Some of us were digging in under an apple tree. The shells were bursting pretty close. But we didn't take much notice of them. Just kept right on digging.

It's funny; after you have been at the front a right smart while you can almost tell where the shells are going to burst and what size they are. And this morning they were close, but not close enough to scare us. And then they got closer. And we dug faster.

I have dug on farms and in gardens and in road work and on the railroad, but it takes big shells dropping close to make you really dig. And I'm telling you the dirt was flying. And then, *bang!*—one of the big shells struck the ground right in front of us and we all went up in the air. But we all came down again. Nobody was hurt. But it sure was close.

November 1st.

ARGONNE FOREST.—So we came out of the lines to a German rest camp and there we got something to eat.

I was made a sergeant just as quick as I got back out of the lines. But, oh my! so many of my old buddies were missing and we scarcely seemed the same outfit.

November 2d.

ARGONNE FOREST.—And then we started out and hiked to a French camp.

We stayed in actual fighting in the Argonne over three weeks.

November 7th.

AIX-LES-BAINS.—I took train for Aix-les-Bains. I had a furlough for 10 days.

November 8th.

AIX-LES-BAINS.—So I got to Aix-les-Bains and went to the Hotel De Albion and I stayed at this hotel from the 8th to the 16th and I went around and saw some fine scenery. I got on a motor boat and went over to Itala and there I saw some good scenery.

There was a bunch of us had been given a ten day leave to Aix-les-Bains. We went down there for a rest. We had been in the Argonne for several weeks without any relief and were tired and worn out.

We were staying in private places. There were no military places there. We just went around seeing the historical places, the old Roman baths, and up on the mountain.

November 11th.

AIX-LES-BAINS.—And the Armistice was signed. And they sure was a time in that city that day and night. Yes. Say, did you think that the Armistice was signed on the eleventh month on the eleventh day and the eleventh hour of 1918? And another thing, did you ever know that the war just lasted 585 days from the time that the President declared war against Germany until the Armistice was signed? And did you ever know that in this little short time of 585 days that the Americans was over here in France holding a seventy-seven mile front in the Argonne Forest?

I don't know that I can just exactly tell my feelings at that time. It was awful noisy. All the French were drunk, whooping and hollering. The Americans were drinking with them, all of them. I never did anything much, just went to church and wrote home and read a little.

I did not go out that night. I was all tired. I was glad the Armistice was signed, glad it were all over. There had been enough fighting and killing. And my feelings were like most all of the American boys. It was all over, and we were ready to go home. I felt they had done the thing they should have done, signing the armistice.

November 17th.

CHAMPLITTE, FRANCE.—Well, I'll go on. I stopped at Champlitte and the French had a dance there that night and they had to go by my bed to where they was dancing, and the girls would pull my feet until I couldn't sleep.

December 25th.

LANGRES, FRANCE.—I went to see President Wilson and his wife at Langres, where they had a review. So there was a large crowd there. I enjoyed myself very well. But I didn't get any dinner. So I was not enjoying a Xmas dinner, you see. Ho ho. So I went back to my company that night and it was after dark. So Mrs. Wilson was dressed very nice and she had a smile on her face all the time.

She was wearing a smart sealskin coat with a big fox collar and a close fitting sealskin toque with a bright red rose trimming on one side and a little bunch of holly at her throat. So she looked very pleasing. And Mr. Wilson was wearing a large black silk hat with a light gray fur coat. He also had a smile on his face. So that cheered the boys to see Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and hear them talk. Ho ho.

That was on Christmas day, 1918. We went out to parade at a town named Langres and had a review for President and Mrs. Wilson. I don't know how I came to be selected. Divisional orders came for me and the corporal who had been decorated with the D. S. C. to be color bearers for the review to be given for President Wilson.

And the Armistice was signed. It was awful noisy.

I didn't have any conversation at all with the President at that time. I think President Wilson is one of the greatest Presidents America has ever had. There is much that could be said about him as a great man.

There is his great leadership of the nation. There is the way he understood all about the war and what we were all fighting for. The Germans, too. But the greatest thing about him was his spiritual side. He believed in God.

January 2d.

FOUVENT-LE-BAS.—I went to school and stayed there until the 12th.

January 12th.

LA FRETTE.—I come back to my company.

January 16th.

PRAUTHOY.—I went to Prauthoy and remained there until the 18th.

I didn't begin to go out and travel over France and talk to our soldier boys until January. I don't know why they picked me. I was called to divisional headquarters, and I stayed around there for a week or ten days.

Their idea was to have me talk to the boys. I was traveling around, in and out, from my division headquarters, something like six weeks.

I spoke in the Y huts and out in the open to the battalions and to the assembled troops on the ground. I got good representation everywhere.

Our division chaplain, Rev. C. Tyler of Milwaukee, often traveled with me. He was a nice man and a powerful preacher. I first talked to the boys in our Eighty-second Division and then I went to other outfits.

February 1st.

PRAUTHOY.—I rode a horse and carried the Eighty-second Division flag in a horse show.

February 3d.

ARGONNE FOREST.—I went back to the Argonne Forest.

February 11th.

PRAUTHOY.—They had a Div. review and I got my D. S. C. that day.

Sergeant York's triumphant home-coming as he saw it is described in the concluding installment of his narrative next week.

A Simple Man

The Story of a Killer and a Father's Justice

By

NORMAN REILLY RAINE

Pictures by FRANK B. HOFFMAN

(Reading time: 23 minutes 24 seconds.)

WILLIE THE RAT leaned over the prostrate form and fumbled with supple fingers beneath the uniform jacket. His hands came away wet. He looked up, his face a white blur in the dark.

"Jeez, Shorty—he's dead! I croaked him," he whispered.

Shorty breathed deep—a quick, sucking intake of air. They stayed motionless, their minds working furtively, weighing, formulating mutual accusations. Panic tugged.

In the background a freight shed loomed. Beyond it, in a black sea pool, a deserted old schooner was moored. The tide flowed with stealthy noises beneath the wharf. Across the harbor a street car rattled toward the point, sputtering blue at the trolley at each intersection.

The sound was carried with painful distinctness on the soft, warm air, moist with spring. Blowing in from the sea, it held a vague unrest, a sigh, and a nostalgia for the earth's far places that stirred the thousands in the swarming, lighted city.

Shorty and Willie the Rat felt none of it. They had killed a cop.

Willie the Rat straightened and dropped his automatic into the slit pocket of his pinch-back coat. Shorty whined:

"We gotta get outa here—quick!"

His voice rose, thin with fright, on the last word.

Willie the Rat nodded briefly.

"Well, he ast for it. If he hadn't come pokin' his nose— Anyway, we'll frisk him and beat it. We gotta leave that other stuff."

He indicated a heap of merchandise, indistinct in the gloom. Then he dropped again to his knee and swiftly rifled the body. Handcuffs and pistol he dropped over the edge of the wharf. The rest—papers, a notebook, some bills and small change—he stuffed into his pocket. Then he began to unbutton the dead man's coat.

Shorty had secured control of his wits.

"What'd you plug him for?" he breathed, weakly virtuous. "I wouldn't ha' bumped him off. Why didn' ja just lay him out with the butt? Lookit—what are we goin' to do now?"

"Shut up!" said Willie the Rat savagely. "We're both in it. Gimme a hand with this coat. We'll strip him and dump him in the drink. That'll give us some time before they identify him. Come on! What are you waitin' for?"

They worked hurriedly, and when the job was done and the rolled up clothing hidden under the dock, they dropped down into a waiting rowboat. Willie the Rat was panting.

"God, he was heavy," he grunted. "We gotta separate, kid. Hey—what are you scared about? It's all right. The job's done, ain't it? He's cold, ain't he? They won't fish him out of the river in a minute, and that'll give us plenty of time to—"

A sudden thought assailed him. "No, I guess we don't separate, at that. I ain't havin' no weak sister like you sobbin' out your story to the bulls to save your own skin. We travel together, brother."

SHORTY cowered in the stern. He was terrified.

"I wish we hadn't-a done it. And what'll they say at the shop? They'll miss us, and—"

"No, they won't. I told the foreman I was quittin', anyway, to sign on the Delta with my old man. Say! That's it! There's our getaway! The old man's chief engineer on the Delta—you know, the little coaster that runs down to the Gulf ports. She's lyin' at Hobson's dock over in the basin, and she's due to sail any time. We'll go on her for a coupla trips till this blows over. I'll tell the old man we want to work for our marine tickets, so's he won't think it's funny I left the shop. He thinks I'm the white-haired boy, anyway, so come on. It'll be easy."

Shorty demurred.

"That's all right for you, but what about—"

Willie the Rat leaned forward and his hand crept to his side pocket.

"You comin', or— Well, shut up then, and grab hold of these oars."

They pulled across the tide, keeping well within the shadows of the docks, and then cut out across the harbor.

A ferryboat passed them in a blaze of light, and they rose and splashed in the heavy swell. They could hear a mouth organ aboard and women's laughter. It sharpened their fugitive fear.

They were sweating when they reached the sheltering gloom of the opposite shore and glided along past rows of dimly lit pierheads. It was a two-mile pull to the basin, and they settled down to it, rowing jerkily and breathing hard. Shorty protested at the pace once. "Shut your jaw, and pull!" his companion snapped, and the foam bubbled under the rowboat's bow.

THE Delta's pier was deserted, and their hearts skipped a beat. A light showed in the watchman's cubicle at the far end.

"We gotta take a chance," Willie the Rat mumbled. "Wait here. I'll go ask him."

They made the boat fast to a spile, and he clambered up, nimble as a cat, and disappeared in the dark. In a few minutes he returned.

"Get to hell out o' that boat, Shorty," he croaked. "The Delta sailed over an hour ago and she's on her way to the Gulf. We gotta move fast! That watchman—I seen him look at me kinda funny, like there was somethin' wrong. Holy mother! I know what it was!" He held up his knuckles to the distant light. "He musta seen the blood on my hands. Get a move on!"

He bent over, and with a yank Shorty was on the dock beside him. They skulked down the opposite side of the shed, hugging the dark.

"Go right past," Willie the Rat coached. "He's probably got a gat; but if he tries to stop us, I'll drop him!" He clutched his pocket.

They bent double as they passed the watchman's lighted window. They heard his excited voice. It was enough. He was telephoning. As they left the pier and stepped into the street they heard his running feet making for the pier end.

"He's a lucky guy, and he don't know it," grinned Willie the Rat. "Grab that street car. No—wait a minute. I forgot. Call that

taxi." He plunged his hands into his pockets. A passing taxicab drew to the curb and they climbed in. "The steel plant—and step on it!" Willie the Rat directed. His brain was working desperately. He spat on both hands copiously, and scrubbed at them with his handkerchief, talking in low, tense tones:

"We *gotta* make the Delta now, Shorty. She's got a long way to go down the channel

THEY stayed motionless, their minds working furtively, weighing, formulating mutual accusations. . . . They had killed a cop.

and around the head before she swings south. We can cut across the neck in forty minutes with this bus if we travel. Then we'll pick up a motor boat at Charterport. The Delta runs down close to the coast and we'll shoot out an' hail her.

"We'll have to square the old man somehow. I'll tell him we pinched a car and the bulls was after us. He'll cover us, all right; I'll work that end, see? Then, at Galveston, we'll beat it. The guy on the dock knew me, but he'll never dream we could make the Delta, and they won't be lookin' for us on the dock at Galveston. Got that, now?"

"Yeh—but we're headed the wrong way for Charterport. You told this guy to drive us to the steel plant. That's on the North Side. Jeez," he began again in a singsong, "I wisht you hadn't dragged me into this."

"Say—listen, you!" Willie the Rat's tone was poison. "If we're pinched we both get the juice—you as well as me—and don't you forget it. Do what you're told and you'll be all right. If you don't, I'll bump you off before you can squeal. You know me, so paste that in your hat!"

The taxi pulled out of the traffic into a district of gas works, long rows of laborers' frame cottages, and railway sidings, with an occasional break that opened into bare fields. Far to the right, glowing wanly against the sky, the blast furnaces blazed and waned.

"This here's close enough," Willie the Rat muttered. But he waited until they had reached the next open space. Then he tapped on the glass in front, and the driver slid it aside. "Stop the car, buddy," he ordered.

THE chauffeur instantly was suspicious. "Here!" he exclaimed in alarm. "What's the big idear?"

A circle of steel against his neck chilled him to the spine. He jammed his foot on the brake.

"Step out," said Willie the Rat, and as the frightened man ducked his head to get through the doorway, the gunman reached forward and slugged him with the automatic's butt at the base of the skull. The chauffeur pitched forward and slid in a heap.

"Grab him, quick!"

Rapidly they picked his pockets, bound and gagged him, and bundled him into the ditch at the side of the road. Then they climbed back in the car. Shorty, in the driver's seat, felt a hard object on the cushion behind him. He reached for it.

"Look!" he chattered exultantly. "The guy was packin' a crock."

He pulled the cork and swallowed a throatful, then spat explosively.

"Dynamite!" he pronounced hoarsely. "Here—have a drag."

Between them they drained the bottle, and a minute later, with Shorty at the wheel, the taxi was roaring in a wide circle about the suburbs, making for the Ocean Highway.

Once clear of the city limits, Shorty coaxed the car for everything it had. Trees, clumps of bush, farmhouses, fields fresh and aromatic with the spring plowing, slipped past in a confused blur.

Shorty was more than a little drunk, but the fiery bootleg whisky had braced his cringing nerves, and his head stayed clear. Willie the Rat was murderous when cold sober; now, he felt, all hell could not stop them.

Through sleeping villages they whizzed, bumped over railway tracks, swung wildly from side to side on patches of rough going, but never slackened speed. The loose planks of a narrow bridge thundered under them and they shot across and over the brow of a hill, driving into space with the abandon of a shooting star. They struck a long level stretch of paved road, and again Shorty bit into the miles. Then he lifted his head.

"Hear anything?" he asked sharply.

Willie the Rat did. It was the drumming hot exhaust of a pursuing motorcycle. A sharp crack punctured his thought, and the rear window splintered. The crook leaned out the side and fired back at random into the dust filled dark.

"Speed cop," he rasped. "Make her sizzle!"

"Nothin' doin'! We can't run away from that bird. Not in this bus. Wait a minute; I'll fix him!"

RISKING the bullets, imperceptibly Shorty cut down the speed of the cab and allowed their pursuer to close in to within a few yards. Then, as the officer swung out to come alongside, he suddenly swerved to the left of the road, in front of him, and ground on his brakes. There was a scream of protest from wrenched metal and scorching tires, echoed madly from behind.

With a loud crash the motorcycle hit them, and a dark shape hurtled over the bars to the side of the road and lay with fingers twitching in the dust.

The jar had shaken them badly, but they did not stop to commiserate.

"On your way!" Willie the Rat exulted, and grinned admiringly. "That was a neat one, Shorty. That bozo won't have much appetite for breakfast."

Once more the taxi roared full voice through the dark toward the coast.

A cloud of dust obscured the tail-light as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A SIMPLE MAN Continued from page thirty-one]

Shorty swung around in a death cheating curve from the turnpike to the Ocean Highway, and their parched lungs drew in great drafts of salt laden air. There was no traffic on the road except for an occasional belated car that they passed in a flash of headlights, to plunge into inkier darkness.

The night was clear and sprinkled with stars, and a milky radiance behind a clump of distant elms presaged the rising moon. Their own headlights bored into the blackness like living white eyes, picking out the turns in the road in quick splashes of vivid green.

IN his gentler moments, Shorty was inarticulately aware of things, and the beauty of the night cut into his alcohol and excitement crazed brain. It exhilarated him, made him want to shout and sing. He did, exhaling full from his reeking throat.

"God! This is great! It makes me feel—I—dunno what," he chanted.

"Shut your trap, you crazy fool, and give her the gas," cut in Willie the Rat, coldly ferocious. "You can do your singin' on the Delta."

The headlights ate up the white road and the car spurted forward. At the top of a high hill he touched Shorty's arm.

"Take it easy now. There's Charterport—down in the hollow where them bunched lights are."

They coasted smoothly down the long slope, catching a glimmer of the ocean far to the left. On the outskirts of the town they turned into a byroad, ran off the gravel, and parked the car in a patch of dense bush. Then, avoiding the houses, they circled the town and came out to the water front wharves from along the beach.

Shorty staggered as he walked, still drunk. Cautiously they explored the boats moored alongside the docks for one that would suit. Their search was short. In ten minutes they came upon a thirty-foot halibut fisherman alongside a silent jetty on the south side of the harbor. They slipped aboard and tested the engine. It was still warm.

"She's only been in a half hour or so," Shorty muttered. "Musta been bootleggin'. Here—wait till I turn her over."

He spun the flywheel and immediately the *put-put-put* of the exhaust rewarded him. Taking the wheel, he put it hard over and they curved out for the harbor gap. The boat was fast and seaworthy, and the engine settled down to a steady, businesslike roar that sent a broad bubbling path creaming astern.

Clear of the channel light buoys, they speeded her up, and pointed east by north to clear the distant headland. As they opened out to the Atlantic and dipped to the first deep surge, the moon arose over the rim of the sea. A steamer showed a distant red light.

"There she is," said Shorty.

"There she is not," snapped Willie the Rat. "That one's bound north. Where's your eyes? You mind the wheel. I'll look out for the Delta."

Shorty was steering erratically, and twice his companion snatched the wheel from his hands and put the boat back on its course.

Half an hour passed. Far astern the shore lights blinked, cold and distant, and a light breeze sprang up to ruffle the heaving ocean. Cigarettes glowed, and the butts sailed over the side in trailing arcs.

"There she is," said Willie the Rat abruptly. "That's her. Put the wheel over a little. Watch what you're doing, you drunken maniac!"

They shut off the engine, while the Delta, her running lights glinting emerald and topaz and ruby over the rolling water, loomed, slowly pushing a bridal veil of foam beneath her stem. She drew close, a huge black bulk against the sky.

Willie the Rat started the engine.

"Swing her to starboard," he ordered Shorty, and stood up with cupped hands to hail the lookout on her forecastle head.

Shorty swung her to port.

The ripple of water under the steamer's bows grew to a snarl, a roar, a deafening thunder, drowning their pygmy cries. The great shape reared, towered, and struck, with a crash of splintering wood and the shrill scream of the lookout. The remnant of the power boat hung sickeningly, pressed against the steel shod stem by the water, then gave and swept astern, was kicked by the screw, and was swept under in a welter of foam. Bells jangled in the steamer's depths. She responded, shuddering to a stop, and a boat was lowered. A lantern danced over the black water toward the patch of twisted wreckage that would not hold up two. Willie the Rat was clinging like grim death.

"WHAT are you starin' at me like that for? I ain't done nothin' so terrible."

WILLIE THE RAT and his father faced each other in the latter's little cabin. Explanations, excuses, finally flat defiance tumbled from the killer's lips. Chief Engineer Mackay looked at him—just looked. For the first time he saw the parentheses of viciousness that bracketed his nose and mouth; noted the cruel twist of the sneering lips; heard his boy calmly, unemotionally proclaim himself a crook—a fugitive from the law.

He looked through and past his son, back down the lonely years, to a faithless woman's face clustered about with curls. Then his eyes focused again on this hideous legacy that she had left him.

TO his son this big, dumb man with the implacable eyes, heavy rounded shoulders, work stained hands, and pulse beating in his brick red neck, was a stranger. The chief's lips were tight, on them the bitter lees of the past.

Willie the Rat fumbled for a cigarette. The packet was sodden, and he threw it on the floor. Why didn't the old fool say something?

"We was only havin' a joy ride," he reiterated. "We didn't mean to pinch the damn car. I got kinda tired of steam engineerin' ashore and quit my job in the shop. I was comin' to sea with you—me and Shorty. We had a drink or two to sort of celebrate. Then a cop spots us, and we gets scared an' beats it.

"We blows a tire, an' the bull slams into us and lays himself out; that's all. But it's two years in the pen if they get me. Jeez, I ain't a bad guy, pa! Gimme a job till we get to Galveston, and I'll sneak ashore and lie low and let it blow over. What are you starin' at me like that for? I ain't done nothin' so terrible. Fer Christ's sake!"

Pinned to the bulkhead beyond the gangster was a photograph: one of his father's prized possessions. "Willie — On his Confirmation Day," the legend read. The chief's hard eyes misted suddenly. He turned away.

"You'd better go to bed, son," he said.

Willie the Rat grinned, furtively, triumphantly. He undressed and turned into his father's bunk.

He was soon asleep. The chief went outside and paced the deck, a cold pipe clamped in his teeth.

Toward dawn the mate came to him, looking worried.

"The old man wants you, chief," he said, and his eyes followed the queerly aged figure as it stumbled up the ladder to the captain's room.

The skipper held a marconigram between index finger and thumb.

"This came an hour ago, Dave," he said slowly.

"The mate and me—we been kind of talking it over," continued the skipper. "The police are meeting us at Galveston. But I guess Willie's prob'ly told you what's facin' him." His hand rested on the chief's shoulder. "We been together many years, Dave. Anything we can do—"

The chief adjusted his spectacles and the words leaped up at him:

Murder . . . two charges . . . chauffeur died at one o'clock after making statement . . . pier watchman reported . . . making for Delta . . . robbery . . . stolen car . . . State trooper found . . . fractured spine . . . Charterport . . . missing motor boat . . . hold for police.

The whole damning story in terse, official sentences. The chief's blurred eyes refused to function.

"Dave, Dave — don't take it so hard, man." The skipper's Adam's apple worked. "Nobody knows he's wanted, except the wireless operator, the mate, and me. There's a good quarter boat, and the coast ain't far off. You just say the word!"

The chief went below. Willie the Rat was sleeping heavily, and his father stood over the bunk, looking at the meager chest.

Dawn was struggling through the curtains of the port. He switched off the light and drew them back, flooding the little room with a luminous grayness, hard and cold.

Daybreak. This was the hour, he had read, when terror came upon the condemned in their cells and murderers went forth toward a green baize door.

Time and again he had read it, in the Sunday supplements. A fumbling of nervous hands about straps that seemed reluctant to fasten; the clergyman's moving lips; low commands, and a gasp cut off in sudden dimming of the lights; the jerk of a stiffened body. Willie . . . !

WAIT a bit. Let the boy sleep. He'd have to think it out. He nerved himself to pick up his son's water soaked coat and go through the pockets. He drew out the automatic pistol, ugly, sinister, a slayer's weapon. He sniffed the muzzle. Salt water had failed to obliterate the powder fumes. With unpracticed fingers he emptied the magazine. One cartridge left—seven expended.

He laid the gun on the settee and methodically emptied the other pockets. An untidy wad of bills, adhesive with brine; papers; a policeman's notebook; odds and ends; spare cartridges; a dirty, blood smeared handkerchief. He laid them all in a pile beside the pistol.

Then, one by one, he removed from the cabin bulkhead a number of cherished photographs of his son, taken at various times in his boyhood. Meticulously he tore them to fragments and added them to the heap. Then he leaned over the bunk, unscrewed the port, and dropped everything into the sea.

He felt cold now, drained of all emotion, as though with the action he had snapped forever all ties with the past. Gathering the soaking garments, he took them below to the engine room to dry.

At noon Willie the Rat dressed, while his father sat in a battered wicker chair, expressionless and uncommunicative. Never mind; he'd come out of it. A little soft soap, and he'd crack heaven and earth to save his son from harm. Willie could do anything he liked with the old man: tyrannize him, twist him around his little finger, anything. He always had. Leave it to his old man to pull him out of the mess.

The gunman was himself again, careless, mouthy, reckless, beginning to relish the dash of risk in his position, now that danger no longer was acute. The bulls weren't smart enough to get him. Even if they picked up the trail, it would leave them high in the air! The Delta had sailed, so he couldn't be on her! Easy!

But he'd have to work the old man around a little bit. He talked, ignoring the older man's silence. Essayed little journeys of recollection into the past: "Remember the time you took me on a hunting trip into Quebec, pa, and I killed—"

THE chief jumped to his feet, with white knuckles. Willie the Rat shrank, whining, from the menace of him.

"Aw, hell!" he said shakily. "What's the matter with you? Cut out the movie stuff and gimme a chance, why don'cha? I ain't so worse!"

The chief drew the marconigram from under his blotter and handed it to his son.

Willie the Rat was shocked—terribly. The fear of death was in his close set eyes. He had not expected this. It deflated his cockiness like a pricked bladder.

"It ain't true, pa! Jeez, it ain't true!" he jerked out in panicky staccato, lips pallid. "God! You gotta save me, pa! You gotta get me out of it. You gotta! You *gotta!*"

In an ecstasy of fear he went to his knees, crawled about the cabin floor, pleaded, cajoled, grasped his father by the legs, babbling snatches of childish memories to melt that inexorable flesh.

The chief flung him off.

"Get away below, you dirty little killer, before I lay my hands on you!" he rasped harshly.

In the end, Willie the Rat went below to the stokehold to work, his soul torn with fright and uncertainty. Next day at noon the Delta entered the Gulf.

. . . . .

The chief was a simple man, and it did not occur to him to seek a way out. Right was right, and would be rewarded. Wrong was wrong, and must be punished. That was what he believed. That was what his fellows believed, plain toilers like himself.

Long years at sea breed a faculty

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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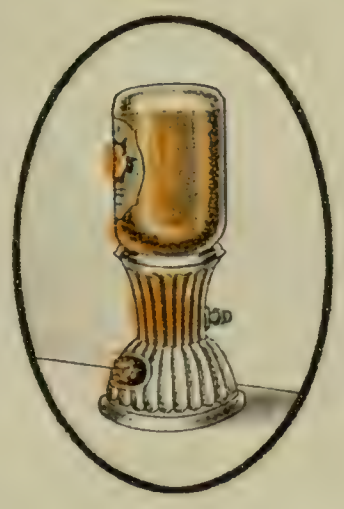

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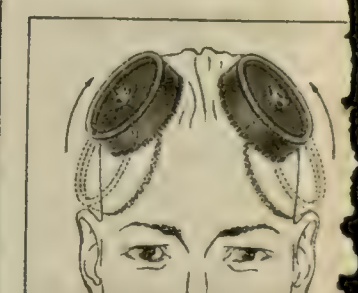
Such conditions as brittleness, excessive oil, etc. show a remarkable tendency to clear themselves up automatically—for BLUD-RUB obtains its results *nature's* way . . . Growing is the normal function of the hair root. It really *wants* to grow—(that's why it was put in your head). All it asks is a chance and a little help. Let Blud-Rub supply this help in the form of free-circulating blood and you will be *amazed* at the developments which follow!

Blud-Rub is new—although its results have been thoroughly tested by scalp specialists who are so enthusiastic they say that the device is of inestimable value! At the present time, treatments are available in many of the first class beauty parlors and barber shops. Ask about them!



Treatment Now Available at Best Beauty Parlors and Barber Shops

Blud

System of Re-Vitali

BLUD-RUB MFG. CO., Dept. H-5

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

for arriving at the facts of life and facing them in a direct, unflinching way. Then a decision is made; and when homely, unadorned men of his type make a decision, they stick by it. Chief Engineer Mackay made his decision after hours in his cabin alone.

IN midafternoon the skipper entered.

"I've had another message, Dave. They're sending a special police tug to meet us. We should see their smoke any time now."

The chief nodded, his thumb rubbing the plush on his settee, the color slowly leaving his face.

"All right, Joe. But we'll have to stop and wait for them. The main feed pipe is leaking. It's got to be taken off and brazed. I'll have Willie do it. Give them the 'Stop' in the engine room, will you?"

The skipper understood. He, too, was a simple man. Duty first. It was their way.

Shortly, bells clanged in the Delta's bowels, and she stopped, rolling gently in the blue Gulf swell. Gulls piped overside, dipping in the sea for fragments of galley refuse. Great clouds piled in stately beauty over the Caribbean. It was a day quick with life.

The chief summoned the second engineer.

"Get everybody out from below," he said quietly. "I'm having the main feed pipe disconnected. And tell my son I want him."

Willie the Rat entered the cabin. The old man faced him, calm and set. He spoke quietly, almost meditatively.

"What would you do, if you went free?"

The gangster's eyes sharpened speculatively, and his heart gave a leap of relief. But his father's face told nothing.

"I'd go straight, pa. That's on the level. I ain't a bad guy, pa!"

The chief reached into a drawer and took from it a round thick piece of wood, about twelve inches long. Through one end a thong was passed. The other end had been newly hollowed, and filled with lead. A deadly thing. He weighed it in his hand.

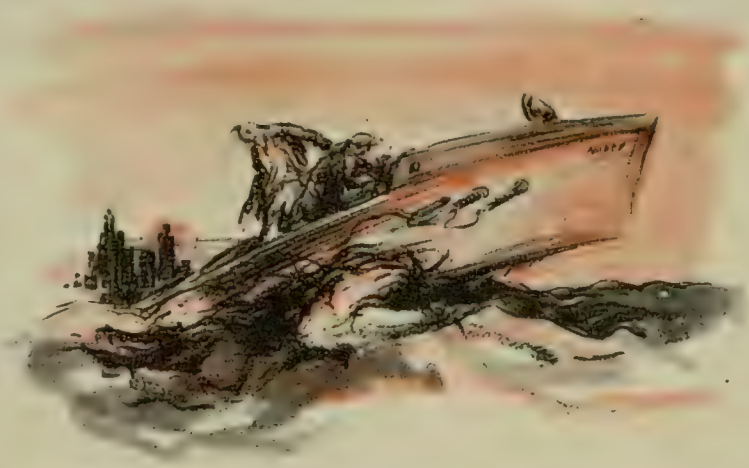
"You made this yesterday. I took it from your pocket before you were up this morning."

Willie the Rat protested, abject.

"Say, listen, pa—"

The chief cut him short.

"Never mind; save your lies. It doesn't matter now, anyway. I've got a job for you



below. The main feed pipe's got to come off. You know how to go about it, so get a move on."

"What about that other thing? Don't I get a chance to escape? You ain't goin' to turn me over to the cops, pa!"

"Chance? Yes—you get a chance. That's all. Go below."

When he was gone the chief took from its drawer the photograph of the woman he had married. He propped it in front of him and sat at his desk, waiting.

THE Delta had been built and engined on the Clyde, and, like many of her class, her main feed pipe had been fitted with a certain special type of patent check valve, which controlled the feed water to the boiler. It presented no difficulty or hazard to those familiar with it, but it was unusual in America.

In disconnecting it for repairs, one vital point in the procedure was different from the operation required in ordinary valves. Crusted with salt, it was impossible for anyone not suspecting the type to know, unless told. Willie the Rat had not been told.

He secured a ladder and tools and went to work, too preoccupied with other thoughts to remark that he was alone below. It was hot in the engine room, and moisture dripped from him; but he worked energetically, anxious only to return and to hear from his father the details of his plan.

To himself he laughed sardonically. He knew damn well the old man wouldn't turn him over to the bulls. He'd work him for a grubstake, and then . . .

He drew a quick breath of triumph and wiped away the sweat with the back of a grimy hand—a hand too slender and too cunning for such work. Then he returned to his job on the check valve.

He let go the bolts. A light tap now was all that was needed to close the master valve and shut off the steam pressure from the boiler. One tap of the hammer—that was the slender margin between safety and instant death. But Willie the Rat did not know this; he had not been told.

A MASTER valve was hidden under the layer of salt, and the valves with which he was familiar had no master valve; they were automatic. The chance that his father had given him was exactly the chance that Willie the Rat, the cold-gutted killer, had meted out to his victims.

He raised his hammer and drove a wedge between the flanges. With a hiss and a thunderous roar, his world was blotted out. One hundred and eighty pounds pressure of live steam and scalding water caught him full in the chest.

THE END

Not a Vibrator

Blud-Rub is utterly different from anything ever invented before. It is NOT a vibrator—nor even *similar*. It secures its results, not by mere surface friction but by manipulating and stimulating the tissue which surrounds the deep-lying hair roots themselves . . . BLUD-RUB is the *only* method thus far discovered that can actually send its penetrating influence *clear down* to the farthermost layer of the scalp!

How It Works

Blud-Rub possesses four mechanical "hands"—covered with tiny, flexible rubber fingers—which fit the scalp comfortably on four sides, almost like a hat. In operation, these four electrically-driven hands move slowly up toward the crown of the head and back again, taking but a second to make a complete trip. During the process, the rubber "fingers" grip the scalp firmly but gently, rolling it into little folds—lifting, loosening, stretching, kneading and *re-vitalizing!*

1024 Tiny Rubber Fingers

Each of Blud-Rub's four mechanical "hands" is equipped with 256 soft rubber fingers—1024 in all. No scalp, however tight and contracted, can resist their positive relaxing action. As they exercise the scalp and increase the circulation of blood, they produce a pleasant sense of exhilaration that leaves your entire head feeling refreshed and "good all over"!

"Most Effectual Foe of Baldness Ever Discovered"

Say Eminent Scalp Specialists

MORE baldness comes from the condition known as "tight-scalp" and accompanying dandruff than from any other cause under the sun. Manipulation and massage of the scalp are endorsed by 90% of the most eminent hair specialists — and they seldom prescribe *any* treatment in which massage does not play a major role!

But there is a world of difference between real *Massage* and just *rubbing*. Effective hand massage is hard to give. The scalp slips out of the fingers—especially if it is tight—so that it is a tedious job to accomplish any substantial *result*... BLUD-RUB, however, multiplies the effectiveness of hand massage many times over—and does, *in 3 minutes*, what the skilled *masseur* could not accomplish in *30!*

Experiment has demonstrated that BLUD-RUB is remarkable insurance against baldness—but here's a warning! BLUD-RUB will not GROW HAIR if the roots are dead. When the roots have been totally inactive for more than a year, it is usually assumed they are really dead, and nothing on earth can bring them to life again—but if the roots have only been inactive a short time, they still have a spark of life, even though sluggish and feeble, there is hope. Let them have the exercise and nourishment they beg for—let them absorb a few "square meals" in the form of red, free-circulating blood! The results will repay you many times over!

Ask your barber about BLUD-RUB—and in the meantime send for a copy of "What You Ought to Know About Your Hair" which we will be glad to mail you free.

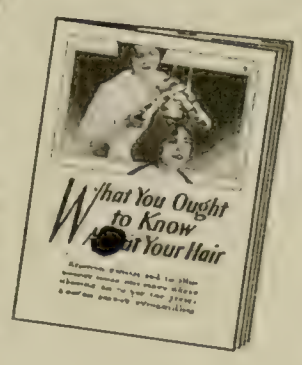
-Rub

ng Hair and Scalp

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Get This Free!

After careful research, we have compiled a booklet—"What You Ought to Know About Your Hair"—a copy of which will be sent you free on request. It not only describes the BLUD-RUB treatment in detail, but contains expert advice on hair-health as expressed by the leading scalp authorities of England, France and the United States . . . The book also contains a wealth of valuable "pointers" on the care of the hair. If you started out to collect this information yourself, it would cost you many hundreds of dollars. The book however will be sent you free. Mail the coupon today!



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Address .....

City ..... State .....

Name of Hair Dresser or Barber Shop .....

☐ Beauty shop and barber shop proprietors check here for special details.

Left: Nurse Cavell (Sybil Thorndike) hears her doom. A tense moment in the English production Dawn.

Maurice Braddell and Miss Thorndike in another scene from the film showing the dramatic World War story of Edith Cavell.

These Foreigners!

Two Fine Importations Get Scant American Welcome

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 4 minutes 19 seconds.)

TWO strongly controversial films reached Broadway at the same moment. The End of St. Petersburg hails from the Soviet studios in Moscow. Dawn, the much talked about retelling of Nurse Edith Cavell's execution by the Germans, comes from the London studios of Herbert Wilcox.

Unless you are lucky, you are not likely to see much of either of these films in America. The big screen circuits are not friendly to the new Russian menace, and they have rejected Dawn as likely to arouse old international hatreds.

Before reporting upon these cinema strangers to our shores, it is interesting to note how the so-called capitalistic press of New York received the two productions. No film ever was accorded more superlatives than The End of St. Petersburg. While the "organs of Wall Street" were leaning over backward in welcoming the Soviet picture, they were singularly cold to the film showing the nurse who died in the Tir National, on the edge of Brussels, before a firing squad.

True, the Russian production reveals the awakening of a whole people, while Dawn presents merely a little eddy—tragic and horrible, it is true—in a vast panorama of blood.

These astonishing Russians seem likely to change our whole screen technique. The End of St. Petersburg reeks, of course, of propaganda. It shows the downfall of the Romanoffs and the quick fiasco of the Kerensky régime, ending with the dawn of the Soviet. It is told in that singularly hard, staccato Russian style, in the manner of The Cruiser Potemkin and Czar Ivan the Terrible. Indeed, it comes from the Sovkino studios, where those two extraordinary films were made.

The End of St. Petersburg is a sweeping picture of the whole crash of the old Russian government. The director, Vyesolod Pudowkin, has taken as his chief figure a plodding, bewildered peasant youth who goes to the city and becomes part of the great overturn. But the hero of the picture is really the mass of Russian workers and farmers.

Pudowkin has told his story violently, in sharp flashes, lashing at capitalism with irony and hate. His telling beats oddly with the mood of the film. It lags and leaps by turns. Interpolated are symbolical shots—and this is not just freak angle camera work—of limitless wheat fields, windmills, military statues, piston rods, whirling wheels, and smokestacks.

Pudowkin—who, I am told, was a chemist before he became a movie maker—evolves a lusty thing of dirt, blood, and sweat. He catches the restlessness of a whole sullen people in the chaos of revolution. This film makes the Hollywood-Barrymore effort, Tempest, seem completely childish.

There are any number of big moments, as the one which catches the nervous shuffling of the brooding troops standing cold and restless in the snow before the pleading Kerensky. In a few hundred feet of the early film, Pudowkin ruthlessly shows the calculated beating up of war fervor.

Pudowkin returns time and again to his bitter thrusts at capitalism. Thus he dissolves back and forth from the frenzied dealers in munition securities in the St. Petersburg Stock Exchange to the muddy, embittered soldiers clambering out of the trenches to death.

All this is propaganda—but tremendously effective in technical treatment. Pudowkin has an uncanny faculty for pictorial expression. Propaganda or not, The End of St. Petersburg is a thing everyone ought to see who is interested in the advance of pictures.

If you do see it, remember that the motion picture is a new medium in the hands of the Muscovy experimenters. They are bound by no Hollywood traditions. Remember that pictures are being used, under the direct hand of the Soviet government, on a mighty scale to teach the great mass of Russia. They are the new found voice of a whole people.

As for Dawn, I am inclined to string along with George Bernard Shaw, who looked upon it as eminently worthy, and against the Messrs. Katz, Laemmle, Balaban, Schenck, and the other movie circuit moguls who have banned its exhibition in their theaters.

I regret that Herbert Wilcox, its British producer, filmed it as a "labor of love." I always am suspicious of labors of love. This tragedy of the great war, however, is told effectively in straightforward fashion. Its makers appear to have extended themselves in their efforts to be fair. Nurse Cavell is shown as harboring escaped soldiers and helping their escape across the Dutch border. The Germans are disclosed as firm but kindly. The film thus becomes an argument against war.

DAWN, of course, is a grim chronicle. But there is a strange suspense in a figure of foredoomed tragedy, a kind of hypnotism in fate marching on to a foregone goal.

Much of this comes from the performance of Sybil Thorndike, who is superb. She makes Nurse Cavell brave and grim, determined and dignified, playing with fine simplicity and restraint. There is an utter lack of conventional screen sentimentality. And her final moments—in her cell and on her march to face the firing squad—touched with human weakness, bravery, and dread, are tremendously compelling.

Do you know that—

Hollywood is in a turmoil over the oncoming talking pictures? . . . All the players are taking voice lessons and worrying about the future? . . . The first effect will be the elimination of orchestras in many theaters of the country? . . . Mechanical reproduction of musical scores will take the place of musicians?

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This is a reproduction of the famous Diamond Sign. It identifies those fountains that serve Borden's Malted Milk. Always look for this distinctive symbol.

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ON all cars—even those that owners brag about—the Decro-oiler gets results that are amazing, almost uncanny. Easier starting, quicker pick-up, velvet smoothness, greater flexibility in traffic, on hills and in emergencies. And most important of all—the Decro-oiler renders carbon inactive, eliminating practically all expense, delays, work and worry incident to cleaning out carbon.

Takes lubrication where lubrication is needed most

The Decro-oiler takes lubrication to the upper cylinder walls, upper pistons and rings—right where lubrication is needed most, and where you have never had adequate lubrication before. That's why it gives performance unlike anything you have ever experienced; why it makes you money by saving you money on repair bills, maintenance costs and operating expense.

Operates through the intake manifold. Easy to install

The Decro-oiler puts a fine spray of special penetrating Decro-oil into the combustion chamber of motors through the intake manifold. There it penetrates around the valves and rings, sealing them tightly for maximum compression and smoother operation, at the same time eliminating stickiness in valves and rendering carbon inactive.

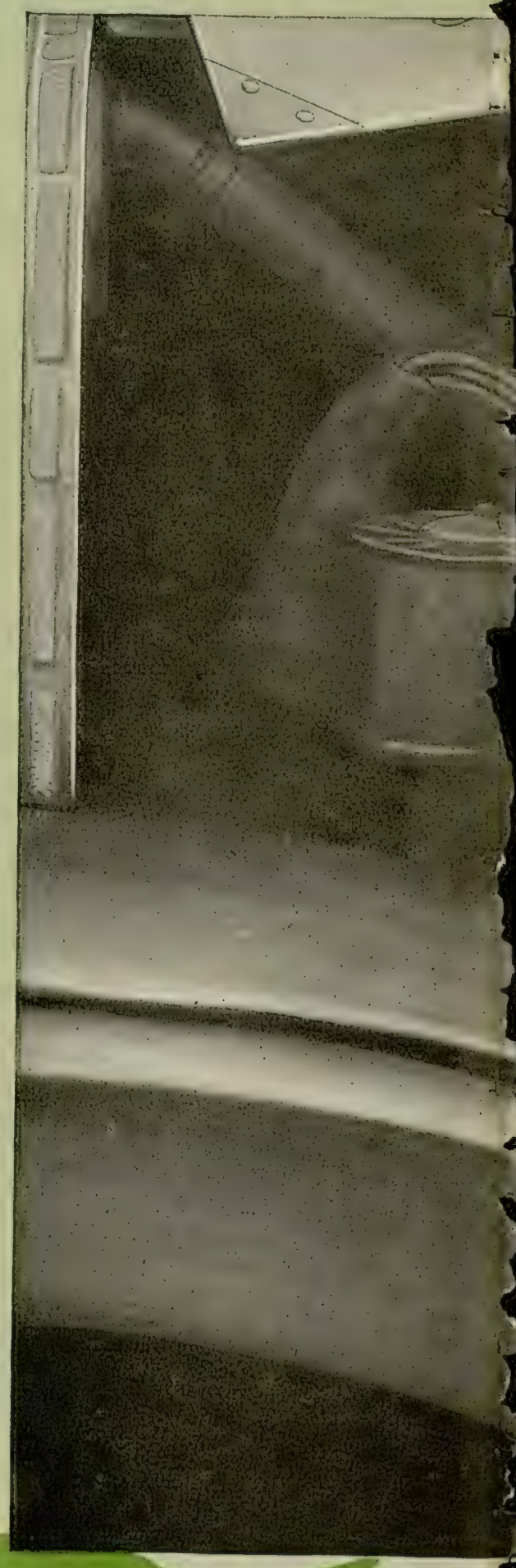
Performance that is almost too good to be true. But it is!

No longer need you tie up your car every six or seven thousand miles to have the carbon scraped out; no longer need you tolerate a sluggish motor that lacks pick-up, power, compression, and that smoothness and flexibility of operation that makes motoring a pleasure. Immediately, the Decro-oiler remedies all this—and more—at a negligible cost.

Put a Decro-oiler on your car

You yourself, or your service man, can install a Decro-oiler in a few moments. Packed complete in the green-and-black carton, including sufficient Decro-oil for about 500 miles. Insist that your garage, service man, or accessory dealer supply you with only the Decro-oiler and genuine Decro-oil, or write direct.

Decrow Automotive Specialties, Inc., Lockport, N. Y.



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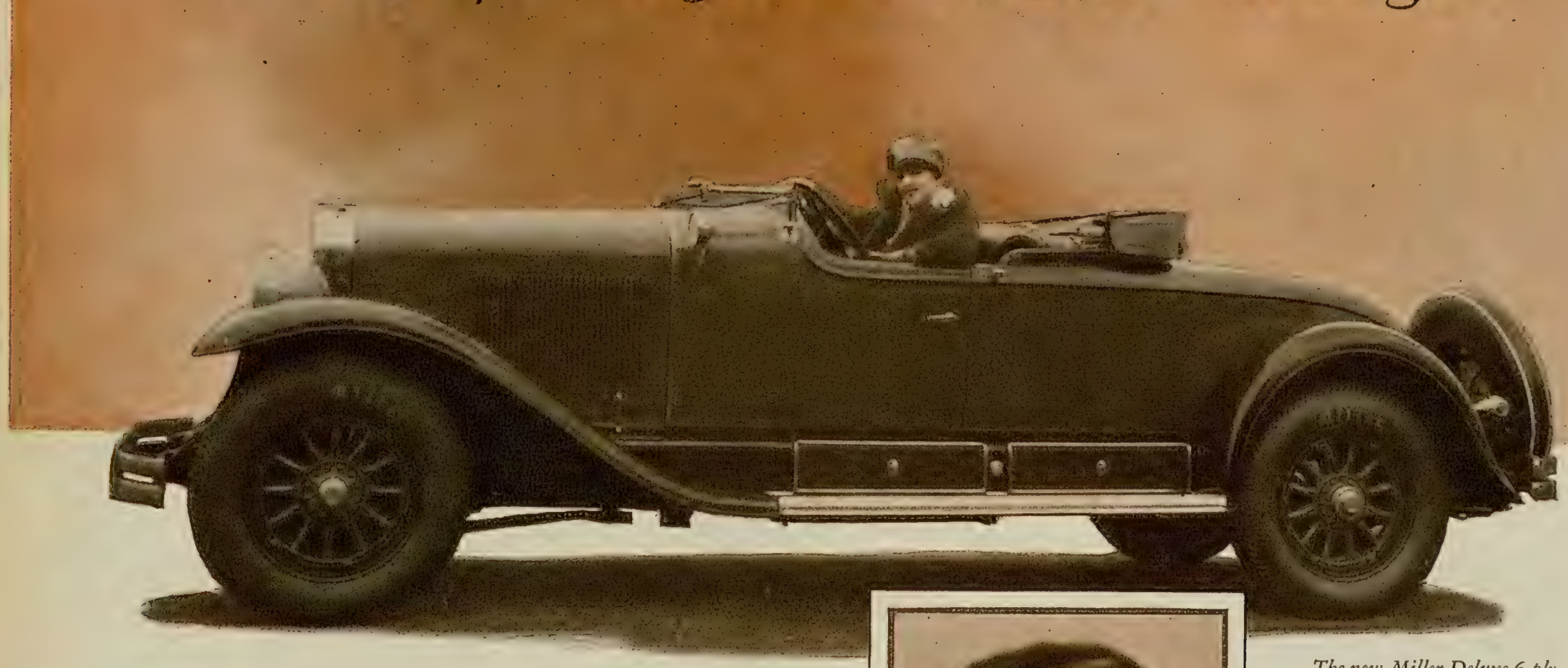

"My preference for Miller Tires is the result of the safety and comfort they add to my car, and the excellent mileage they give me!"

Irene Bordoni

The new Miller Deluxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

IN all of Miller's fine qualities, the one most prized by women is this one Miss Bordoni chooses to call "Safety."

Every woman who drives an automobile knows this—getting there and getting back is largely a matter of dependable tires. And who better than a woman can speak with authority in the matter of tire safety?

To millions of women who drive, Millers have brought a new confidence—a new trust in motoring by themselves.

And, in addition, a remarkable economy that neither women nor men can overlook.

In all the tire field, no tire is built of finer materials than Miller. No tire has finer workmanship. No tire has the benefit of keener research, or broader manufacturing experience.

It naturally follows that *your* experience with Miller Tires will be one of complete satisfaction. One, in fact, that will cause you even to forget you have tires, during thousands of miles of service.

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GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, of N.Y., AKRON, OHIO

Girls, Girls, Girls!

Some I Knew Once—and Some I Don't Know So Well Now

By MILLICENT, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 15 minutes 23 seconds.)

I WAS once a girl. I understand girls. I have always been a pal to girls.

My own story as a girl is uninteresting: my girlhood lasted so short a time: I am Scotch, and the days of my girlhood were passed in the aristocratic circle long since swept away, with caste and class, even in England—though England nominally still hangs on to class and titles—into the blind alley called "the way of all flesh."

At fifteen I was engaged to be married to a marquis. At that time my ambition was to work for and pass the junior local examination for girls at Cambridge University. I was thirsty for book knowledge.

Books or no books, I have sampled quite enough in Destiny's grab bag since life skipped along and put silver in my shingle. Still, can one learn too much when one can never learn all?

During my study for the examination I fell ill of pleurisy, and on my return from the jaws of death a letter arrived for my mother, the Countess of Rosslyn.

It was from Anne, Duchess of Sutherland. An invitation for my half sister, who was "out," to come to Dunrobin Castle and attempt to fascinate her son, the Marquis of Stafford, who was considered a confirmed bachelor. Incidentally, she might bring me for a change of air. I could have my meals in the schoolroom with her daughter, Lady Alexandra.

"Coming out" in those days was an important affair. At eighteen girls suddenly grew up. Today kids of twelve and maidens of eighteen look very much alike. Not so then; the difference was marked in the eighties and nineties.

A girl's long hair was piled in twists, puffs, and coils on the top of her head when she "came out." Corsets were changed. Bones were set in groups and there were laces to compress the waist. Nothing buttoned; everything hooked, and in the stays were little cups to make brassières unnecessary.

Skirts were cut long, as long as possible, and usually they were fluffy or flounced from the waist down, with petticoats—one, two, three—beneath. Schoolgirls' legs vanished; merely slippered feet peeped out from under the skirts. Slippers haven't changed much. They are perhaps a trifle more varied today.

The Marquis of Stafford had wealthy prospects. His mother and father wanted him to marry, as he was already in the late thirties, even though the late thirties at that time was exceedingly youthful.

My mother accepted the invitation to the northern castle with alacrity.

I was a tall, gawky girl. My father—who was a dear, gifted as an orator, a breeder of horses and dogs, a lover of flowers, and a poet—took a gloomy view of my future.

"A clever girl you are," he said. "Learn all you can in the schoolroom. You won't find a husband in Scotland. You'll have to look to Australia, where there are numerous men. You're apple-cheeked and your eyes are too round. No—you'll never be a beauty."

I grew accustomed to being snubbed, but this visit to Dunrobin Castle set me all agog. I had heard of its history as a fortress. Perhaps it held a ghost. I knew it was built of stones soaked in battle and blood of the clans. It stood perched above gracious gardens with a view over the Moray Firth, an arm of the North Sea.

Woods surrounded it, and rivers as clear as brown glass raced foaming over boulders between rocky cliffs, and were heavily stocked with trout and sea salmon.

Immediately I wanted to go camping and fishing. But the daughter of the house, Lady Alexandra, aged sixteen, had never fished in her life. She drove four Shetland ponies in a dogcart and galloped them over all the roads and tracks. In this she found the limit of girlish adventure.

Our elders went riding, climbing, or sketching. Some followed the men with rifles into the mountains. Please, dear girls of today, get out of your heads the idea that we were not sports; that we were frightened of mice; that we fainted. We fainted when we were ill, as you do. Just circumstances were different—yesterday's and today's.

Brown Bros. photo

The Duchess of Sutherland in her youth.

The Duchess of Sutherland holding her dogs just after bringing down a buck. (Above) Riding on the Scottish moors about 1900.

FOR instance, no one knew how to make a cocktail. Wine was served at dinner, but girls were never offered it. Men drank their highballs in the smoke room.

Girls, who in those days never smoked cigarettes, were considered fast if they invaded the smoke room. Still, they went there at times, but not to drink.

In those far-away days horses were of supreme interest. Not only horses as hunters—they still hold their own in 1928—but horses for four-in-hands, for phaëtons, buggies, and victorias, and high-steppers for the barouche, in which mamma aired her family, prinked out in Swiss embroidery and piqué.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A lighted warning signal —for the radiator

A new model that is smart, unique, beautiful — and essentially practical; night or day, it is your assurance of complete protection from the dangers of overheating.

Lighted: for night driving!

The ingeniously concealed radio pilot bulb throws a soft beam of light down the indicating tube: plenty of light for a constant check on motor conditions, yet, no annoying glare. The bevelled crystals, too, lend a transparent effect that is unusually distinctive.

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Any dealer will gladly demonstrate the lighted Radio model, as well as the new lighted Standard model Boyce Moto Meter, which is priced at $12.50.

[GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS!
Continued from page forty-one]

I was proud enough of my skill with horses, for I not only rode to hounds with other girls, but drove a tandem.

We had no telephones, radios, airplanes, or motors. The hansom cab carried us around the town, or the four-wheeler, which was like a taxi, with a horse instead of an engine. The other day I saw a hansom on Fifth Avenue in New York. It gave me a heartbeat.

On the hills of Scotland girls rode ponies for miles. We could all swim—could have swum the Channel if "ma" had said we might!

In riding we used sidesaddles. On the hills our skirts and knickers were short and full.

Do not think our mental education was neglected. It was not the custom in the aristocracy to go to school and college as it is today. We had cultured governesses at home. My father taught me to spell valetudinarian at the age of five. I have been a good speller ever since, though in America I do not "rite" as I should.

I once translated into German the Midlothian speeches of Mr. Gladstone, a Prime Minister of England.

TO return to the point: at Dunrobin Castle I caught many salmon; also, "Millie married the marquis!"

A few years later there was a song called Mollie Married a Marquis. That was when Rose Boote, a vaudeville artiste, married the Marquis of Headfort. She has made him the best wife in Ireland.

But Millie married a marquis first. He married me, I think, because I quite naturally knew that a lovely lady in a white tarlatan dress with a blue sash was painted by George Romney. He was so astonished at my intelligence in spotting the artist that he asked me to marry him.

My mother was pleased, and my sister was not so angry.

It all happened because Alexandra and I were allowed down to dinner with the grown-ups.

I had to be engaged a year, because ma said Lord Stafford liked me because I was clever. I must have another governess and become cleverer still.

On my seventeenth birthday I was married—in a long white satin dress embroidered in pearls.

My hair was no longer a pigtail, but full of hairpins, which set it in rolls.

For my honeymoon I entered the train in a red velvet dress reaching to my heels. The red velvet was trimmed with green velvet and skunk fur. I wore a tiny red velvet bonnet with green strings tied under my chin. They all said I looked cute, and very young.

That was the end of my girlhood. But I must say a word about my husband. He may have been a marquis; he may have been years older than I was. When he spoke he was kind and gentle. He was not tall, and he wore a small, fair beard. But in himself he was a great, white man. Never, never in any encounter was he yellow. Under his quiet exterior—he wasn't permeated by tailoring—he had an adventurous spirit.

WE traveled, and I grew to love the world as much as I loved my country.

My husband believed passionately in the future of Canada, in the future of democracy. Though in politics he was conservative, in private life he would have been as much at home on Broadway as in Piccadilly. He was a true Scot. He died a few months before the Great War that he had always expected and always dreaded.

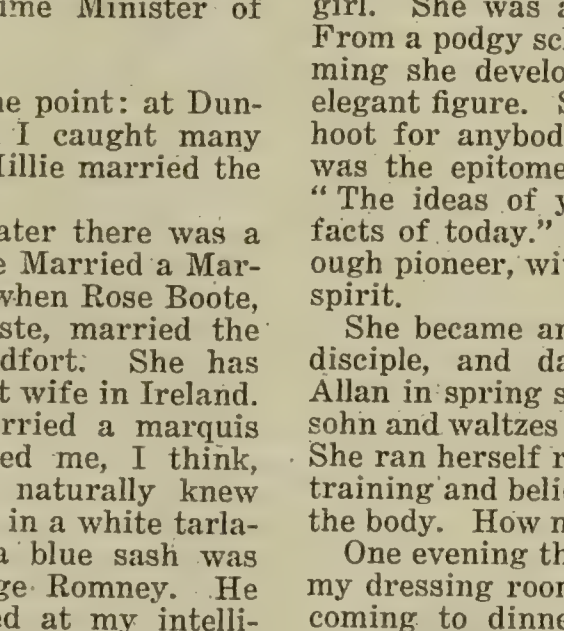
When I married, girls came to live with me. My nieces.

Among them, Lady Constance Mackenzie was the most interesting and probably the most modern girl. She was a great swimmer. From a podgy schoolgirl, by swimming she developed a slight and elegant figure. She did not care a hoot for anybody's opinion. She was the epitome of the old saw: "The ideas of yesterday are the facts of today." She was a thorough pioneer, with an independent spirit.

She became an Isadora Duncan disciple, and danced like Maud Allan in spring songs by Mendelssohn and waltzes by Tschaikowsky. She ran herself ragged in physical training and believed in the cult of the body. How modern she was!

One evening there was a rush to my dressing room. "Constance is coming to dinner in a kilt, and King Edward's yacht has just anchored in the bay," was the outraged information.

I knew Constance liked dressing up. If she wished to look like Bonny Prince Charlie, why should I argue? Queen Alexandra always enjoyed a joke. The other ladies were profoundly shocked at the get-up.



Dunrobin Castle, the family seat of the dukes of Sutherland.

"The girl is showing her bare knees," they said. "Surely you, as her chaperon—" What they considered I *should* do spoiled the entertainment for me, there was such a high-hat atmosphere abroad.

Next morning Constance appeared in tight breeches and a short coat, riding her pony astride. King Edward was interested, but I never knew before that malign whispering could almost dynamite a ducal castle.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

A lighted warning signal—for the dash, or at the wheel

The famous Red Ball models for those who prefer their Boyce Moto Meter on the dash.

The green spot on the dial means safety—proper motor temperature—but the instant overheating develops, FLASH! goes the Red Ball, warning of impending motor troubles *surely, dramatically.* You cannot miss it: illuminated from within, it flags attention NIGHT or DAY! A glance is sufficient, its performance unfailing.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

Once Constance got me into trouble. In the gilded picture gallery of Stafford House, then my home in London and now a museum, I consecrated Friday nights in June to Bohemian parties. Writers, poets, painters, singers, pianists, and actors came.

One Friday evening the beautiful Lina Cavalieri danced. Then Constance Mackenzie crept out of the wings of the French drawing-room in Duncan draperies and naked legs. She understood her pose. This beautiful woman and venturesome girl "made" my party.

The next morning some guest reported our good time to King Edward. He sent his private secretary to reprove me about the dance.

"Why, oh, why?" I sobbed.

"Not in the same half hour, not in the same half hour," soothed Lord Knollys; "Madame Cavalieri and Lady Constance Mackenzie! Dear, dear, remember the difference in their social positions."

KING EDWARD passed. A few years of King George's reign, then the crash. The opinion of kings was submerged in the action of mobs. The hysteria of the suffragette seemed a catcall of the past. We had bigger things to attend to in the birth of an era, the death of a generation.

"The war will be over quickly," said the wiseacres. Girls could stay home and crochet trench helmets.

England was persuaded this passage of arms would last but a few weeks.

Slowly the truth dawned. The barriers that had withstood the pressure of girls for greater freedom throughout a decade splintered like matchwood. England turned to the whole nation in her distress.

No more question of social distinctions. Women of all classes, shoulder to shoulder, fell in. Girls, the countess or the cook, helped to save England. Efficiency was all that mattered.

What girls had always been capable of accomplishing became in those tense years triumph.

Trained nurses had existed since the pioneer days of Florence Nightingale. But now there were V. A. D.'s—Voluntary Aid Detachments—in thousands; Waacs—Women's Auxiliary Army Corps; Wrens—attached to the navy and aëronautics.

Women were working everywhere on the war-racked continent or at home. Who could have done without them? Girls belonged to the Cyclist Corps. They drove ambulances under shellfire. No one mentioned a chaperon. Mothers became as their own girls and toiled in canteens and ammunition factories, or as clerks, cashiers, secretaries, charwomen, or what not.

Father, mother, teacher at the war. The babes had to get along as best they might.

War ended, and came peace. Words fail to describe what war had meant to girlhood—indeed to all womanhood—in the old countries of Europe, if not in America. Girls had jumped their bail in the turmoil. No one gainsaid them. People spouted of "The Day," but that in fact resolved itself into the one day of the emancipation of girls.

Not girls of a class, but girls of the whole population of civilized countries. I am not alluding to the women who year in and year out had toiled as wage earners in the past.

Came difficulties. Girl stenographers and clerks had taken men's jobs in the war. To men's jobs must they cling. As well try to restrict the Mississippi in flood as to stop what girls so efficiently could do in the new world.

All this in the first years after signing the peace treaty. The down-and-outs among men had to look elsewhere, while the girls remained in the foreground of the business picture.

Ten years have passed. To uphold her public power, a girl discarded something from time to time to show how her freedom was assured. Petticoats were cut short so that legs might move more swiftly; hair was cropped so that the hat might cling closer to defy the blustering wind. Labor-saving devices were all tempered to the shorn lamb.

It cannot be denied that efficient girlhood became more physically attractive, but in mass production.

Beauty literally became standardized. One foolish literary gentleman wrote, "Oh, for an individual ugly face in this welter of prettiness and publicity."

International photo

A British women's wartime ambulance corps.

©White Studio from International

Because Lady Constance Mackenzie (above) danced on the same program with Lina Cavalieri (in oval) King Edward rebuked the Duchess of Sutherland, at whose home the entertainment took place.

Girls began to adulate and emulate movie stars. That was natural, for something has to be worshiped somehow in this strange world; and if Sunday observance and the reverent crowding of churches were less noticeable, and the courtesy demanded by kings and queens and presidents was less imperative, a sea of sentimentality swept from girlish hearts and pens toward Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Lillian Gish, and still others.

There are girls today who worship Rudolph Valentino's memory. Yet they never saw him in the flesh. There are girls in England who worship the Prince of Wales or Miss Gladys Cooper, not for what they have achieved, but for how they look or speak.

ALL the while girls in their independence have cleared home influence. I do not mean to say that mother and father are no longer loved, but they are taken very much for granted, and parental restraint is an outworn phrase.

And men have set pitfalls for girls—the traps of male indifference or, if girls happen to be out for a good time, necking and petting ending in male contempt. The traffic of life in numerous instances between male and female has reached a stage when each passes the other in a different direction. The green light and the red light. Do I exaggerate?

Girls are preponderant in the immense populations of today. They have a right to be arrogant. I should not like to see them thrust into harems. I should not like to see them draggled and down at heel, looking for jobs, as at one time in my career I have seen them.

I rejoice that girls hold the fort in the mass efficiency of girls; but in the girl baptized Mary or Rosie or Alice—the individual girl—I am still interested.

What of the future for her smiles, her tears, her heart, her personality? Does she sometimes doubt the value of her own youth? All sentimentality aside, does her intelligence cause her sometimes to pause and wonder in this seething crowd of her so resembling kind?

I heard a funny story of a cave man. He was a simple fellow in love. He suggested waiting at a subway station for his girl. "In black you'll see me," said she; "flesh silk stockings and with long jade earrings."

The hour arrived. Girls in black with long jade earrings and flesh pink stockings streamed out in hundreds into the street. He could not locate his sweetie. Every girl seemed the same.

"I'll find you next time," he said. "I'll brand you." And he bit her on the cheek. "I ain't standing for bewilderment. I'm standing for your kiss—just yours." And the girl stood for it, too.

"Just yours!" the "you," the "I" of our existence. Do they matter? The individual gets bumped off and the state remains. The gap fills up and the machine doesn't miss a beat. Today is the great age of opportunity—for all—even if that remark was made away back in Babylon.

But I'll voice a few prejudices I cherish; emit an old-fashioned croak—and you'll forgive me, girls.

THIS life may be the crap game some say it is—Destiny throwing dice and for every win six times we lose—yet I still believe in the efficacy of prayer. Prayer that the unquenchable flame of the spirit of the universe may be revealed to us, individually, to give us some hall-mark of eternal life as individuals. An anchor for today and wings for tomorrow.

Girlhood is not the be-all and end-all of existence. Girls are overclamorous and insistent about the importance of their youth and capability, and I believe the clamor is to still their own uncertainties.

Once some mystery re-enters the make-up of a girl's personality, she will be infinitely more worth while in the scheme of human development.

I put a tiresome conundrum: Is a woman in any way responsible for a man's soul? The answer may be yes and it may not be yes. All depends on how far the welding of the two sexes, beyond mere reproduction, matters.

I do know this as an older woman: Men are still eager for peace and companionship, and they go wrong in their quest. They are afraid of the modern girl, and I understand why. Ought girls to be more ready to satisfy the male urge for the cool hand and the restful body? Is it worth while for a girl to regain a man's worship by offering him more to respect than to desire? Would it be possible for the girl to become the wonder girl by getting control of sexuality?

A man has kissed the hem of a woman's garment before now. That sounds a ridiculous gesture today, but it holds a profound significance.

THE END

Money for Nothing

(Reading time: 24 minutes 30 seconds.)

HUGO CARMODY decided that his Uncle Lester's brain was cracking. He had discovered him in the early morning, perched on a second story window sill. A ladder lay on the ground below him. He explained to Hugo that he had climbed up to dislodge a swallow's nest, and that the ladder had slipped. That the ladder had slipped was true.

Lester Carmody was squire of Rudge Hall, which stood on the edge of the sleepy English village of Rudge-in-the-Vale. The devotion of his life was to money. Dolly Molloy, a "slick thinker," had outlined to him a plan for swelling his bank account.

The Molloys—Dolly and "Soapy"—were Americans, and his guests. Dolly let it be known that they were father and daughter, and had most of the money in the world. The low down on them was that they were husband and wife, and a pair of smooth crooks.

Dolly, eying the Carmody heirlooms, which were entailed, of course, had had an inspiration. She pointed out to Mr. Carmody that these could be turned into money by the simple ruse of faking a burglary. The valuables would disappear and the Molloys would secretly hand over a large sum. But their real plan was simply to abscond with the heirlooms.

So Mr. Carmody, to make it seem as if an actual burglary had been committed, climbed —and stuck. This so shattered his nerves that it was decided to call in Chimp Twist, who ran a physical culture establishment.

The time chosen as auspicious for Chimp to bag the loot was the night of Rudge's amateur entertainment, when Hugo and his friend Ronnie Fish were to give a dialogue.

Ronnie was another visitor at the Hall. His object, too, was money. He hoped to persuade Mr. Carmody to advance £500 to Hugo as purchase price of a share in the Hot Spot, a night club Ronnie wanted to start.

John Carroll was the one dweller at Rudge Hall whose mind was on love. John was Mr. Carmody's other nephew, and he longed to marry Pat Wyvern. Pat had turned him down. Moreover, a heavy row was on between Pat's father, Colonel Wyvern, and Mr. Carmody. So John's sky was inky.

PART SEVEN

MRS. MOLLOY'S prediction that on the night of Rudge's annual dramatic and musical entertainment the Hall would be completely emptied of its occupants was not, as it happened, literally fulfilled. A wanderer through the stable yard at about the hour of 10 would have perceived a light in an upper window; and, had he taken the trouble to get a ladder and climb up and look in, would have beheld John Carroll seated at his table, busy with a pile of accounts.

In an age so notoriously avid of pleasure as the one in which we live, it is rare to find a young man of such sterling character that he voluntarily absents himself from a village concert in order to sit at home and work; and, contemplating John, one feels quite a glow.

It was not as if he had been unaware of what he was missing. The vicar, he knew, was to open the proceedings with a short address; the choir would sing old English glees; the Misses Vivien and Alice Pond-Pond were down on the program for refined coon songs; and, in addition to other items too numerous and fascinating to mention, Hugo Carmody and his friend Mr. Fish would positively appear in person and render that noble example of Shakespeare's genius, the Quarrel Scene from Julius Cæsar.

Yet John Carroll sat in his room, working. England's future cannot be so dubious as the pessimists would have us believe while her younger generation is made of stuff like this.

John, in these days, was finding a good deal of consolation in his work. There is probably no better corrective of the pangs of hopeless love than real, steady application to the prosaic details of an estate. The heart finds it difficult to ache its hardest while the mind is busy with such items as "£61 8*s.* 5*d.*, due to Messrs. Truby & Gaunt for Fixing Gas Engine," or the claim of the Country Gentleman's Association for £8 8*s.* 4*d.* for seeds. Add drains, manure, and feed of pigs, and you find yourself immediately in an atmosphere where *Romeo* himself would have let his mind wander.

John, as he worked, was conscious of a distinct easing of the strain that had been on him since his return to the Hall. And if at intervals he allowed his eyes to stray to the photograph of Pat on the mantelpiece, that was the sort of thing which might happen to any young man, and could not be helped.

It was seldom that visitors penetrated to this room of his—indeed, he had chosen to live above the stables in preference to inside the house for this very reason. And on Rudge's big night he had looked forward to an unbroken solitude. He was surprised, therefore, as he checked the account of the Messrs. Vanderschoot & Son for bulbs, to hear footsteps on the stairs. A moment later the door opened and Hugo walked in.

JOHN'S first impulse, as always when his cousin paid him a visit, was to tell him to get out. People who, when they saw Hugo, immediately told him to get out generally had the comfortable feeling that they were doing the right and sensible thing. But tonight there was in his demeanor something so crushed and forlorn that John had not the heart to pursue this admirable policy.

"Hullo," he said. "I thought you were down at the concert."

Hugo uttered a short, bitter laugh, and, sinking into a chair, stared bleakly before him. His eyelids, like those of the Mona Lisa, were a little weary. He looked like the hero of a Russian novel debating the advisability of murdering a few near relations before hanging himself in the barn.

"I was," he said. "Oh, yes; I was down at the concert, all right."

"Have you done your bit already?"

"I have. They put Ronnie and me on just after the Vicar's Short Address."

"Wanted to get the worst over quick, eh?"

Hugo raised a protesting hand. There was infinite sadness in the gesture.

"Don't mock, John. Don't jeer. Don't gibe and scoff. I'm a broken man."

"Only cracked, I should have said."

Hugo was not attuned to cousinly badinage. He frowned austerely.

"Less back chat," he begged. "I came here for sympathy. And a drink. Have you got anything to drink?"

"There's some whisky in that cupboard."

Hugo heaved himself from the chair, looking more Russian than ever. John watched his operations with some concern.

"Aren't you mixing it pretty strong?"

"I need it strong."

The unhappy man emptied his glass, refilled it, and returned to the chair.

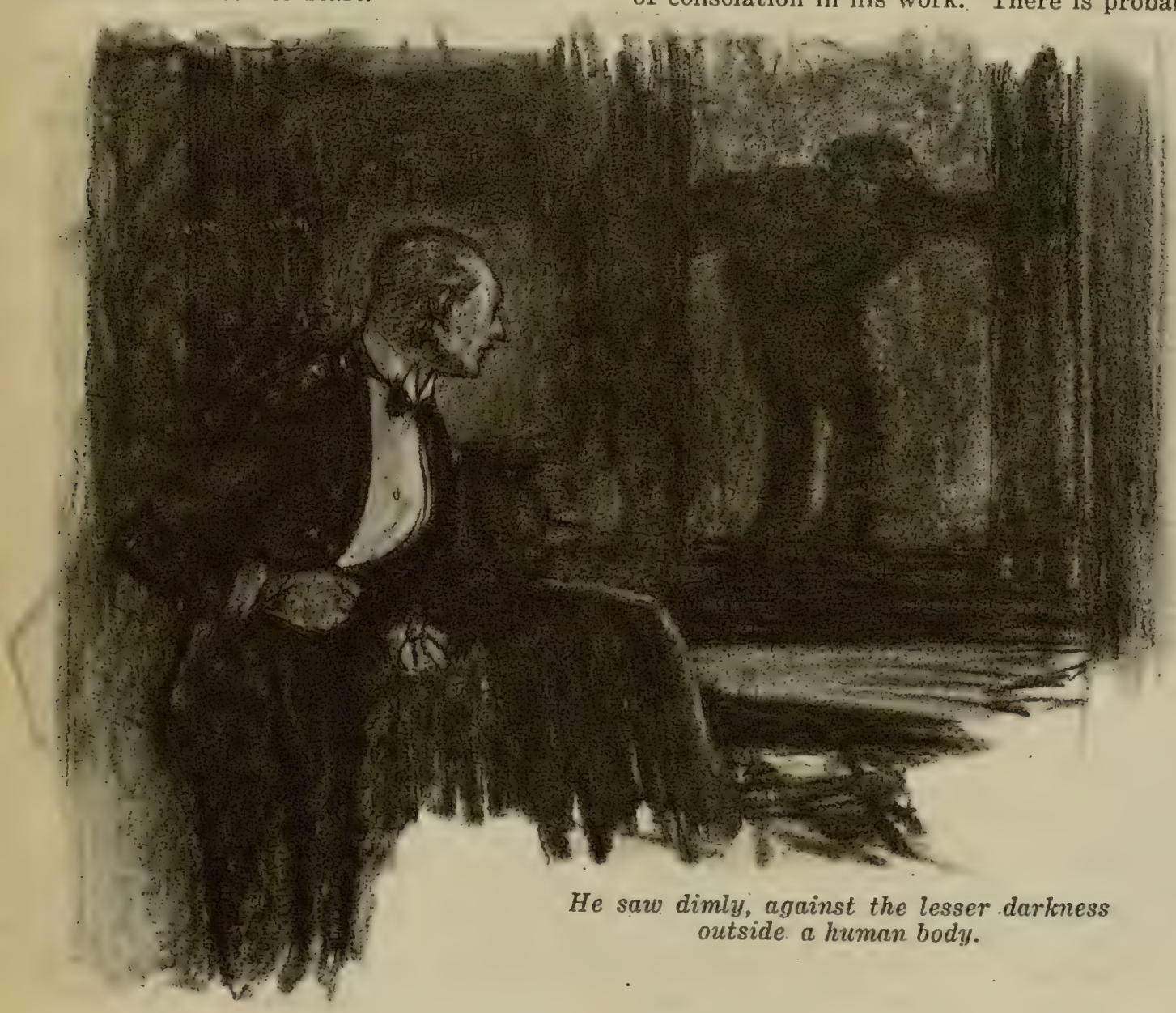
"In fact, it's a point verging very much on the moot whether I ought to have put any water in at all."

"What's the trouble?"

"This isn't bad whisky," said Hugo, becoming a little brighter.

"I know it isn't. What's the matter?"

The momentary flicker of cheerfulness died out. Gloom once more claimed Hugo for its own.

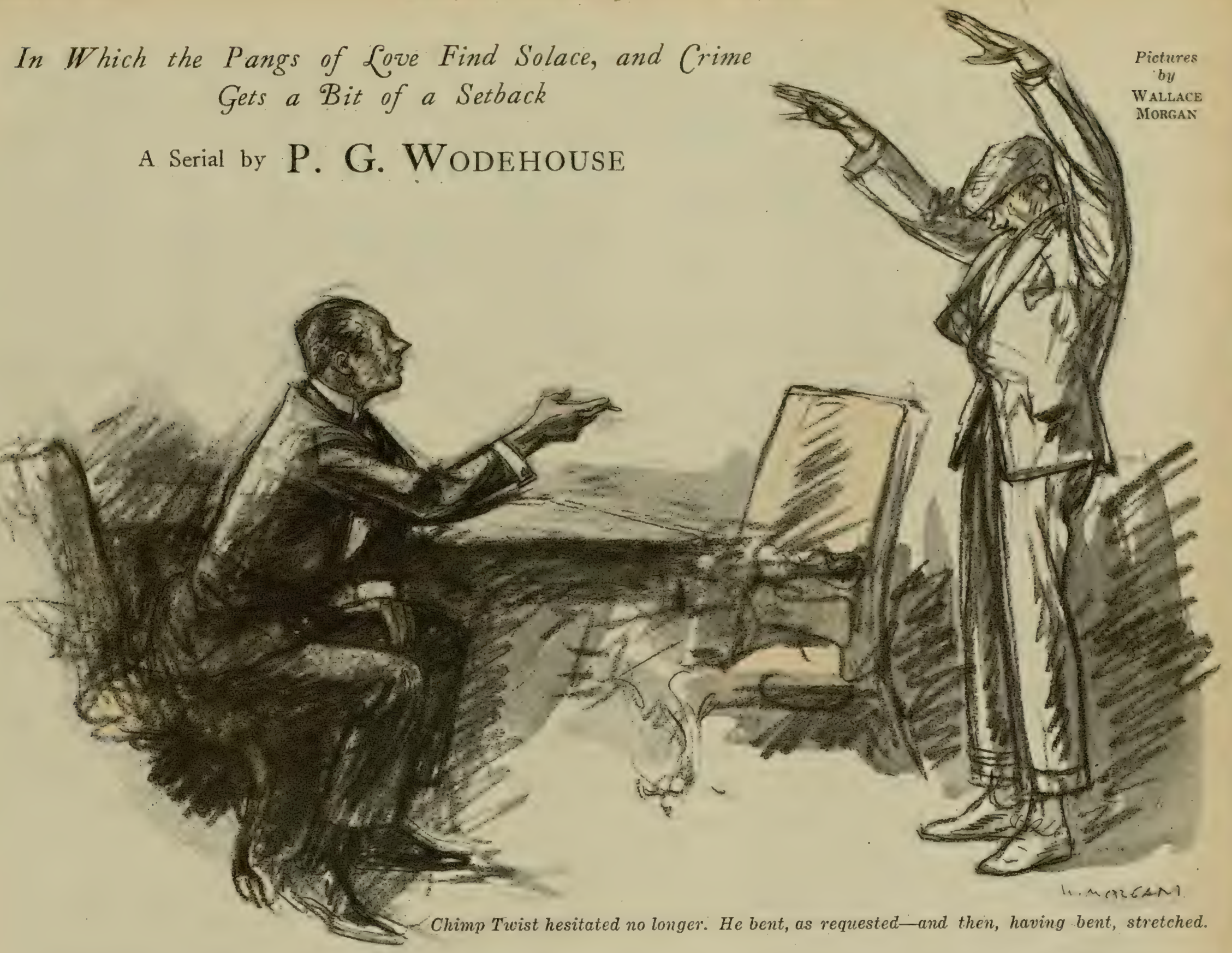


He saw dimly, against the lesser darkness outside a human body.

In Which the Pangs of Love Find Solace, and Crime Gets a Bit of a Setback

A Serial by P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN



Chimp Twist hesitated no longer. He bent, as requested—and then, having bent, stretched.

"John, old man," he said, "we got the bird."

"Yes?"

"Don't say 'Yes?' like that, as if you had expected it," said Hugo, hurt. "The thing came on me as a stunning blow. I was amazed. Astounded. Absolutely nonplused."

"Could I have knocked you down with a feather?"

"I thought we were going to be a riot. Of course, mind you, we came on much too early. It was criminal to bill us next to opening. An audience needs careful warming up for an intellectual act like ours."

"What happened?"

Hugo rose and renewed the contents of his glass.

"There is a spirit creeping into the life of Rudge-in-the-Vale," he said, "which I don't like to see. A spirit of lawlessness and license. Disruptive influences are at work. Bolshevik propaganda, I shouldn't wonder. Would a Rudge audience have given me the bird a few years ago? Not a chance!"

"But you've never tried them with the Quarrel Scene from Julius Cæsar before. Everybody has a breaking point."

The argument was specious, but Hugo shook his head.

"In the good old days I could have done *Hamlet's* Soliloquy and the hall would have rung with hearty cheers. It's just this modern lawlessness and bolshevism.

"There was a very tough collection of the Budd Street element standing at the back who should never have been let in. They started straight away chiyiking the Vicar during his Short Address.

"I didn't think anything of it at the time. I merely supposed that they wanted him to cheese it and let the entertainment start. I thought that directly Ronnie and I came on we should grip them. But we were barely a third of the way through when there were loud cries of 'Tripe!' and 'Get off!'"

"I see what that meant. You hadn't gripped them."

"I was never so surprised in my life! Mark you, I'll admit that Ronnie was perfectly rotten. He kept foozling his lines and saying, 'Oh, sorry!' and going back and repeating them. You can't get the best out of Shakespeare that way.

"THE fact is, poor old Ronnie is feeling a little low just now. He got a letter this morning from his man Bessemer in London, a fellow who has been with him for years and has few equals as a trouser presser, springing the news out of an absolutely clear sky that he's been secretly engaged for weeks and is just going to get married and leave Ronnie. Naturally, it has upset the poor chap badly. With a thing like that on his mind, he should never have attempted an exacting part like *Brutus* in the Quarrel Scene."

"Just what the audience thought, apparently. What happened after that?"

"Well, we buzzed along as well as we could, and we had just got to that bit about digesting the venom of your spleen, though it do split you, when the proletariat suddenly started bunging vegetables."

"Vegetables?"

"Turnips, mostly, as far as I could gather. Now, do you see the significance of that, John?"

"How do you mean, the significance?"

"Well, obviously these blighters had come prepared. They had meant to make trouble right along. If not, why would they have come to a concert with their pockets bulging with turnips?"

"They probably knew by instinct that they would need them."

"No! It was simply this bally bolshevism one reads so much about."

"You think these men were in the pay of Moscow?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Well, that took us off. Ronnie got rather a beefy whack on the side of the head and exited rapidly. And I wasn't going to stand out there doing the Quarrel Scene by myself, so I exited too. The last I saw, Chas. Bywater had gone on and was telling Irish dialect stories with a Swedish accent."

"Did they throw turnips at him?"

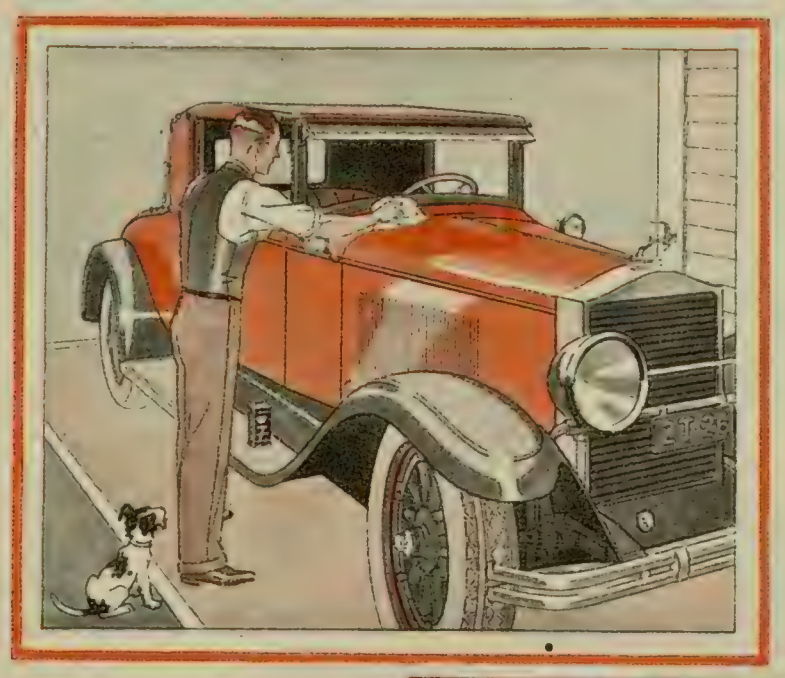
"Not one! That's the sinister part of it. That's what makes me so sure the thing was an organized outbreak and all part of this class war you hear about. Chas. Bywater, in spite of the fact that his material is blue round the edges, goes like a breeze and gets off without a single turnip; whereas Ronnie and I—

"Well," said Hugo, a hideous grimness in his voice, "this has settled one thing. I've performed for the last time for Rudge-in-the-Vale. Next year, when they come to me and plead with me to help out with the program, I shall reply, 'Not after what has

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Under the TRAFFIC FILM

It's still a new car



EXAMINE the finish of a dingy-looking car. The surface is not merely dusty—it is covered with a hard dull crust. That is Traffic Film. It is the result of special modern road conditions.

The beauty of the car is still there: Color and lustre are merely hidden, coated by Traffic Film.

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Buy a can of No. 7 Duco Polish and use a little every week or two. If you prefer to have your car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7 Duco Polish. It will not only protect the finish against Traffic Film, but will keep it new and gleaming, season after season.

No. 7 Duco Polish contains no acid—it is packed only in this can shown here. Leading automobile manufacturers recommend No. 7 Duco Polish and many of them put samples in all their new cars. Look for the sample can in your auto tool kit.

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, have developed two other products to make your car more beautiful. No. 7 Auto Top Finish will waterproof the top and bring back its original lustre. No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiators and lamps.

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[MONEY FOR NOTHING Continued from page forty-five]

occurred!' Well, thanks for the drink. I'll be buzzing along."

Hugo rose and wandered somnambulistically to the table.

"What are you doing?"

"Working."

"Working?"

"Yes, working."

"What at?"

"Accounts. Stop fiddling with those papers, curse you."

"What's this thing?"

"That," said John, removing it from Hugo's listless grasp and putting it out of reach in a drawer, "is the diagram of a thing called an alpha separator. It works by centrifugal force and can separate two thousand seven hundred and twenty-four quarts of milk in an hour. It has also a Holstein butter churner attachment and a boiler which at seventy degrees Centigrade destroys the obligatory and optional bacteria."

"Yes?"

"Positively."

"Oh? Well, damn it, anyway," said Hugo.

HUGO crossed the strip of gravel which lay between the stable yard and the house, and, having found in his trousers pocket the key of the back door, proceeded to let himself in. His objective was the dining room. He was feeling so much better after the refreshment of which he had just partaken that reason told him he had found the right treatment for his complaint. A few more swift ones from the cellaret in the dining room, and the depression caused by the despicable behavior of the Budd Street bolshevists might possibly leave him altogether.

The passage leading to his goal was in darkness, but he moved steadily forward. Occasionally a chair would dart from its place to crack him over the shin, but he was not to be kept from the cellaret by trifles like that. Soon his fingers were on the handle of the door, and he flung it open and entered. And it was at this moment that there came to his ears an odd noise.

It was not the noise itself that was odd. Feet scraping on gravel always make that unmistakable sound. What impressed itself on Hugo as curious was the fact that, on the gravel outside the dining room window, feet at this hour should be scraping at all.

His hand had been outstretched to switch on the light, but now he paused. He waited, listening. And presently, in the oblong of the middle of the three large windows, he saw dimly, against the lesser darkness outside, a human body. It was insinuating itself through the opening; and what Hugo felt about it was that he liked its dashed nerve.

Hugo Carmody was no poltroon. Both physically and morally, he possessed more than the normal store of courage. At Cambridge he had boxed for his university in the lightweight division; and once, in London, the petty cash having run short, he had tipped a hat-check boy with an aspirin tablet. Moreover, although it was his impression that the few drops of whisky which he had drunk in John's room had but scratched the surface, their effect in reality had been rather pronounced.

"IN some diatheses," an eminent physician has laid down, "whisky is not immediately pathogenic. In other cases the spirit in question produces marked cachexia."

Hugo's cachexia was very marked indeed. He would have resented keenly the suggestion that he was fried, boiled, or even sozzled; but he was unquestionably in a definite condition of cachexia.

In a situation, accordingly, in which many householders might have quailed, he was filled with a gay exhilaration. He felt able and willing to chew the head off any burglar that ever packed a centerbit.

Glowing with cachexia and the spirit of adventure, he switched on the light and found himself standing face to face with a small, weedy man beneath whose snub nose there nestled a waxed mustache.

"Stand, ho!" said Hugo jubilantly, falling at once into the vein of the Quarrel Scene.

In the bosom of the intruder many emotions were competing for precedence; but jubilation was not one of them. If Mr. Twist had had a weak heart, he would by now have been lying on the floor breathing his last, for few people can ever have had a nastier shock. He stood congealed, blinking at Hugo.

Hugo, meanwhile, had made the interesting discovery that it was no stranger who stood before him, but an old acquaintance.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Old Doc Twist! The beautiful, tranquil thoughts bird!"

He chuckled joyously. His was a retentive memory, and he could never forget that this man had once come within an ace of ruining that big deal in cigarettes over at Healthward Ho, and had also callously refused to lend him a tenner. Of such a man he could believe anything, even that he combined with the duties of a physical culture expert a little housebreaking and burglary on the side.

"Well, well, well!" said Hugo. "'Remember March, the ides of March remember: Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, and not for justice?' Answer me that, you blighter—yes or no?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

Don't Envy the Bathing Beauties

Put Some Good Firm "Stay There" Flesh on Your Own Skinny Figure

HERE'S a glorious message to you thin, scrawny envious girls who are wishing and longing for a beautiful body—Stop wishing—wishing won't fill out ugly neck hollows, and wishing won't put an ounce of flesh on your skinny legs, or your thin, boney arms.

All you have to do to round out your figure and curve out your ugly looking angles is to start putting on a few pounds of good solid "stay there" flesh with McCoy's Tablets.

It makes no difference how thin, scrawny or boney your figure may be—just use McCoy's Tablets for 30 days and see the remarkable improvement that 5, 10 or 15 pounds will make in your appearance. You'll feel, look and act 100% better through the use of these splendid weight builders.

Thousands Gain Weight and Are Grateful

Take for instance Mrs. W. E. Looney, a doctor's wife, says: "I just want to tell you that McCoy's Tablets are the finest things I have ever tried. I weighed 104 pounds when I began using them and I now weigh 115½. My limbs are picking up fine."

Another woman, Mrs. Marguerita Davis, says that a handful of diamonds couldn't be finer than McCoy's Tablets. She weighed 115 pounds and after taking only 2 boxes she had gained 13 pounds and was feeling like a new person.

A mother writes that the benefits derived through the use of McCoy's Tablets by her oldest son have been so remarkable that she feels obligated to tell about it. Says her son, who is 16, due to arduous studies at school and too rapid growth became thin, pale, anemic and did not gain the necessary nourishment from food until he started taking McCoy's Tablets. In a little over 2 months he gained 11½ pounds and looks 100% better.

A little girl who had infantile paralysis when she was 5 months old was an invalid for 9 years when her mother saw the advertisement of McCoy's Tablets in the paper. She bought a box for her and the gain from the first box was so noticeable that she continued their use and after taking 8 boxes the youngster had gained 7 pounds. Think of it! Almost a pound a box. She praises McCoy's and says the little girl is now back in school again.

A man who was so thin, weak, tired, run down and under-weight that the doctors despaired of his life at one time writes: "one box of McCoy's Tablets did me more good than a dozen bottles of doctor's medicine. Within 2 months after I started using McCoy's I was able to go back to work. I will never be without them."

Here's a man who gained 35 pounds and says he never felt better in his life. When he started taking McCoy's Tablets he weighed 119 and now weighs 152.

So it goes. Hundreds and hundreds of just such letters, praising these wonderful tablets to the skies. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose for McCoy takes all the risk.

Read this Amazing Guarantee:

McCoy takes all the risk. If after taking 4 Sixty Cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes, any thin, under-weight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—the purchase price will be refunded.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page forty-six]

Chimp Twist licked his lips nervously. He was a little uncertain as to the exact import of his companion's last words, but almost any words would have found in him at this moment a distrait listener.

"'Oh! I could weep my spirit from mine eyes,'" said Hugo.

Chimp could have done the same. With an intense bitterness he was regretting that he had ever allowed Mr. Molloy to persuade him into this rash venture. But he was a man of resource. He made an effort to mend matters.

Soapy, in a similar situation, would have done it better; but Chimp, though not possessing his old friend's glib tongue and insinuating manners, did the best he could.

"You startled me," he said, smiling a sickly smile.

"I bet I did!" agreed Hugo cordially.

"I came to see your uncle."

"You what?"

"I came to see your uncle."

"Twist, you lie! And, what is more, you lie in your teeth."

"Now, see here!" began Chimp, with a feeble attempt at belligerence.

Hugo checked him with a gesture.

"'There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; for I am armed so strong in honesty that they pass by me like the idle wind, which I respect not. Must I give way and room to your rash choler? Shall I be frighted when a madman stares? By the gods, you shall digest the venom of your spleen, though it do split you.' And what could be fairer than that?" said Hugo.

Mr. Twist was discouraged, but he persevered:

"I guess it looked funny to you, seeing me come in through a window. But, you see, I rang the front door bell and couldn't seem to make anyone hear."

"'Away, slight man!'"

"You want me to go away?" said Mr. Twist, with a gleam of hope.

"You stay where you are, unless you'd like me to lean a decanter of the best port up against your head," said Hugo. "And don't flicker," he added, awakening to another grievance against this unpleasant little man.

"Don't what?" inquired Mr. Twist, puzzled, but anxious to oblige.

"Flicker. Your outline keeps wabbling, and I don't like it. And there's another thing about you that I don't like. I've forgotten what it is for the moment, but it'll come back to me soon."

He frowned darkly; and, for the first time, it was borne in upon Mr. Twist that his young host was not altogether himself. There was a gleam in his eyes which, in Mr. Twist's opinion, was far too wild to be agreeable.

"I know," said Hugo, having reflected. "It's your mustache."

"My mustache?"

"Or whatever it is that's broken out on your upper lip. I dislike it intensely. 'When Cæsar lived,'" said Hugo querulously, "'he durst not thus have moved me.' And the worst thing of all is that you should have taken a quiet, harmless country house and called it such a beastly, repulsive name as Healthward Ho.

"GREAT Scott!" exclaimed Hugo. "I knew there was something I was forgetting. All this while you ought to have been doing bending and stretching exercises!"

"Your uncle, I guess, is still down at that concert thing in the village?" said Mr. Twist, weakly endeavoring to change the conversation.

Hugo started. A look of the keenest suspicion flashed into his eyes.

"Were you at that concert?" he said sternly.

"Me? No."

"Are you sure, Twist? Look me in the face."

"I've never been near any concert."

"I strongly suspect you," said Hugo, "of being one of the ringleaders in that concerted plot to give me the bird. I think I recognized you."

"Not me."

"You're sure?"

"Sure."

"Oh? Well, that doesn't alter the cardinal fact that you are the bloke who makes poor, unfortunate fat men do bending and stretching exercises. So do a few now yourself."

"I SAY," he said, "you've hurt your head." "I know I've hurt my head, you silly ass."

"Eh?"

"Bend!" said Hugo. "Stretch!"

"Stretch?"

"And bend," said Hugo, insisting on full measure. "First bend, then stretch. Let me see your chest expand and hear the tinkle of buttons as you burst your waistcoat asunder."

MR. TWIST was now definitely of the opinion that the gleam in the young man's eyes was one of the most unpleasant and menacing things he had ever encountered. Transferring his gaze from this gleam to the other's well knit frame, he decided that he was in the presence of one who, whether his singular request was due to weakness of intellect or to alcohol, had best be humored.

"Get on with it," said Hugo.

He settled himself in a chair and lighted a cigarette. His whole manner was suggestive of the blasé nonchalance of a sultan about to be entertained by the court acrobat. But, though his bearing was nonchalant, that gleam was still in his eyes, and Chimp Twist hesitated no longer. He bent, as requested—and then, having bent, stretched.

For some moments he jerked his limbs painfully in this direction and in that, while Hugo, puffing smoke, surveyed him with languid appreciation.

"Now tie yourself into a reefer knot," said Hugo.

Chimp gritted his teeth. A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things; and there came back to him the recollection of mornings when he had stood at his window and laughed heartily at the spectacle of his patients at Healthward Ho being hounded on to these very movements by the vigilant Sergeant Flannery.

How little he had supposed that there would ever come a time when he himself would be compelled to perform these exercises! And how little he had guessed at the hideous discomfort which they could cause a man who had let his body muscles grow stiff.

"Wait," said Hugo suddenly.

Mr. Twist was glad to do so. He straightened himself, breathing heavily.

"Are you thinking beautiful thoughts?"

Chimp Twist gulped. "Yes," he said, with a strong effort.

"Beautiful, tranquil thoughts?"

"Yes."

"Then carry on."

Chimp resumed his calisthenics. He was aching in every joint now, but into his discomfort there had shot a faint gleam of hope. Everything in this world has its drawbacks and its advantages.

With the drawbacks to his present situation he had instantly become acquainted; but now, at last, one advantage presented itself to his notice—the fact, to wit, that the staggerings and totterings inseparable from a performance of the kind with which he was entertaining his limited but critical audience had brought him very near to the open window.

"How are the thoughts?" asked Hugo. "Still beautiful?"

Chimp said they were, and he spoke sincerely. He had contrived to put a space of several feet between himself and his persecutor, and the window gaped invitingly almost at his side.

"Yours," said Hugo, puffing smoke meditatively, "has been a very happy life, Twist. Day after day you have had the privilege of seeing my Uncle Lester doing just what you're doing now, and it must have beaten a circus hollow. It's funny enough even when you do it, and you haven't anything like his personality and appeal. If you could see what a priceless ass you look, it would keep you giggling for weeks."

"I know!" said Hugo, receiving an inspiration. "Do the one where you touch your toes without bending the knees."

In all human affairs the semblance of any given thing is bound to vary considerably with the point of view. To Chimp Twist, as he endeavored to comply with this request, it seemed incredible that what he was doing could strike anyone as humorous.

To Hugo, on the other hand, it appeared as if the entertainment had now reached its apex of wholesome fun.

As Mr. Twist's purple face came up for the third time, he abandoned himself whole-heartedly to mirth. He rocked in his chair, and, rashly trying to inhale cigarette smoke at the same time, found himself suddenly overcome by a paroxysm of coughing.

It was the moment for which Chimp Twist had been waiting. There is, as Ronnie Fish would have observed in the village hall an hour or so earlier, if the audience had had the self-restraint to let him get as far as that, "a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

CHIMP did not neglect the opportunity that fate had granted him. With an agile bound, he was at the window, and—rendered supple, no doubt, by his recent exercises—leaped smartly through it.

He descended heavily on the dog Emily. Emily, wandering out for a last stroll before turning in, had just paused beneath the win-

dow to investigate a smell which had been called to her attention on the gravel. She was trying to make up her mind whether it was rats or the ghost of a long lost bone, when the skies suddenly started raining heavy bodies on her.

Emily was a dog who, as a rule, took things as they came, her guiding motto in life being the old Horatian *nil admirari;* but she could lose her poise. She lost it now. A startled oath escaped her, and for a brief instant she was completely unequal to the situation.

In this instant Chimp, equally startled, but far too busy to stop, had disengaged himself and was vanishing into the darkness.

A moment later Hugo came through the window. His coughing fit had spent itself, and he was now in good voice again. He was shouting.

At once Emily became herself again. All her sporting blood stirred in answer to these shouts. She forgot her agony. Her sense of grievance left her. Recognizing Hugo, she saw all things clearly and realized in a flash that here at last was the burglar for whom she had been waiting ever since her conversation with that wire-haired terrier over at Webleigh Manor.

John had taken her to lunch there one day, and, fraternizing with the Webleigh dog under the table, she had immediately noticed in his manner something aloof and distinctly patronizing.

It had then come out in conversation that they had had a burglary at the Manor a couple of nights before, and the wire-haired terrier, according to his own story, had been the hero of the occasion.

He spoke with an ill assumed offhandedness of barking and biting and chasings in the night, and, though he did not say it in so many words, gave Emily plainly to understand that it took an unusual dog to grapple with such a situation, and that in a similar crisis she herself would inevitably be found wanting.

Ever since that day she had been longing for a chance to show her mettle, and now it had come. Calling instructions in a high voice, she raced for the bushes into which Chimp had disappeared.

Hugo, a bad third, brought up the rear of the procession.

CHIMP, meanwhile, had been combining with swift movement some very rapid thinking. Fortune had been with him in the first moments of this dash for safety; but now, he considered, it had abandoned him and he must trust to his native intelligence to see him through. He had not anticipated dogs. To a go-as-you-please race across country with Hugo he would have trusted himself, but Hugo in collaboration with a dog was another matter. It became now a question, not of speed, but of craft. And he looked about him, as he ran, for a hiding place, for some shelter from this canine and human storm which he had unwittingly aroused.

And fortune, changing sides again, smiled upon him once more. Emily, who had been coming nicely, attempted very injudiciously at this moment to take a short cut, and became involved in a bush. And Chimp, accelerating an always active brain, perceived a way out. There was a low stone wall immediately in front of him, and beyond it, as he came up, he saw the dull gleam of water.

It was not an ideal haven, but he was in no position to pick and choose. The interior of the tank from which the gardeners drew ammunition for their watering cans had, for one who from childhood had always disliked bathing, a singularly repellent air. Those dark, oily looking depths suggested the presence of frogs, newts, and other slimy things that work their way down a man's back and behave clammily around his spine. But it was most certainly a place of refuge.

He looked over his shoulder. An agitated crackling of branches announced that Emily had not yet worked clear, and Hugo had apparently stopped to render first aid. With a silent shudder, Chimp stepped into the tank and, lowering himself into the depths, nestled behind a water lily.

HUGO was finding the task of extricating Emily more difficult than he had anticipated. The bush was one of those thorny, adhesive bushes, and it twined itself lovingly in Emily's hair.

Bad feeling began to arise, and the conversation took on an acrimonious tone.

"Stand still!" growled Hugo. "Stand still, you blighter dog."

"Push," retorted Emily. "Push, I tell you! Push, not pull. Don't you realize that all the while we're wasting time here that fellow's getting away?"

"Don't wriggle, confound you! How can I get you out if you keep wriggling?"

"Try a lift in an upward direction. No, that's no good. Stop pushing, and pull. Pull, I tell you! Pull, not push. Now, when I say, '*To* you—'"

Something gave. Hugo staggered back. Emily sprang from his grasp. The chase was on again.

But now all the zest had gone out of it. The operations in the bush had occupied only a bare couple of minutes, but they had been enough to allow the quarry to vanish. He had completely disappeared.

Hugo, sitting on the wall of the tank and trying to recover his breath, watched Emily as she darted to and fro, inspecting paths and drawing shrubberies, and knew that he had failed.

It was a bitter moment, and he sat and smoked moodily. Presently even Emily gave the thing up. She came back to where Hugo sat, her tongue lolling and disgust written all over her expressive features.

There was a silence. Emily thought it was all Hugo's fault; Hugo thought it was Emily's. A stiffness had crept into their relations once again; and when at length Hugo, feeling a little more benevolent after three cigarettes, reached down and scratched Emily's head, the latter drew away coldly.

"Dam' fool!" she said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This ONE Critical Mistake

costs motorists millions every year

"THAT'S YOUR OWN FAULT," says the repair man. "If you don't keep tires properly inflated, you can't expect them to last very long."

JUST LOOK AT THIS! Both tires have been run 4,000 miles. One is ruined, the other almost as good as new. This advertisement tells why.

It ruins their tires in a few short months . . . causes premature tread wear, fabric ruptures, rim cuts and other costly injuries

IT is now definitely known that 80 per cent of all premature tire failures are directly traceable to improper inflation.

And yet improper inflation can be avoided easily if three simple precautions are taken.

First, ask your dealer the exact pressure you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Tire Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple, scientific principles. It is accurate and durable. Easy to read. Easy to use.

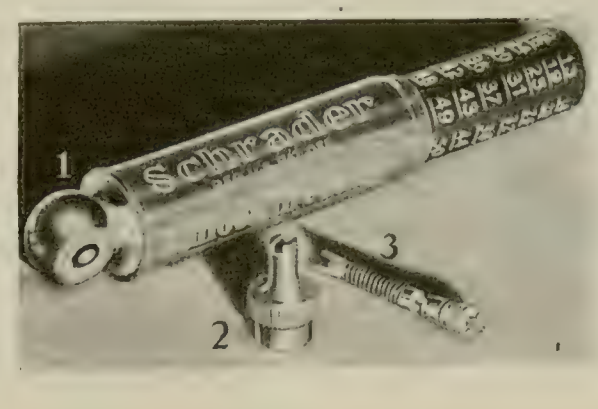
Second, make sure each valve stem is covered by an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can conveniently be replaced.

And third, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the *genuine* Schrader . . . standard wherever pneumatic tires are used.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Write for our valuable little booklet, "The Air You Ride On." A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y. Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844. (Tire Valves . . . Tire Gauges).



1 *The Schrader Gauge is accurate . . . and it is built to stand the gaff. Wise motorists use theirs once a week . . . to make sure their tires are always kept at proper pressures.*

2 *The Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap is air-tight up to 250 pounds. Box of five . . . . . 25c.*

3 *Change your valve insides once a year. Make sure you have the genuine Schrader. Box of five, 25c.*

What the Well-Dressed Man Wears.

"B.V.D." with its correct proportions, and its unaffected air of cool cleanliness is the choice of men who make a point of correct attire.

The man who takes pride in the correctness of his clothes values the unique FIT and COOL COMFORT of "B.V.D."

The combination of fit and freedom, provided by the patented closed crotch, encircling waist-web, and other distinguishing features of the "B.V.D." union suit, appeals to well-dressed men everywhere.

The unequalled coolness which scientifically correct design, finished tailoring, and specially woven and treated nainsook give to all "B.V.D." garments, is invaluable to any man's comfort.

No Underwear is "B.V.D." Without this Red Woven Label.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Trade Mark Reg U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

Men's Union Suit $1.50 Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c

Youths' Union Suit 85c

Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.

Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

THE B.V.D. COMPANY, Inc., N. Y.
Sole Makers "B.V.D." Underwear

©1928 The B.V.D. Company, Inc.

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

[MONEY FOR NOTHING Continued from page forty-nine]

Hugo started. Was it some sound, some distant stealthy footstep, that had caused his companion to speak? He stared into the night.

"Fathead!" said Emily. "Can't even pull somebody out of a bush."

She laughed mirthlessly; and Hugo, now keenly on the alert, rose from his seat and gazed this way and that. And then, moving softly away from him at the end of the path, he saw a dark figure.

Instantly Hugo Carmody became once more the man of action. With a stern shout, he dashed along the path. And he had not gone half a dozen feet when the ground seemed suddenly to give way under him.

This path, as he should have remembered, knowing the terrain as he did, was a terrace path, set high above the shrubberies below.

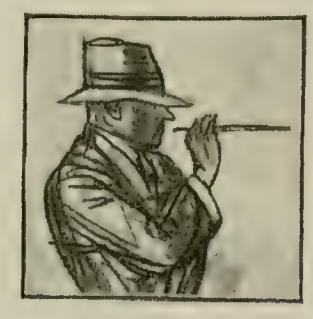
It was a simple enough matter to negotiate it in daylight and at a gentle stroll; but to race successfully along it in the dark required a Blondin. Hugo's third stride took him well into the abyss. He clutched out desperately, grasped only cool Worcestershire night air, and then, rolling down the slope, struck his head with great violence against a tree which seemed to have been put there for the purpose.

When the sparks had cleared away and the firework exhibition was over, he rose painfully to his feet.

A voice was speaking from above—the voice of Ronald Overbury Fish.

"Hullo!" said the voice. "What's up?"

WEIGHED down by the burden of his many sorrows, Ronnie Fish had come to this terrace path to be alone. Solitude was what he desired, and solitude was what he had supposed he had got until, abruptly, without any warning but a wild shout, the companion of his school and university days had suddenly dashed out from empty space and apparently attempted to commit suicide.



Ronnie was surprised. Naturally, no fellow likes getting the bird at a village concert, but Hugo, he considered, in trying to kill himself was adopting extreme measures.

"What's up?" he asked again.

Hugo was struggling dazedly up the bank.

"Was that you, Ronnie?"

"Was what me?"

"That."

"Which?"

Hugo approached the matter from another angle.

"Did you see anyone?"

"When?"

"Just now. I thought I saw someone on the path. It must have been you."

"It was. Why?"

"I thought it was somebody else."

"Well, it wasn't."

"I know, but I thought it was."

"Who did you think it was?"

"A fellow called Twist."

"Twist?"

"Yes, Twist."

"Why?"

"I've been chasing him."

"Chasing Twist?"

"Yes. I caught him burgling the house."

They had been walking along, and now reached a spot where the light, freed from overhanging branches, was stronger. Mr. Fish became aware that his friend had sustained injuries.

"I say," he said, "you've hurt your head."

"I know I've hurt my head, you silly ass."

"It's bleeding, I mean."

"Bleeding?"

"Bleeding."

HUGO put a hand to his wound, took it away again, inspected it.

"I'll go and get old John to fix it," he said. "He once put six stitches in a cow."

"What cow?"

"One of the cows. I forget its name."

"Where do we find this John?"

"He's in his room over the stables."

"Can you walk it all right?"

"Oh, yes, rather."

Ronnie, relieved, lighted a cigarette, and approached an aspect of the affair which had been giving him food for thought.

"I say, Hugo, have you been having a few drinks or anything?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, buzzing about the place after nonexistent burglars."

"They weren't nonexistent. I tell you, I caught this man Twist—"

"How do you know it was Twist?"

"I've met him."

"Who? Twist?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"He runs a place called Healthward Ho near here."

"What's Healthward Ho?"

"It's a place where fellows go to get fit. My uncle was there."

"And Twist runs it?"

"Yes."

"And you think this—dash it, this pillar of society was burgling the house?"

"I caught him, I tell you."

"Who? Twist?"

"Yes."

"Well, where is he, then?"

"I don't know."

"Listen, old man," said Ronnie gently. "I think you'd better be pushing along and getting that bulb of yours repaired."

He remained gazing after his friend, as he disappeared in the direction of the stable yard, with much concern. He hated to think of good old Hugo getting into a mental state like this—though, of course, it was only what you could expect if a man lived in the country all the time.

He was still brooding when he heard footsteps behind him, and looked round and saw Mr. Lester Carmody approaching.

Mr. Carmody gets first a shock, then relief—then does something he had never done before in his life! Read about it in next week's Liberty.

"Aw, Go to H—"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"WOOO-WOOO-WOOO!" the 5 o'clock whistles blew. "Wooo-wooo-wooo! Time to go home. Wash your hands. Hurry up and don't keep dinner waiting. Wooo!" And everybody in the Morses' home town called it a day and uttered a Gosh-I-hope-it-won't-be-hash prayer.

Sandy didn't bother to become so pious. Being Tuesday, he knew Lil would have creamed salmon poured out over biscuits, and also that she would want to see the current installment of The Valley Fiend at the little movie house around the corner. They always rushed through supper on Tuesdays, arguing with their mouths full whether or not to take along the baby.

This week's cover picture

He walked home slowly, wishing he were rich enough to take a heated interest in the Stock Exchange quotations. But he was too hot to enjoy even the cartoons of married life. He wished he were a bachelor in love with Lil, taking her out driving to look at the moon over the lake. Instead, here he trudged domestically home with the usual paper under his arm, up the usual street, to receive Lil's usual 5:30 peck on the cheek and to be regaled with the usual baby diary. Usual—uh!

Married life! He loved his wife, *but* such monotony. It broke a guy's spirit—not to mention his pocketbook! And, no matter how pretty a feller's better half was, she always looked puffy eyed at breakfast and made a funny face when she drank soup at supper.

"In fact," Sandy decided, turning into his apartment house entrance, "if the boss didn't send me on a business trip now and then, I'd go batty. I guess familiarity breeds—" He didn't quite remember what it bred.

"Woo-hoo! Woo-hoo!"

Homing pigeons in the eaves arranged their daily schedule by Mrs. Sandford Jenkins' 5:28 P. M. hubby call! And neighbors with sleeping infants usually swore about this same time.

"Dear, it's been such a hectic day," Lil greeted him at the door. "The baby hasn't let up once. Bow-Legs got a chicken bone stuck in his throat and I scraped my knuckles getting it out. One of the goldfish died of the heat. And I wrenched my back dumping out the ice pan."

"Well, we can sit up on the roof all evening and cool off," Sandy said. "You can sew and we'll look at the lights of the city."

"The lights of the city?" Lil flared up. "I don't want to think of them. Woods and brooks are what I long for. A fat kind of a summer we're having!"

"We won't sit on the roof, then," Sandy said. "We can turn on the fan and I'll read you that new travel book from the circulating library."

"Travel book?" This high-pitched squeak sounded like a hen's cry when the ax is one inch from its anguished neck. "Travel! You're a swell one to mention travel. Of course you took me to Niagara Falls on our honeymoon, but most brides are taken abroad. Tootsie Sumner went to the Riviera and I don't think her husband has one cent more than you!"

"Aren't we saving for a European trip?" Sandy asked. And he completed his one dinner chore: sliced the bread.

"Put the salmon on the table," he was ordered. "I'll drain the spinach. You can sit on the roof or do anything you want, but I'm going to the movies. I'm sick of this dump."

Supper conversation wasn't especially elegant, ethical, or appetizing.

"You haven't eaten much," Lil said, thinking how very homely Sandy's ears looked. "And here I've been caged up all day waiting for the food to come in order to cook you a nice meal. The baby may be starving to death, for all I know. I don't dare wake him for fear he'll start yelling."

"You're a crab," Sandy said calmly. "You've forgotten that when a girl marries, naturally she has to look out for the home her husband provides. Read the papers and see what happens when she doesn't: Divorce—divorce everywhere. Why? Just because—"

"Just because you men think all we want is a roof and to be supported by some clerk who makes about forty-two fifty a week. All day long the same old rut. And every evening the same old office gossip. I'm going to the movies. You can come along or wash the dishes. I wish you'd do the latter."

And she grabbed her hat from the sideboard.

Sandy stood up. It seemed about time to do a little cave man yelling.

"You haven't enough in your head—" he began good and loud.

"An' you haven't enough in your purse," she yelled back. "I'm going home to mother. I'll take the baby or you'll get vengeance by killing him. I'm through, Sandy! I'm sick of the sight of you."

"Aw, go to h—!" he bellowed, "an' take the brat with you!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Reconciliation.)

"Ride 'em cowboy" . . . Anywhere you go, there's no joy like clear water on a bright summer's day—but be ready for sunburn!

The Sun sounds no warning

Blistering SUNBURN comes quickly

DON'T say 'no' to Summer! . . . Be it by ocean, lake or river, slip on your bathing suit and wander down to the beach.

But be wise, be armed! The Sun's a handsome villain with a whip behind his back—Sunburn can get you when your heart is lightest . . .

Keep Unguentine in your outing kit. Vanquish sunburn at once. Avoid sleepless fiery nights, guard bright vacation days that can never come again.

Magic Unguentine heals sunburn as it heals any other burn, with unbelievable speed. It is the physician's standard dressing. It helps prevent inflammation and the formation of poisons that cause deathly illness. Painful blisters do not form.

At the first sign of redness, spread Unguentine on liberally. Better still, apply it before exposure. With this famous dressing, you are assured of a deep, healthy tan, but no serious burn.

Be sure, today, you have a tube in your week-end bag. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada — 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Apply this famous surgical dressing freely at the first sign of burn. Keep a tube at hand!

Unguentine

Norwich

—A trusted name

FREE: *a trial tube*

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY, Dept. L-4
Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

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City and State.....

Helena Rubinstein's

Mid-Summer Beauty Guide

Is your beauty sun-marred, freckled, deeply tanned? Perhaps there are "squint" lines about your eyes? Now is your opportunity to test out the world-famous creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN, foremost modern beauty scientist—to compare them with the imitations which have failed to fulfill their promise.

Heal Painful Sunburn with

Valaze Healing Balm—a soothing, cooling unguent for all disturbed skins. 1.75.

For Freckles—Tan—"Weathered" Skin

Cleanse with Valaze Bleaching Cream (1.00). When you wash, use Valaze Beauty Grains instead of soap. This extraordinary preparation gently peels away the discolored outer skin, and with it go blackheads, whiteheads and other impurities (1.00). Bleach with the animating, beautifying Valaze Freckle Cream (1.50). To prevent further tanning and freckling, apply Valaze Sunproof Cream, before going outdoors (1.00, 2.00).

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To restore "dewiness' to sun-parched skin, to erase the "aging" lines about the eyes, pat Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros) into the skin, letting this rare rebuilding cream remain on as long as convenient, preferably overnight (1.75).

Your Daily Beauty Treatment—essential the year round

Cleanse with the refreshing, revitalizing Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream, "the basis of beauty"—it soothes, cools, protects (1.00). (For quick cleansing and very dry skin, use Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream, .75, 1.25.) Clear the skin, remove light tan and freckles with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, Helena Rubinstein's skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Tighten the pores, brace tissue with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25). (For very dry skin, use Skin-toning Lotion Special, 1.25.)

These three preparations represent the most remarkable home beauty treatment value in the world at 3.25.

Accent Your Beauty

. . . with Valaze Rouges, Powders and Lipsticks—the most flattering shades and the purest, finest ingredients obtainable.

Helena Rubinstein Beauty Creations are dispensed at the better stores, by skilled advisers, or order direct.

Helena Rubinstein

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New York - Chicago - Newark - Boston
Paris Philadelphia - Detroit London

One beauty treatment in any of my salons will prove a revelation to you . . . $3.50 up.

Fill Out—Mail to Helena Rubinstein, 8 East 57th St., New York

Please send, without charge, full instructions for daily care of my skin, which is:

Average ☐ Flabby ☐ Wrinkled ☐
Oily ☐ Dry ☐ Blackheads ☐

Name .....

Address .....

State ..... [LJ 28]

Getting Out of the Corn Belt

By EILEEN BOURNE

MANY of you may be reading this on the eve of your vacation. And whatever you do for the holiday—whether you take a hike through the White Mountains, a camping trip in Colorado, or a brief whirl in Europe—you'll be depending largely for your pleasure upon your own two feet. Unless they remain in excellent condition you'll be miserable. You can enjoy neither a sunrise nor the Winged Victory from an aching or blistered standpoint.

Vacation shoes should be well fitted, with heels as low as your instep permits.

Therefore, start right. It might be well, both for immediate benefit and for future instruction, to have a professional pedicure. In Paris the really chic foot doctors are Chinese. They are deft and oh, so thorough. You come out of their salons with feet not only freed of corns and calluses, but white and silky, gleaming with highly polished nails. The effect upon your interest in these members is inspiring. You determine to be like *Trilby,* who bestowed as much care upon her feet "as many a fine lady does upon her hands."

Home treatments, however, are what count for everyday care. And here, as in every other department of health, preventive work is the thing. This starts at the outside and works in. You must be carefully shod. A few months ago we printed definite suggestions about shoes which were fashionable, yet light, roomy, well ventilated, and springy. Here we shall only remind you to select footgear neither too flimsy nor too heavy, with heels as low as your instep permits, and to have them well fitted.

Remember, a shoe that is too large is almost as bad for the foot as one that pinches. A friend of mine ruined her walking trip through a gorgeous corner of Switzerland because her shoes were too large for her "jay bird" heels. Moreover, her skin was thin and easily irritated. Not until she learned to make a soft backstop of cotton held down by adhesive tape did she take one step without anguish.

You cannot overestimate the importance to your trip of wearing shoes that fit. Moreover, they should be well broken in.

To carry out the good work of preventing foot troubles you need a few aids. In your traveling bag or pack the following articles should be included: a heavy sandpaper file, absorbent cotton, adhesive tape, a small package each of sulphur and boracic acid powder, and two small bottles of camphor and collodion respectively.

Start off on the right foot in the morning by bathing it—and the left one also—in cold water to harden the surface. Dry the feet thoroughly and dust them with boracic acid powder.

Treat a blister at once with camphor spirits. If broken, paint with collodion. Be sure to wear clean stockings every day, and remember that a change of shoes rests the feet and prevents calluses.

Calluses should be softened by soaking in hot water. Then rub them smooth with pumice stone and treat them with boracic acid cream. Treat soft corns with cotton sprinkled with sulphur.

HARD corns ought not to be cut unless you have every means at hand of treating them antiseptically. Be sure to boil your steel scalpel for five minutes before using it; and use a good antiseptic wash after the operation, such as one of the following, applied with a camel's-hair brush:

Extract of cannabis indica, 15 grains
Salicylic acid, 1 dram
Flexible collodion, 1 ounce

Or

Carbolic acid, 1 dram
Tannic acid, 2 drams
Tincture of iodine, 2 drams
Vaseline, 4 ounces.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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Street and No.....
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Two Good Cities

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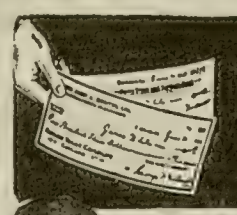
Two Good Hotels

Both under the direction of ROY P. BRAINARD

Stomach Ache!

Get quick relief from severe indigestion or stomach pains by taking a little Chamberlain's Colic Remedy in water. Reliable and dependable. A family remedy for 57 years. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Write for trial size to Chamberlain Medicine Company, 574 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

Chamberlain's Colic Remedy
"The First Aid in Stomach Ache"



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THE HERTEL PLAN offers the most profitable, fascinating way of making big money with **Personal Christmas Cards**

We pay you WEEKLY and give extra MONTHLY BONUS checks. A stenographer made $1000 during lunch hours with THE HERTEL PLAN. Mrs. B. C. Woodward, a housewife, $800 in spare time. D. J. Albrecht, Ill., $61.75 in 2 hours.

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Retain the Charm Of Girlhood A Clear Sweet Skin Cuticura Will Help You

Use Cuticura Soap Every Day

Music on the Air

How a Great Conductor Is Making a Continent His Concert Hall

By W. J. Henderson

Walter Damrosch at the microphone before which he conducts his musical programs.

(Reading time: 17 minutes 52 seconds.)

WALTER DAMROSCH, a voice from the air. Once he shook a stick over an orchestra. Now he shakes the electric waves over continents and oceans. He used to play to an audience of 3,000 persons in Carnegie Hall. Now he plays to 10,000,000 spread over a stupendous amphitheater extending from Mount Desert Rock to Pike's Peak and from Calgary to the Gulf of Mexico.

Men have heard his music in the hills of Wales and in the frozen wilds of Canadian forests. For innumerable listeners he is the evangel of a new gospel—the gospel of beauty.

"You were a great name," wrote a mother. "Now you are a friendly voice."

For Damrosch is the unseen interpreter of orchestral music to the vast army of radio listeners.

How did it come about? Like many other big things, it was shot like a skyrocket out of darkness. In the winter of 1925 the Atwater Kent organization asked Damrosch to make an experiment by conducting a symphonic orchestra and sending out a program from station WEAF in New York. He was requested at that concert to speak a few words of greeting to his unseen audience in four languages—French, German, Italian, and English.

From north, south, east, and west came a response which astounded the projectors of the entertainment. Did anyone suppose that the mighty masses of this country which had never attended music schools or undergone the preparation of courses in "appreciation" would be staggered and puzzled when they heard the orchestra of the Symphony Society of New York performing music of the kind commonly called classical? Not a bit of it; they delivered such a clamorous encore as the history of the tone art never knew before.

Things moved swiftly, as radio things are wont to do. On November 15, 1926, the National Broadcasting Company was formed, and the station that had distributed the first Damrosch unseen concert automatically passed under its control.

The new company invited the eminent director to conduct twenty concerts. These performances included explanations and comments by Damrosch, who thus took to his mighty though invisible public the skill and experience of his long career as a director of the Young People's Symphony concerts in New York, which had a clearly defined educational element. There was no compelling educational character to these first radio talks; they were merely aids to enjoyment, something upon which the varying imaginations of all those hearers could fasten, something to which the unknown multitude could attune its untrammeled spirit.

International photo

Family groups like this, says Mr. Damrosch—"thousands of small audiences, each consisting of two or three persons in a little room"—gave him his radio inspiration.

What influenced the musician in launching his bark upon this new sea? Little has been said about that, or perhaps too much has been said which was unintentionally misleading.

But if you sit down before Walter Damrosch and let him talk to you about his new movement, you will speedily become convinced that his entrance into the field of musical education by radio was impelled by the hunger of an unceasingly adventurous soul, perennially young and eager for fresh enterprise and flaming with a new-found joy in the discovery of a territory as yet uncultivated. More than forty years a conductor of concerts in halls, this man had suddenly found that, when his career seemed finished, he could make yet another—become the friend and counselor of innumerable music lovers, and top all his achievements by spreading through a whole people the gospel of beauty.

HE sat in his study and talked to the writer. He was on the eve of departure to Europe and he was anxious to say it all in a few words, but his ardor ran away with him.

His face was gently radiant with that paternal look which gives a prematurely patriarchal character to his ready smile. But in the lambent eyes there was a look which belied the fine gray hair and the fatherly attitude. There was the glance of a seer of visions undreamed in younger years. There was the flame of a rejuvenated Damrosch, the indescribable force of an adventurous soul beholding new roads opened.

It is this union of experience and youthful-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Boston Terrier

"Sergeant's Mange Medicine Is Dog Insurance"

"Having seen more than one valuable dog ruined by mange, I was quick to take my druggist's suggestion about using Sergeant's Mange Medicine. It has kept my dogs free from Mange. I call Sergeant's Mange Medicine dog insurance."

Superficial Mange is highly contagious among dogs. Your dog is liable to catch it at any time. It is a stubborn disease that is hard to stamp out unless you know the best treatment to follow. Use Sergeant's Mange Medicine and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills.

SYMPTOMS of Mange
Acute itching caused by parasites attacking head, feet, legs or body. Redness, pimples, sores from scratching, thick skin with scales.

Do You Know?

Do you know how to safe-guard your dog from this contagious disease? Could you tell the difference between mange and eczema? Would you know how to treat your dog in either case? To know these things may save your dog. It costs you nothing to have this information. There are effective remedies for these and all other dog ailments and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

SERGEANT'S Dog Food
A balanced ration containing a large proportion of freshly cooked *Beef*. For dogs and puppies of all breeds.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for a free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of all dog diseases and explains the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and rearing dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It is revised yearly and kept strictly up to date. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable dogs. It is free.

Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once*. State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are on sale at dealers' everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1476 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for Free Sample of Sergeant's Dog Food
We Guarantee Your Dog Will Eat It.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

[MUSIC ON THE AIR Continued from page fifty-three]

ness that makes Damrosch unique. With fifty years of musical history behind him, he chafes at the moments that restrain him from setting out on the new path which he has discovered.

"Yes," he said, "I resigned from the conductorship of the Symphony Society. It was time, and I knew it. The world had gone jazzy; it was not my world any more. You remember, do you not, that it was the untimely death of my father that thrust the baton into my hands when they were better fitted to be carrying father's scores? For more than forty years I pushed my way through the pages of hundreds of masters. I believe I may honestly say I became a conductor.

"But the world did move. There is a new conception of things. Permanency is regarded as something for old fogies; incessant change, daily novelty is demanded. Veteran conductors are respected, to be sure, but so are the mummies of Egyptian kings, I suppose. And music is not valued so much for its own sake, any more, as for the scope it affords for the revelation of a conductor's virtuosity. Personality has become the magnet of supreme attraction in the world of orchestral music.

"As for me, after all those years I could only repeat myself. My ideals were formed; my methods long established. The public hungered for wizards of the baton. I could not learn the new magic. Every conductor appearing here for the first time must have fresh and astonishing readings to offer. My Beethoven and Brahms had become parts of me; I could produce no surprises. With a graceful bow I moved into the background, prepared to become a 'looker-on here in Vienna.' But there was something yet for me to do. Science had opened a gate for me and presented to me an opportunity undreamed of and of prodigious possibilities.

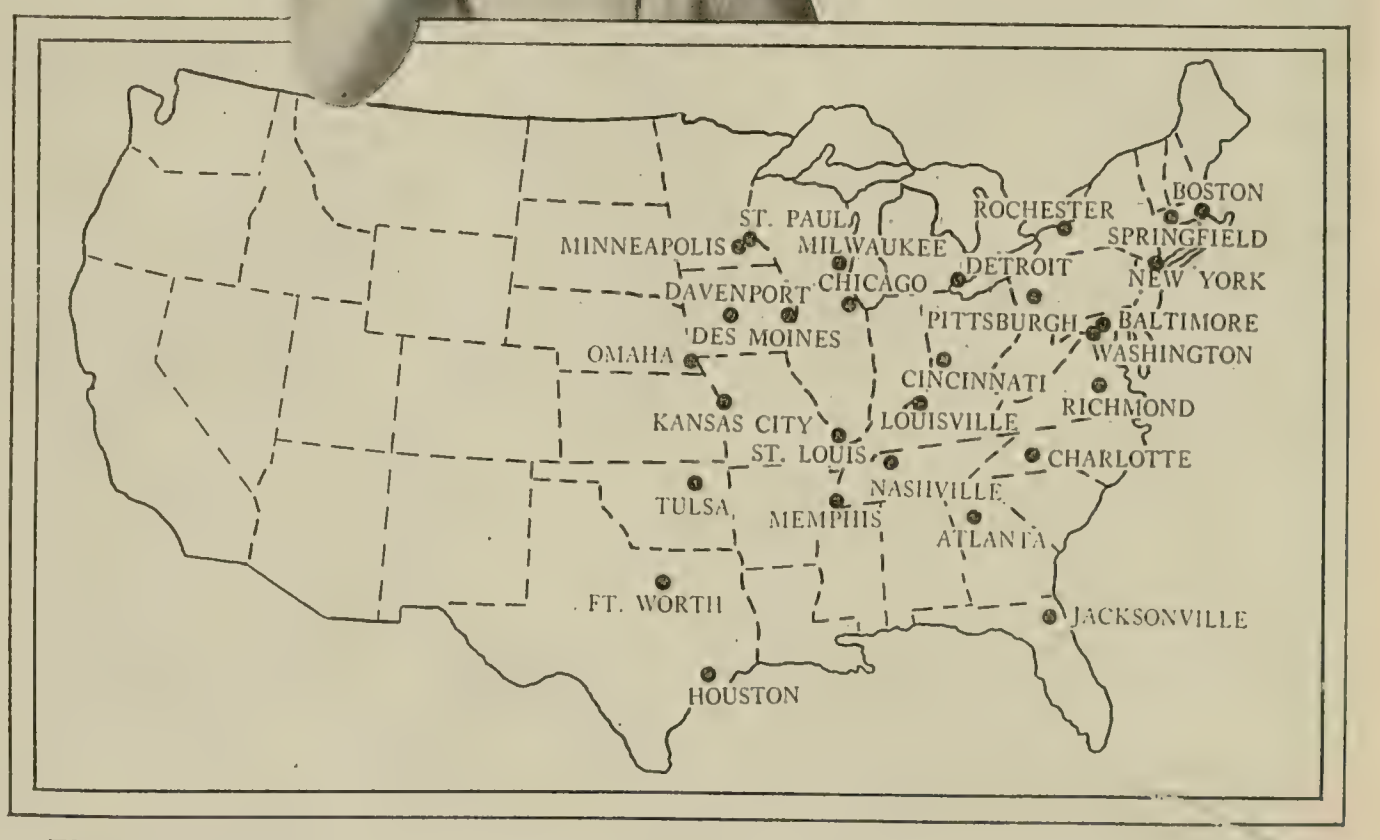
"The first experiment in broadcasting satisfied me that a new world had invited me to enter. I had completed one artistic life only to find another even richer in the breadth and depth of its human contacts. Instead of talking to my little familiar family in Carnegie Hall, I was to speak to invisible millions across a whole continent. Can you imagine what this meant to me? I was almost appalled by the realization of the duty I should owe to these unknown listeners.

"But do you know what I learned in the very first hours of the new work?" continued the famous conductor with a benignant smile. "I learned that, while it was true that I was communicating with millions, I was in actual fact talking to thousands of small audiences, each consisting of two or three persons in a little room.

"It was the grasping of this fact that was the true inspiration of my new career. I was not going to be an unapproachable lecturer upon an inaccessible platform, preaching a solemn gospel to a more or less receptive congregation. Speaking to the most tremendous of audiences, I was not a public but a private speaker, chatting intimately with families. Can you imagine the feeling?

"THEN, the letters from my hearers—how they have rekindled the flame of life for me! And the completely sympathetic attitude of the National Broadcasting Company, which accords me perfect freedom in the planning of my programs and the entire scheme of my concerts. I thought I was through, and here I am at a magnificent beginning. I have a new grip on life. I've got my boots on again and am journeying through the world."

International photo



The Blue Network of twenty-eight radio stations, as shown on the map. Over this broadcasting hook-up Damrosch will attempt this fall to send concerts during school hours to from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 children.

The Damrosch collection of letters from the little audiences of two or three and sometimes of only one lonely listener in some distant wild, is unique among chapters of correspondence. These letter writers are sending their reactions to a man they never saw.

Damrosch himself was brought to a rather poignant realization of this last winter, when he conducted a concert in Cincinnati. It was forty years since his last concert there. The local manager went to him in the intermission and said that the audience would be highly pleased if he would say a few words.

Before beginning the number opening the second part of the program, the conductor faced the audience and said: "Ladies and gentlemen—"

Before he could utter another word the whole audience burst into laughter. It heard proceeding from the lips of this man the voice it had known only over the radio. Perhaps some of these listeners had written letters to the man they now heard.

One wonders just how far and in what particulars the presence of the conductor and the electricity of his personality in the air modified the impressions gained from the voice brought by the electric waves. The letters themselves make innumerable references to the character of the man as estimated from his radio manner of speech. There can be no question that the profound humanity of Damrosch has reached every hearer.

The composite verdict of 20,000 letters is summed up in one sent not directly to the conductor, but to the office of the broadcasting company. This letter discloses in a striking manner the power of the radio waves to carry the individuality of the speaker.

> His good nature [says the writer], his personality seem actually so to come to one along the radio waves that one can almost feel that Damrosch is in the same room and one could reach out and shake his hand and bid him welcome. He is creating among his millions of listeners, both old and young, a love for the beautiful, the good, the true; and not only in music alone, but in all that goes to make up one's life. One cannot but be better for an hour with Damrosch.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Two Great Short Stories
In Next Week's LIBERTY—

Meet *the* Duchess

By Dixie Willson

A surprise romance played upon the ever changing background of the movie panorama.

And—

The
Whining Kid Blooms

By William Slavens McNutt

A fast moving tale of horses and tipsters and luck and love.

STOPS

AUTO SICKNESS

Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

Torturing
PILES
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This modern non-surgical way. *Unguentine Pile Cones* quickly check itching, bleeding. Soothe inflamed tissues. Made by the makers of Unguentine. At your druggist's, 75c. Trial FREE. Write today. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

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Cool and soothe the inflammation and distress of sunburn with clean, antiseptic, healing ZEMO. Use freely any time.

At all druggists—35c, 60c and $1.00.

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MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

There is one simple and most eloquent letter from a remote spot in Canada. It is eloquent because of its candid opening of heart and equally because of its evidence that Wagner's young Volsung hero found a fellow spirit in a solitary adventurer among the snows. Here is the letter:

International photo

Mr. Damrosch's radio listeners send him pictures like this.

DEAR MR. DAMROSCH:

Am afraid this will arrive rather late, but better late, etc. It is just to wish you a merry Xmas and happy New Year, that you may be as happy as you have made me in your radio lectures and orchestra. I am a sheep herder right in the middle of nowhere—no companion save my dog and radio set, and believe me it's sure fine after tramping about all day in the snow and biting sub-zero weather to sit down of a Saturday evening and hear you on "Seigfried" [*sic*]. I have had my set three years and am used to hearing good programs, but yours is head and shoulders above everything I ever heard before, so please accept this small tribute and wish.

My ink having frozen up, am forced to use this pencil.

Yours truly,
T. T.

There is a picture of solitude into which the friendly voice from the radio has brought hitherto unknown æsthetic joys and companionship otherwise inaccessible.

Here is a man who writes:

We are situated in the heart of the Oquirrh Mountains (Bingham Canyon, Utah), 8,000 feet above sea level and about 2,500 miles from you. Tonight your wonderful music came in clear and true. The Dance of the Sylphs was heard perfectly, even to the lowest vibrations of the harps and the dying murmurs of the clarinets. However, your great orchestra constitutes not all the interest, for equally as well appreciated is each of your fine descriptive talks introducing every composition. You cause one to feel a touch of the divine inspiration.

MAKING stories to explain musical compositions which have no story is a questionable proceeding; but arousing dormant imaginations to activity and dragging into the light the secret poetic musings of workaday men and women is something quite different. Damrosch has gone into the heart-searching business and found treasures that the dust of daily life could not corrupt.

"Tell me," he said through the air on one occasion, "how the Beethoven movement sounds thousands of miles away." And then he conjured up a misty company of "shadows and spirits" to march to the slow movement of the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, that movement which one great writer declared began with a "dread heartbeat." Away out in a little town in Ontario, Canada, a correspondent wrote:

You began to play, and this is what I saw. London on a night just like one of these November nights—dark, wet, and windy. Softly, silently, through the dreary streets, over the glistening pavements, came a shadowy mass of men, a great, silent, ever growing army. Ragged, wounded, in bloodstained uniforms, they marched on, stopping to look at the captured guns in the Mall, up past the lights of the clubs in Piccadilly, through the noise and bustle of the Circus, on up the hardly to be recognized Regent Street.

Then each little harmony seemed to wander on alone. The mass dispersed, some to great houses in Park Lane and Grosvenor Square, some to plain Victorian houses in Kensington, others to dull, monotonous houses or "villas" in the suburbs, some to the slums, till the "Fall in" sounded. Till now there had been a hopelessness about them, a hungry questioning: "Was it worth while?" as they glanced about this London they never could see again. Now all was changed, and it seemed as if the spirits of these men whose bodies lie making "some corner of a foreign field forever England," were satisfied, content. It had been worth while; England was still England and home. With heads erect they marched slowly back and faded into the night.

Written by a woman, of course. But what of the tired business men, workers in prosy shops and routine offices, shippers of goods and writers of invoices? Some of these found prose, which they had to use every day in their letters to customers, unequal to their desires, and Damrosch has a sheaf of extraordinary poems sent to him by prose people. Here is one bit from a triumphant song, written on paper with a business heading and dated from a small town:

Beyond the stars, at the gate of Mars,
Lost souls are crying.
They come and go like ghostly snow,
Like arrows flying.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This "Party-Going Age"—and Sal Hepatica

OUR late evening hours and our high tension days, our rich foods and our disregard for the simplest rules of health often cause us to wake up in the mornings with a headache or a coated tongue, an unpleasant taste in the mouth or an upset digestion.

If it ever should be your lot to experience these unfortunate conditions you can very promptly help yourself—by taking Sal Hepatica.

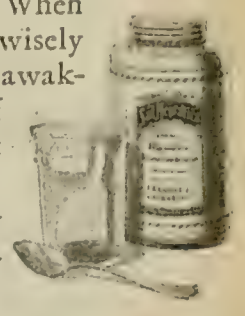
For there's nothing like Sal Hepatica to set you up. Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestines promptly—usually within 30 minutes. It sweeps away accumulated wastes and the poisons they breed.

Sal Hepatica is very similar to the famous health waters of Europe. It contains the same salines as these wonderful waters and it acts in the same way—giving the system a thorough washing out and freshening you, mind and body.

Like these beneficial continental waters, Sal Hepatica quickly dispatches all the disagreeable effects of our unwise habits of living. And even colds, autointoxication, biliousness and rheumatism are greatly relieved by this simple and effective measure.

When you pour Sal Hepatica into a glass of water, it bubbles up into a pleasing, effervescent drink. It has none of the wry, bitter taste of "salts." But it has a lot of snap and a bracing tang that will please you.

It's remarkable what Sal Hepatica can do for you when you feel dragged down and listless. When you have dined not wisely but too well—let your awakening thought be of Sal Hepatica. Start the day physically fit and in good spirits—take Sal Hepatica when you need it.

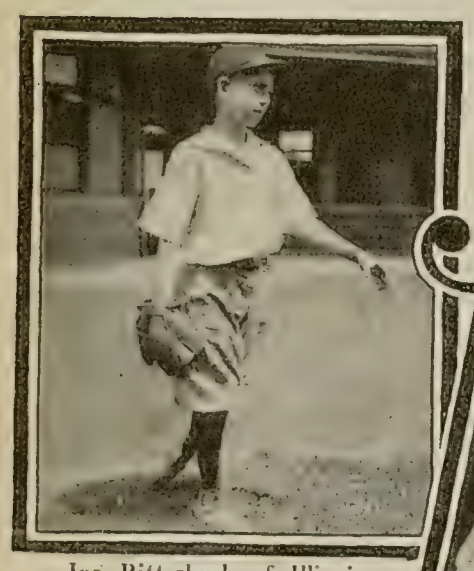


Sal Hepatica

The Sparkling Effervescent Saline

© 1928 Bristol-Myers Co., New York, N. Y.

boys! get all your sporting equipment free!



Joe Ritterbush of Illinois playing the game with prize glove and ball.

A pair of happy lads are Ed and Henry Weinhardt of Missouri with their free baseball equipment.

BOYS! Don't delay! Here's your chance to get all your baseball equipment absolutely free! Send the coupon below and we will send you full details. Thousands of boys all over the United States and Canada are getting baseball suits, mitts, balls, and all the equipment every regular fellow wants for the National Game—without a penny of cost. It's easy! In addition you can have a regular weekly income. All you need do is some clean, easy work—right in your own neighborhood. In your spare time. No experience necessary. Let us show you how to make money the very first day. We'll send you full details along with our big catalog of Free Prizes, describing and illustrating more than 350 premiums from which you can choose. Send the coupon at once!

Mail today!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, *Boy Sales Division*, 7-28-28
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

[MUSIC ON THE AIR Continued from page fifty-five]

Their faces red, their bodies dead,
But smiling, smiling.
For the God of hosts assigns the posts.
Homeward winging, the dead are singing:

What care I though death be nigh?
Let the old flag fly high in the sky.
What care I though I die?
My soul will arise and live in the skies,
In Paradise, in glory forever.

UPLIFTING as these communications are, they fail to satisfy that appetite for statistics which is one of the signs of business health. The practical American enjoys his inspirations, but when he wishes to measure accomplishments, he asks for the figures.

Unfortunately, it has not been possible to make an exact science of determining musical reactions, but the men interested in broadcasting activities did not try to evade the problem. They put the question squarely: "How can we measure the degree or the precise nature of the effect of one of these far-reaching concerts on the minds of the listeners?"

The experiment of recording the reactions was tried. The unseen audience is entitled to its privacy, so never mind where this one was. It dwelt in a typical small college town in a Western State. The population of the town is about 10,000; its "university" has 400 students.

Nearly half of them have radios in their homes, but 37 per cent of them never heard a symphony orchestra except out of the air. They assembled one morning in February of last year, each supplied with a form of questionnaire prepared for the occasion, which was to prove so momentous in the advance of radio dissemination of music.

It had been announced that at 9 A. M. on February 10 and 18 the National Broadcasting Company would send forth programs, the first designed for children of the first to the eighth grade and the second for high school and college students. Both programs were to be played by the Symphony Society Orchestra of New York and to be illuminated by explanatory remarks by Walter Damrosch.

If the experiment demonstrated sufficient interest among schoolteachers and other educational authorities in the various parts of the country reached, there would be something bigger in the future.

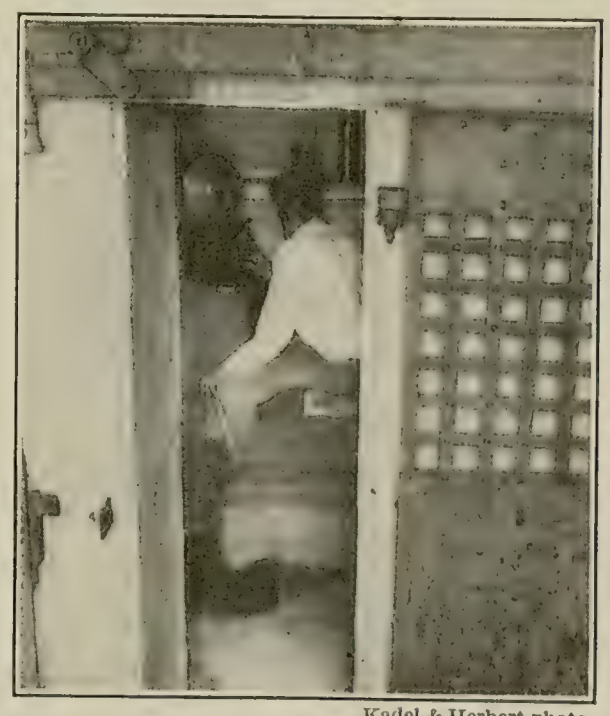
There was not going to be anything to frighten off those who suspected the invention of a new scheme for forcing education down unwilling throats. If not enough æsthetic diners liked the spread, there would not be another. Every boy and girl was to have a fair chance to say whether any more of that sort of thing was desired or not.

The common type of radio receiving set does not faithfully reproduce all the component parts of musical tone, but there is a new set which does, and two of them were installed for the test so that the listeners would correctly hear the Damrosch orchestra. Three written questions were submitted to the students to be answered after the concert.

To the question whether there should be lecture concerts the next year, 98 per cent of the college students and 80 per cent of the high school students answered with an emphatic "Yes." Of the college students 1 per cent, and of the high school students 4 per cent, were opposed to the plan. Thirty-seven per cent of the college listeners and 38½ per cent of the high school listeners said they had never been present at a symphony concert. Of the college students 55 per cent, and of the high school 49, had heard the radio in their homes.

These figures were compiled from 562 questionnaires, 211 signed by college and 351 by high school students.

THIS summary is only one of many. From thousands of young listeners all over the country came similar responses, with the result that plans on a grander scale were formed.



Kadel & Herbert photo

Prison inmates are among those who write to thank Mr. Damrosch.

Mr. Damrosch has entered into a contract to give a series of twenty-four radio concerts this season, each to be arranged for something more than entertainment. These concerts will be broadcast in school hours when it is possible to fit them into the routine of the day and to get all the students together in the assembly rooms. They will be given every Friday, beginning October 26. As in the experiment described, one series of programs will be planned for children of from eight to fourteen and the other for high school pupils.

They will be broadcast over twenty-eight stations known as the Blue Network. The enthusiastic conductor expects to reach from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 children. It would astonish no one if his expectations were exceeded.

He sailed for Europe in April especially to obtain materials for

this work. Before going, he attended the meeting of the National Music Supervisors' Association in Chicago in order to learn the ideas of supervisors of public school music as to the character and scope of his concerts.

One letter to Mr. Damrosch was signed by every patient in a hospital ward.

"The fundamental object of this radio hour," said the conductor, "will be to open up to the young mind the tremendous significance of music. I earnestly wish to arouse a general enthusiasm for music and a realization of the fact that it is not a mere amusement, but a powerful and unrestricted medium for the expression of human emotion. I wish the pupils to get an insight into the principles of its construction, and shall give short explanations of the works performed.

"Of course we are not going to start a sort of correspondence music school. But I intend to encourage the pupils to self-expression through music. All educators believe in self-expressional methods of development for the young mind, and music offers a medium which has not yet been employed in this direction. Children can be allowed to make their attempts in their own way, perhaps going no further than writing down their 'reactions' to the music they hear. I am confident that this will be a beginning of developments whose end we cannot even vaguely discern."

DAVID SARNOFF, vice president and general manager of the National Broadcasting Company, is a live wire in the wireless world.

"Radio," he says, "has a bigger mission than filling the air with entertainment. It cannot continue to live if it offers no more than that. It must provide something of solid sustenance for the listener if it is to make progress.

"Its possibilities are at present only conjecturable, but some things can be seen clearly, and one is that radio must appeal to the insatiable intellectual curiosity of people. Since the infancy of broadcasting, our company has looked forward to bringing radio publication and reception to such a state of excellence that they could be used for universal education as well as entertainment.

"The company has spent millions in the development of broadcasting in the confident belief that this new means of world-wide communication would become of great public service. We believe radio can be a powerful agent in the advance of civilization. The first step is taken with the co-operation of the one man pre-eminently fitted for it. Walter Damrosch and his musical lecture explanations have demonstrated to many thousands the path along which radio will travel to achievements of inestimable benefit to everyone."

Still another step is to be taken. There is going to be an apparatus by which the talking movie can be transmitted by radio, and it is certain to revolutionize the nature of radio entertainment in the home. It will make possible the broadcasting of such concerts as those of Damrosch as if they were actually delivered in the room in which the little home audience is seated. Whether the radio concerts and explanatory talks of this Damrosch plan will revolutionize musical taste in this country cannot be foreseen.

IT is possible, indeed probable, that the Damrosch method may impart to performances of good music just the necessary stimulation to a dormant curiosity which will make of it a habitual intellectual appetite. The unhappy truth is that the practice of music in the home, which was never general in the United States, has almost ceased.

There is only one way to teach children to like good music, and that is to prevent them from hearing bad. In the remote small communities, to which accomplished performers of music do not go and in which the practice of the art in the home is too often regarded as effeminate and wasteful of sacred time much better devoted to learning something to bring in money, the radio should work changes of inestimable value, not only to the community itself, but—by the process of accretion—to the entire citizenry of the country.

It is one of the glories of good music that it deepens its force by continual repetition. The oftener a person hears Beethoven's Fifth Symphony the more thoroughly he is convinced of its greatness. Damrosch has a singularly happy way of arresting the attention of audiences by his simple explanatory remarks on such works as this. That there will be a gradual increase in the general knowledge of good music from Damrosch's work is certain. Damrosch and the radio will show thousands a great light.

THE END

Where is the fat *of yesterday?*

An Interesting Story

It had to go

When Fashion frowned

SOME years ago Dame Fashion decreed that fat was out of style. Doctors had long attacked it. Men had long frowned on it. But the deciding factor was Paris gowns, all made for slender women. Getting thin was then a hard and harmful process. It meant starvation diet, abnormal exercise. But countless women faced the effort and suffered the ill results.

How Science

Found the way

Then science took up the study of obesity. Soon it was found that excess fat was often due to an under-active gland. A gland which largely controls nutrition.

Research men then fed that gland to thousands of fat test animals. Their reports show that the excess fat almost always disappeared. The animals also gained in health and energy.

Next this gland substance, taken from cattle, was fed to human beings, and with like results. Years of such tests, made by physicians, proved that science had found a great cause of excess fat. Also a way to combat it.

Then came Marmola

That was 20 years ago. A great medical laboratory then prepared this help in the form of the Marmola prescription. It was offered to the public. People who tried it were delighted with results, and told the facts to others. Not only slender figures came, but new vitality.

Thus the use of Marmola spread. In the past 20 years people have used millions of boxes of it. Now excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

The amazing results led some to fear possible harm. So we revealed the secrets of Marmola. Every box contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for the good results. Since we did that, two years ago, the use of Marmola has doubled.

Thin at 40

Still a girl

Now the Marmola results are seen in almost every circle. Look about you—note how slenderness prevails. The term "Fat and forty" no longer applies. Women are keeping young. You see countless mothers with figures like their daughters'. And husbands by the thousands are following their example.

The Marmola way—the scientific way—requires no abnormal exercise or diet, though moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Then use Marmola only to retain the weight desired.

Excess fat blights beauty, health and vigor. If you suffer from it, try this method which so many have used for so long. You owe that to yourself. Don't wait longer. Life will gain multiplied delights when the excess fat is gone. Go get Marmola now.

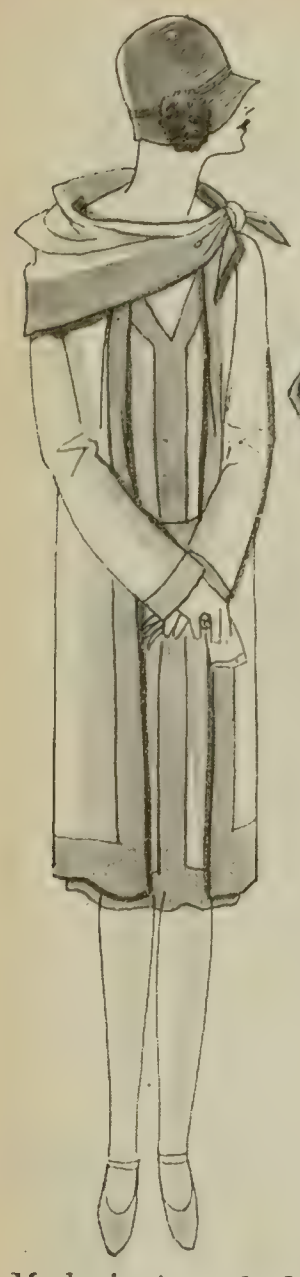
MARMOLA prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets ~ The Pleasant Way to Reduce

A New Dignity in Clothes

By Mary Brush Williams



Made in two shades of foulard (beige and brown), this dress is worn with a scarf.

Of black and white foulard with organdie collar and cuffs, and a black coat.

AS the artist writes in a chatty note from Paris, we are indeed dominated by a sophisticated simplicity. It is as if the most highly evolved of the world's feminine leaders of society and fashion had called to one another from mountain peaks of St. Moritz to the low sands of the Riviera, from the most luxurious of English country homes to the most sensational of Parisian dining places, and what they said in this battle cry of fashion was, "Come on and let's be simple."

An old story, you perhaps will exclaim, and yet this is a different movement from any of those other excursions into a simplicity that was really simple. It is as if "simple" were, in fact, only the name of this movement, which fundamentally is almost terrifyingly involved.

M. Lucien Lelong says this season is the most important one, stylistically speaking, of any since the war, because in it we have at last found ourselves. We have emerged all splendidly sure from an epoch of uncertainties, characterized by the worship of the flapper and expressed in exaggerations of one sort and another without form or graciousness.

In this new era on which we are only this season starting, the woman of maturity, youthful in bearing, but with firm, sure dignity, puts her stamp upon the styles. For her sake, the mode is taking on a distinction which it has for a decade so lamentably lacked.

If this thought is M. Lelong's, it is re-enforced by the observations of our artist and his sketches, drawn as he surveyed Paris after a long absence. He had been buzzing about the city just before he made them, and of course was engaged in the favorite pastime of imagining how our trim American girls would look in certain of the models.

All of us indulge in this diversion in France, without, I hope, admiring the appearance of our own race too extravagantly.

At any rate, here among ourselves, in our own country, we can have this fun with the four models that, fresh from his brush, are displayed on this page.

An evening dress in black tulle, worn with a black tulle scarf a-glitter with gold sequins.

This evening dress of deep red tulle is trimmed with silk circles edged with gold beads.

From the first model to the last you will see we are involved in a simplicity that is intricate. It is as if we worked very hard at the gigantic task of being simple. But the letter telling about the dresses—raving on about them, as it characterizes the descriptive matter—gives an excellent sense of the costumes themselves and the atmosphere in which they flourish.

Our largest sketch is of the loveliest dress of all that appeared at a big dinner the other night at Ciro's. An American gave it, and nearly all of his guests were Americans.

The silhouette that is longer in the back than it is in front still seems to be far in the lead in the race for popularity. Here it appears in black tulle in what somebody called a "simple sweep" of a dress by Mme. Chanel. Whoever thus designated it proved himself to have a sense of humor, since the gown is about as simple as the Woolworth Building, and only a great deal of sureness and sophistication at the base of both of them could make them look as if they "came easy."

Usually one sees stiff lamés made in this fashion (of the dress and not in the fashion of the Woolworth Building), but the caprice of a clever designer picked on fragile tulle for this pompous outline and attained excellent results.

Even so formal a robe as this carries what they call its "day touch," which is a belt with a buckle on it, and this is a part of a sophisticated simplicity. The buckle is placed in the front of the waistline.

We have mentioned before the tendency of evening dresses to have some feature about them which we usually associate with frocks for the daylight hours.

Belts for evening would seem to be one answer to that call of Let's be simple.

The scarf going across the very décolleté back is all a-glitter with gold sequins, and against the black material it gives the effect of being gold butterfly wings.

THE other evening dress is but one out of the many in the gay whirl of Paris fashions that show the present rage for sequin effects. It is of deep red tulle and is closely embroidered in little circles of chiffon of the same color. These are outlined in gold beads.

The artist writes that this dress makes him think of the fairy story where the little sparrow flew into the attic in which the women were sewing far into the night and making themselves blind preparing the coronation robe for the princess.

The bodice of this dress has a bolero effect which is repeated in the skirt.

The coat is orange red in coloring and has gray fox collar and cuffs.

Brilliant diamond buckles set in red rosettes ornament the satin slippers of a deeper red.

Our first sketch is typical of the sort of dress one wears to luncheons now. It is made in two shades of foulard, brown and beige being the favorite combination, and has white pin dots all over it, which the artist says are too small to draw. The handkerchief across the neck gives an air of informality.

The hat is of beige silk straw and is trimmed with a bunch of tiny flowers like forget-me-nots, except that they are brown.

The proper shoes for such a costume are of beige suède.

The second dress, of black and white foulard carrying a tiny pattern, is a very practical frock for town wear in summer, with its white organdie collar and cuffs edged with plaitings of the black and white silk. The coat is of lightweight black woolen stuff and the hat of black ciré straw. One Frenchwoman wore crystal beads with this outfit, and had a crystal ring to match them, as well as a crystal pin in her hat—as the artist writes, "to give a touch of smooth brilliance."

PARIS Takes a Tip from the MOVIES

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Ruffles circle the summer dance frock. This Premet model is of black point d'esprit over pink satin.

Callot uses gold lace, with silver lace bands, for this princesse evening gown.

The very last word is this Worth tailleur, made of gray lace with gray georgette.

From ancient pagodas Chanel evolved this lace dress, by placing stiffened ruffles and bolero over straight lines.

Paris, July 2.

SOME women are born fashionable, others acquire fashion, and still others have fashion thrust upon them. The last named are a rapidly diminishing group, as clothes makers the world over will tell you. And all new styles have to get by the international vigilance committee of millions of women in the first two groups who only know what they want when they see it.

Paris has brought a softening influence into our clothes lives, and has also given us a new line, very lately—both of which have been passed and approved by that small portion of this vigilance committee known as "smart Parisiennes." Their ultimate fate will soon be decided by popular vote. Laces, movies, and pagodas are the powers behind these trends about which I am going to tell you.

When women change, styles change with them, and the alteration in our notions about ourselves which has occurred within the past year has been the greatest power motivating new fashions. The softening influence of lace is the immediate result of the universal feminine desire to become more delicate, illusive, and mysterious in appearance.

This desire on our part produced earlier in the season woolens as light as a feather, softer silks, and more supple materials generally. With the beginning of summer it was translated by Paris into laces for whole costumes and for trimmings. Paris didn't think, all by herself, "Now, let's see, lace is a nice summer fabric. We'll make up a lot of lace dresses and ensembles." Paris first felt the pulse of woman, looked at the chart that marks the fever of her desire, and then decided on lace.

Not for many years have Parisiennes worn so much lace for trimmings and costumes as this summer. Without doubt this preference for lace has been brought about, in a measure, by the movies. Those clever people who costume movie stars aren't very much concerned with what is the last word in fashion. Their job is to make of an ordinarily pretty girl, so far as appearance is concerned, an ideal of girlhood or womanhood, with all its charm and mystery, plus personality. And they do it four out of five times.

If you haven't already noticed how important a part lace plays in the costumes of movie heroines, keep watch, and you will be convinced that it does something very nice to the wearer's appearance.

The movies of all the world come to Paris, and Paris, in looking around for fabrics with the feminine allure desired this season, observed that lace had "it," as seen on the silver screen. And so lace, which has had a nice, but minor, part in fashion, has taken a stellar rôle, and all the smart world wears it.

And the new line—which is fashion's jargon for silhouette—that has much more to do with pagodas than it has with movies. It is Chanel who has given us this silhouette, and Chanel's own and onliest clientele, the smartest women who come to Paris, has accepted this line. It is an outline broken like the pagoda silhouette of the Orient, or, if you please, somewhat like the outlines of the fir tree. While this silhouette has been O. K'd by Paris, it still has its own way to make, so far as women in general are concerned. It is still very, very exclusive, and has been seen very little outside of Paris.

This line is shown in our sketch at the extreme right of a lace evening gown from Chanel. The slender bodice and the straight skirt are pagodaized by a bolero and two circular ruffles of lace, all stiffened underneath with fine horsehair braid, so that they flare away from the straight line.

Charming indeed is the lace scarf at the neckline, which is knotted on the left shoulder. The lace is silk, of small pattern, and beige in color.

Lace adapted to the stouter woman is shown in our second evening gown, which is from one of the greatest of Paris couturiers—Callot Sœurs. The frock is made of gold lace over beige chiffon, with a princesse bodice crisscrossed by narrow bands of silver lace, and a very full skirt drooping to points at the sides of the hemline. The princesse line is a silhouette out of the past which is becoming more and more popular in Paris as the season advances.

OUR third sketch shows an entirely new type of lace costume, and one that establishes a new smart vogue for summer afternoons. Worth has discovered the most novel of all ways to employ lace—making it into a tailored suit. The jacket and skirt are made of gray lace, and the blouse of gray georgette, tucked in scalloped lines. Scalloped borders edge the jacket and skirt, and the stiffened collar of the jacket is a detail of unusual chic and charm.

Our model at the extreme left shows a ruffled dance frock of black point d'esprit over a pale pink satin foundation. The pointed bertha on the blouse is a quaint detail which is smart this summer, and the two pink satin flowers at the décolletage in front show the newest way of placing flowers for evening wear. The skirt is very long in back, and the high placing of the waistline gives to this model the long limbed line that Paris wears a great deal.

Vox Pop

"These Are My Jewels"

WILMINGTON, N. C.—I doubt if you will print this, but I dare you just the same. In reply to O. A. Childress' Vox Pop letter headed "These Are My Jewels," I think he is a Yankee "nigger lover."

He cannot appreciate the tortures of hell my ancestors of the South went through during the Reconstruction period following the Civil War. The Negroes voted, possessed our homes, and destroyed the ideals and principles which we—the old Southerners—had built from generation to generation.

Mr. Childress speaks of a "universal brotherhood," and says: "... the true citizens of the Southland ... shall come forth leading the new Negroes by the hand, and proudly say: 'These are my jewels.'" The South *has* led them forth by the hand—from cannibalism. As for brotherhood, that, to the South, is impossible!

Mr. Childress, a brotherhood or union with Negroes would mean a social level that is common to both! We would be a nation of mulattoes! —*D. D. Christman.*

SUMTER, S. C.—O. A. Childress must certainly be *Child-less.* I wonder, if he had a daughter, would he like to see her come forth, leading a nigger man by the hand and proudly say: "This is my jewel!"—*Raymond D. Blanding.*

You Can't Say He Didn't Give Us Fair Warning

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—The widespread assumption that the Negro will always tolerate conditions as they now exist in the South indicates clearly that, indeed, the Negro is doing just what he intends to do. He is unobtrusively—and successfully—pushing his program.

He is not going to make the mistakes of history in abolishing the hand of oppression. On the other hand, he is using the early history of Israel, the early history of England. He is studying carefully the days of the French Revolution. He is watching Russia; he is watching China. He is interested in Japan's progress. He is sending his scientists to find the best of knowledge.

Wherever there is progress or has been progress, wherever there is an effort at progress, there will you find the keen interest of the Negro.

He is fully aware of all happenings, but he is biding his time. His jurists have studied, are studying, and will continue to inquire into those amendments to the Constitution which affect the Negro race.

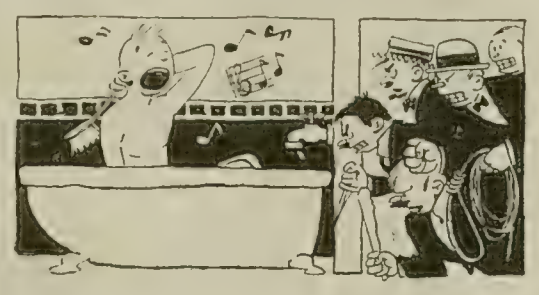
No, sir, your American Negro is not asleep; he is not content to let anyone handle his problem but himself. You will never learn these things because you will always segregate him. You will never mingle with him and hence you will never know his thought, his plans, or his real ambitions.—*Noble F. Payton.*

What'll We Call It?

ELIZABETH, N. J.—Why not cut out some of the articles for women or else have a separate edition for them? And don't call it LIBERTY. They have too much of that already! —*A. V. A.*

Don't Be Rash!

CHICAGO, ILL.—That article by Florabel Muir, "The Man Who Was Hanged for a Song," certainly did



bring the hard-riding, quick-shooting old West to life, and *how!*

It's refreshing to learn that a gang of men actually hanged a ruffian for singing. There's a fellow in our apartment house who's a mighty singer in his bathtub each morning. He has a voice like a buzz saw. We won't be able to stand it much longer. Florabel's article has given us an idea. . . .

Yes, you've guessed it!—*F. Blake.*

We Can't Reply to Vox Pop Letters. There Are Too Many. Sorry

SALEM, VA.—Several weeks ago I wrote you a letter re Sidney Sutherland's interview with Senator Glass. I have never received a reply. Not that it makes any difference, but common courtesy would naturally cause me to expect an acknowledgment.—*R. M. Wiley.*

Dunno; What Is the Matter?

MIAMI, FLA.—Anent your editorial on swimming, in which you said: "If the New Jersey coast or the wide California beaches are within reaching distance," etc.

What is the matter with the wide Florida beaches? Was that an intentional slight, or just an oversight?—*Buddy Reboyo.*

O Kay!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If your magazine was only half as good—I'd read it!—*Ted Kay.*

Too Late; She's Done It

WASHINGTON, D. C.—As for Mary Pickford and her article, "Please May I Bob My Hair?" I don't care whether she bobs it or not, but when she says that she's got to have short hair to be in style with youth, she's all wrong.

There are more long-haired girls in Washington than any others, and that's that!—*C. Dugan.*

The Need of a Double Standard

ELIZABETH, N. J.—Viña Delmar's story, "She Saw Two Feet Ahead of Her," created lots of controversy both pro and con, yet of all the letters published not one reached the heart of the matter.

Of course we have a double standard of morals. Man by nature is a polygamous animal. We have only a thin veneer of civilization and at the slightest provocation most men revert to type.

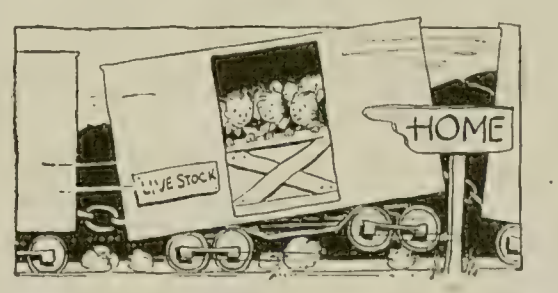
This can never be so for the feminine sex. Biological reasons and all natural laws prohibit it. Women must produce the succeeding generations, and it is the mothers who leave their stamp on the world's population. It is a historical fact that a race is no better than its women.

The husband *may* have his little moments, but he always comes back, for his is a dual personality. One of his two selves is left at home in lavender and is not soiled by contact with another world. The second is slipped on and off as the need arises, just like overalls. Any mental grime is discarded along with it when he enters his home.

Women can't do this. The dirt sticks. Therefore we must have virtue in the women or we can't survive for long.—*W. L. U.*

It's a Swell Idea

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Policewoman Mary E. Hamilton's article, "The Way Home," reminded me of an additional burden the Los Angeles tax-



payers have: the expense of sending runaways home. Also the expense of caring for them before they are returned to Podunk—or wherever they ran away from.

Just a few weeks ago I saw a notice in our papers to the effect that the Juvenile Department had decided to wait until they have several kids from the same place, then buy them tickets and ship them home in carload lots.—*A. M. S.*

You've Left Out Part of That Subtitle, C. K.

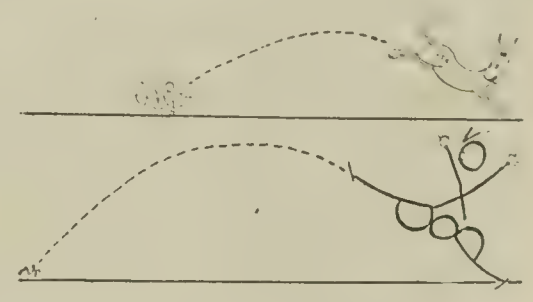
TRENTON, N. J.—Mabel McElliott Clarke had me guessing in her story, "A Good Day," subtitled "A Short Story About Contentment."

Who was the contented party? Surely not the fine lady who spent half a day and eighteen dollars to check up on the boy friend. Surely not the business man who toted on his conscience the affairs carried on in darkened chophouses and cheap rooming districts. Not the flapper who went to such pains to buy moonglow and other atrociously named hose and gewgaws, and certainly not the starved taxi driver who preferred his beans to all the mystery, or to a mounting meter.

By the great Lord Harry, *who* was contented?—*C. K. Haley.*

Expert Testimony

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Why not all of your magazine free, except Vox



Pop? Charge 'em a nickel for the latter. There is more kick to Vox Pop than to an army mule. Tried both. I know.—*K. R. Swan.*

What Have the Hairy Ears to Do with It?

HOUSTON, TEX.—In your story by Ared White, "Discipline," we read: "The wound was a painful one from a shrapnel splinter. . . ."

Shrapnel never splinters. It is the high explosive shells that splinter. Shrapnel is, in the 75 mm. gun—the kind used by the A. E. F.—a steel canister fired from the gun, spraying leaden pellets a quarter of an inch in diameter in a cone effect.—*An ex-Cannoneer with Hairy Ears.*

Must Be from an Officer

CARBONDALE, ILL. — Congratulations! Six times more, congratulations! You deserve a niche in the Hall of Fame. No sarcasm, either. You deserve it. Why? Because you printed one story, "Discipline," by Ared White, in which there was not a tissue of lies and abuse of the Regular Army officer.

It should be read by Elliott Springs, a well raised boy gone wrong. Tell Springs to give us something besides his imaginary dislikes and thirsts. Thirsts are all O. K., but why talk about them?—*Joseph White.*

Certainly Not

EAST LANSING, MICH.—I want to make a general second to every knock you have ever received.

Yes, I do read LIBERTY myself, but along that same line, all the people who look at the monkeys in the zoo are not—oh, well . . .—*W. C. K.*

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Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

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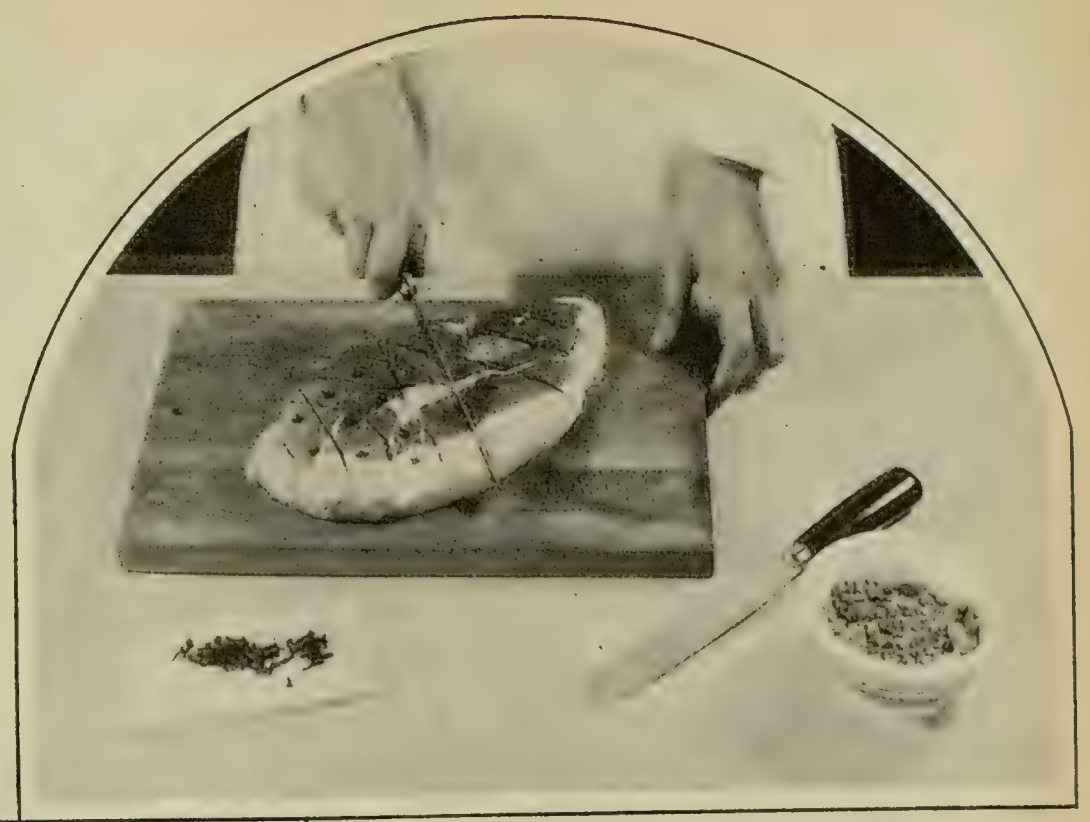
A Gas-Saving Oven Menu

By

ETHEL SOMERS



Time and temperature control, together with tightly covered cooking vessels, insure success of the oven-cooked meal without watching.

FOR the benefit of the many fortunate housewives who own automatic oven regulators and the frugal interested few who have learned through practice to control and regulate their ordinary ovens, we will devote this article to cooking an entire meal in the oven at one time. When soup, meat, vegetables, potatoes, and dessert (not to mention, perhaps, next morning's cereal or prunes) all can be cooked at one time in the oven, it is foolish to heat the oven for only a tin of biscuits or a pie. By experimenting with meter readings we derived the following:

TABLE OF GAS CONSUMPTION

BURNER	CUBIC FEET AN HOUR	TEMPERATURE
Small top burner	9	
Giant top burner	14	
Oven burner	50	while heating to 375° F.
Oven burner	17	to maintain 375° F.
Oven burner	34	while heating to 250° F.
Oven burner	11	to maintain 250° F.

Thoughtless cooks commonly burn both the top and oven burners in preparing one meal. A wise cook, through a little careful planning in selecting the menu items, can make the whole meal oven-cooked. When one considers the nine or more cubic feet of gas an hour consumed by each single burner (depending on whether the small or the giant burner is used) and the larger oven consumption used in roasting meat, it is easy to see the great saving in oven-cooking whole menus. For, at eleven cubic feet an hour, five or six items may be oven-cooked at one time.

Nor does this represent the only saving. We must also take into consideration that the insulated oven walls serve to relieve you of the necessity for working in a steaming kitchen. Moreover, your time of preparation may be shifted to the cooler part of the day, leaving your afternoon free for healthful outdoor recreation.

If you have an automatically regulated oven, make full use of it for whole meal oven cookery; if not, learn by watching your oven thermometer to adjust the flame of your oven to maintain a heat ranging from 250° F. to 275° F. Once the flame is regulated to maintain such a degree of heat, the whole meal may be left to cook unwatched. Because of varying gas pressure, hand regulation will, of course, never afford quite the same uniformity in result as automatic control; nevertheless it is a worth-while program of practical economy.

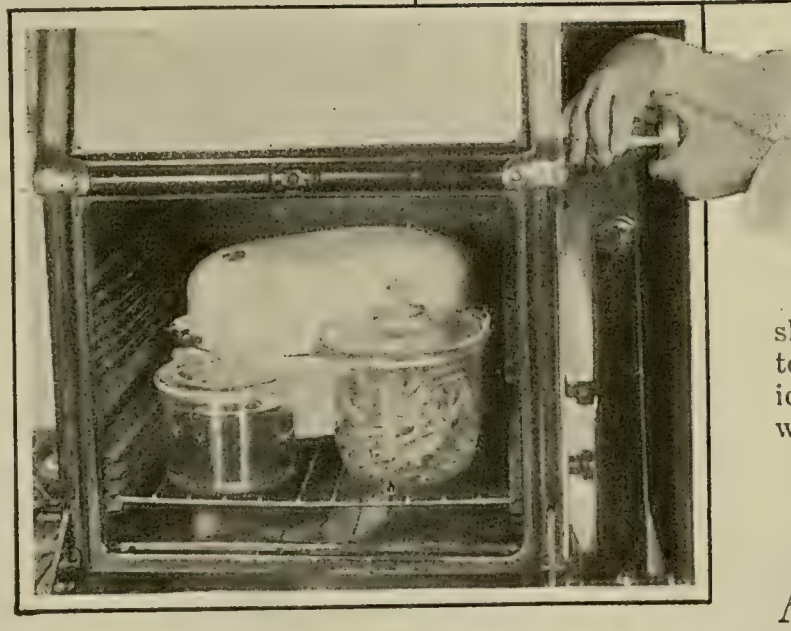
WHOLE MEAL OVEN-COOKED MENU

Vegetable Soup
Baked Ham Slice — Sweet Potatoes
Filled Peppers — Baked Corn
Fresh Cherry and Nut Salad
Cheese Wafers
Maple Cream Meringues

Baked Ham Slice

1 slice ham, 1½ inches thick
4 tablespoons brown sugar
2 teaspoons mustard
12 whole cloves
½ cup water
½ cup vinegar

REMOVE three-quarters of the fat rim from the ham and cut this into small pieces. Mix the sugar and mustard until well blended. Then rub into the ham slice so that both sides are seasoned. Score to ¼ inch depth and insert the cloves in the top side of the ham slice symmetrically and at equal intervals. Place the ham in a heavy baking dish, scattering the chopped fat over



A ham slice is made more attractive by scoring the top and inserting cloves.

the top. Cover and sear at 400° F. for 30 minutes. Then pour the vinegar and water over the ham. Cover and bake with the whole meal at 375° F. for 3 hours or 250° F. for 4 hours.

Baked Sweet Potatoes

SELECT potatoes of uniform size and scrub thoroughly. Place in the oven at 375° F. for 3 hours or 250° F. for 4 hours. This long, slow baking is especially fine for sweet potatoes, as the continual steaming within the potato makes it very juicy and sweet. The product is such as that produced by the "twice baked" sweet potato of the South.

Filled Peppers

6 uniform, symmetrical peppers
½ cup rice
1 tablespoon butter
1 slice onion
1¼ cups boiling water
1 cup tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon celery salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

PUT the washed rice, butter, and onion together in a heavy bottomed kettle. Stir constantly and cook directly over the flame (or in the 400° F. oven in which the meat is searing) until slightly brown. Add the boiling water and cook until the water is almost absorbed. Add the tomatoes and seasonings and heat to boiling. Fill into the washed, hollowed pepper cases without further cooking. Place these tightly together (to keep the cases from breaking during the cooking) and pour ½ inch of cold water in the bottom of the kettle. Cover tightly and cook with the whole meal at 375° F. for 2½ hours or 250° F. for 3½ hours.

Baked Corn

3 cups corn, cut from the cob (canned corn may be used)
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons melted butter
2 cups scalded milk

BEAT the eggs slightly and mix with the corn. Add the other ingredients in the order given. The milk should be scalded so that the mixture will start cooking before the egg and milk separate. Pour into a buttered casserole, cover tightly, and bake with the whole meal at 375° F. for 3 hours or 250° F. for 4 hours.

Maple Cream Meringues

6 meringues
2 to 3 cups ice cream
Maple sauce
Whipped cream

PUT a paper doily on a dessert plate. If the meringue is not level on the top, remove bits of the surface to make it even in shape. Then place the meringue on the doily. On top or inside of each meringue put a spoonful of ice cream. Pour on the maple sauce and garnish with whipped cream.

Meringues

3 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vinegar
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla

ADD the salt to the egg whites and beat the mixture until stiff. Add the baking powder and vinegar and beat well. Then add the sugar and vanilla. Continue beating the mixture only long enough to mix the sugar with the other ingredients. Cover a baking sheet or pan with a piece of paper (unbuttered). By means of a tablespoon drop this mixture on the paper covered pan in mounds, placing about 2 heaping tablespoons on each mound. Bake at 250° F. for one hour. Paper is used so that the meringues may be removed easily from the pan. Remove while hot and hollow out the inside to form cups or prick profusely to let out the steam.

Maple Sauce

1 cup maple syrup
2 tablespoons butter
1/10 teaspoon salt
½ cup cream or evaporated milk

PUT the maple syrup, butter, and salt in a saucepan. Boil the mixture gently until, when tried in ice cold water, a ball barely forms (237° F.). Then remove from the fire and add the cream or evaporated milk. Serve hot or cold, as desired.

ARRANGING to cook an entire meal in the oven at one time is only one of the ways to save time and money. The thrifty housewife who also strives to be efficient will find many other suggestions in the cookbooks Ethel Somers has prepared for LIBERTY readers. Get these cookbooks and keep them in your kitchen for ready reference. They cost 10 cents each—but you may have all three for only 25 cents. Send for them today. And please use the coupon.

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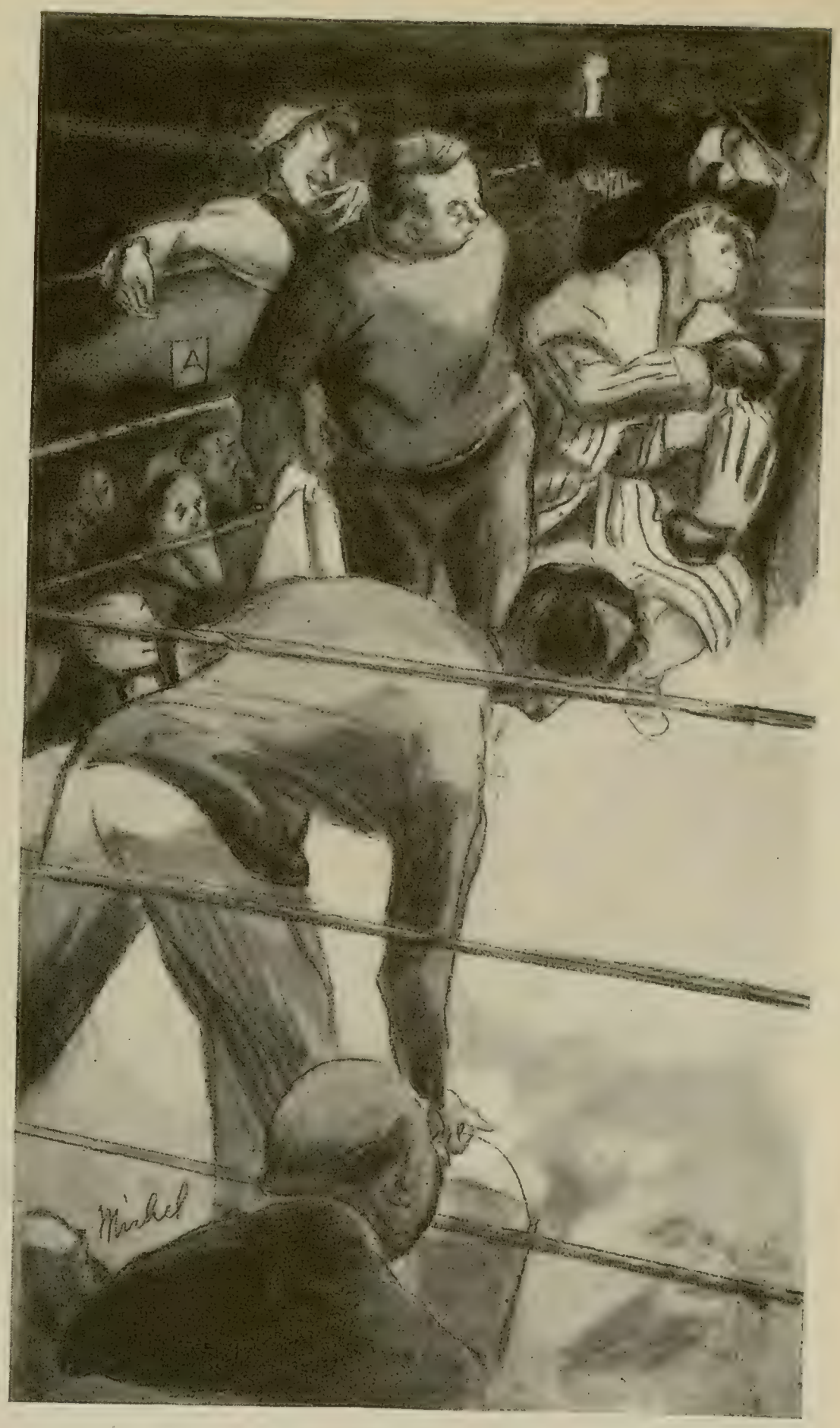
Mercy and the MORON

A Story of Cupid and the Long Count

By

ROLAND KREBS

Pictures by SALLY MICHEL



Mercy had a ringside seat.

(Reading time: 17 minutes 35 seconds.)

WHEN Steamhammer Cassidy gets out of jail, he's going to have a new manager—if he can find another. Us two are quits.

It ain't that he can't fight. Not at all. He can't think. Not at all, also. Steam don't even know enough to wish he could think.

Come to mention it, he's practically got a new manager already. Mercy La Cour. Yeah; that's what she calls herself. Her first name is what her mother said when the old lady seen what the stork unloaded on her.

Mercy made Steamhammer Cassidy what he is today; but he'd be a idiot to suppose she was satisfied. She won't be satisfied till he's making a day bed out of the gutter on warm nights.

Mercy La Cour, as you can guess for yourself, is Steam's sweetie. Just when I had the opera clicking nice, she dropped the dish pan. Oh, if I was sure these were fast colors in my necktie, I could cry.

For years I worked like a dog—a Eskimo's dog, not a Pomeranian—to make him the champ; and he is by rights the champ today—only he can't make it stick. He's the unofficial champ. I almost had him on a Florida sun porch, nibbling caviar, and now Mercy's got him sitting in the stir with bread and sausage to talk to.

She started to own him right away. It touched me off, because I knew she wouldn't have given him a second glance—why, she'd have cheated him out of the first glance!—when I found him ten months earlier, not leaning on the polished fender of a $5,000 limousine, but on the shabby handle of a six bit snow shovel. Until I picked him up, Steamhammer Cassidy didn't know there was any paper money. He thought the mint made only nickels and dimes, but mostly nickels.

"Gus," Steam said, the first time he brought Mercy around, "I want you to meet my friend Miss La Cour."

Then I told the dirtiest lie of my life. It was: "Pleased to meet you."

This Mercy La Cour wasn't half bad. She was all bad. She was a bust on her father's side and a flop on her mother's side. Honest, I like her a little bit more every day. In 300 years she wouldn't make me sick any more. If that baby and I were the only two people on earth, I'd be a hermit, no fooling.

Steam thought his new squaw was beautiful. Beautiful! She'll never stop any parades without she's armed with a double barreled shotgun carrying long range duck loads. You'd never think she was only nineteen. Why should you? You could see she had kissed thirty good-by. But Steamy couldn't.

"How do you do?" Mercy answered me, pointing her nose at the Big Dipper and giving me an O-O that would chill an Icelander.

Why, you'd have thought she was meeting her ashman's no-account son that the police were looking for.

A few minutes later her and Steam rubber heeled out to a movie theater. That's where I could appreciate a halibut like Mercy La Cour—in a pitch dark place with her sitting on the opposite side of the house. My big ambition in life now is to some day be a pallbearer to a little girl like Mercy.

Anyways, that evening Steam came home with blood in his eye and, as usual, nothing in his skull. Whew! Was he savage? He jerked me halfway out of my chair and then shoved me back with a wham.

"Look here!" he shouted at me. "Mercy is my girl! Do you understand? She's my girl!"

"That's right—make a clean breast of it," I said.

HE'D always seemed seven tenths crazy to me, but beginning then he seemed thirteen tenths.

"Never mind trying to laugh it off!" Steamy snapped. "I saw you giving her the eye—trying to make her."

"Don't be simple," I told him, getting mad. "What would I want with a—"

"Yes, and Mercy noticed it, too," he busted into my remarks. "You needn't to think you made any hit. You just disgusted her. Mercy ain't the kind of a girl that is bowled over by guys trying to flirt with her."

"Say, are you serious about this—uh—this little lady?" I pinned Steamhammer Cassidy down.

"Mercy's a fine little girl," he answered me, with a look that the City Street Department couldn't have cleaned up. "We're great friends and I'm going to look after her."

Good, ain't it? What woman—any woman—needs protection in these days?

With that said, Steam got a photograph out of his pocket and, after staring at it goofily for a long time, he put it on his bureau.

Whose do you suppose it was? Don't be simple. That picture looked like what *Red Riding Hood* found in her grandma's quilts.

On that same day a fellow came to fix the electric lights in Steam's room, and Steam came upon him staring at the picture and probably wondering why fifty cent admissions weren't charged for a sight like that. The dumbbell—you know who I mean—knocked the poor fellow down and threw him out of the house, claiming he couldn't bear to have such a moron staring at Mercy's mug.

I figured that Steam would get down to normal in a day or so. How I was off center! He got worse.

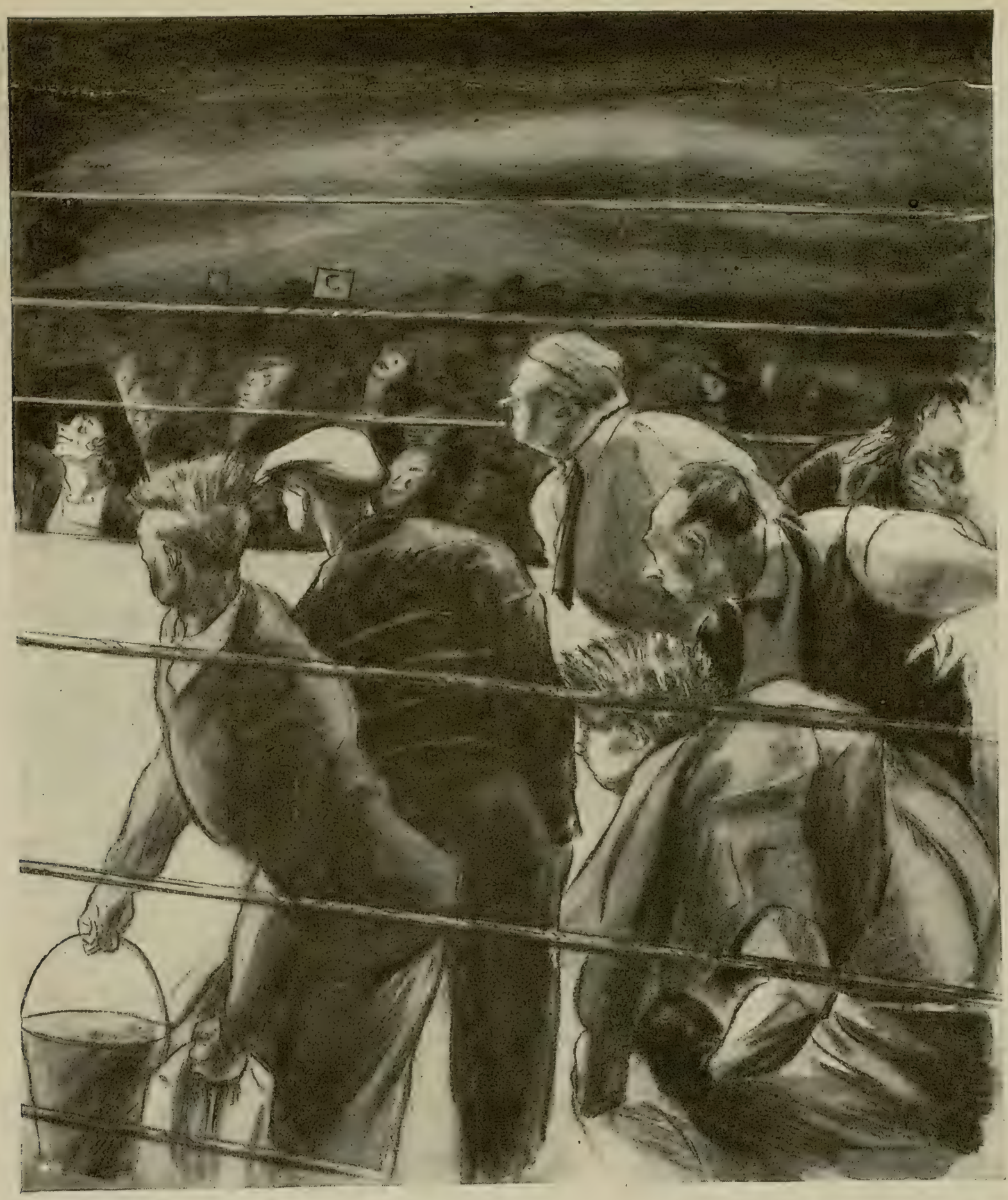
He came in one 3 P. M. with Mercy in tow. Mr. Toastmaster, ladies, and gentlemen! Was he beat up! His face was cut and chewed and gashed and scratched. If he could have worked minced onions into it he would have had hamburger.

Mercy was hugging his arm, looking up at him with dizzy, admiring eyes and dabbing at his wounds with a lace hankie.

"The red light turned green, with you in the middle of the street, hey?" I suggested.

Steam sank himself in a chair with a groan.

"I'm getting sick of every Tom, Dick, and Harry trying to flirt with Mercy," he snapped



She and Steam exchanged half-wits' smiles.

at me through gritted teeth that I don't think were sitting any too tight.

"It's revolting," the broad put in, with a shudder.

"It happened twice this afternoon," Steam muttered.

"And once this morning before I met you, dear," the world's most gifted liar announced. "It was an old fool in a limousine."

"I wish I'd seen him!" Steam exploded. "Anyway, Gus, I'd just slapped over a street car conductor for giving the little girl the snake eyes, and we had got off to transfer—"

"I won't let Steam be using taxis all the time," Mercy put in. "They're extravagant, and, besides, taxicab drivers aren't to be trusted. I never take a taxi alone. It's not safe."

THEN Steam made a fresh start:

"We were standing on the corner, waiting for our trolley, when a truck stopped at the curb. One of the two guys on it got off. He was a plumber."

"But he hadn't forgot his tools," I suggested, after another squint at Steam's dome.

Steam tenderly felt a lump on his forehead.

"He had his tools, all right. He stared at Mercy, and even after I give him a brace of dirty looks he stared at her. So I pasted him."

"A big fellow, too," Mercy put in, "but a dirty coward. He got up and reached a pipe wrench out of his truck and struck Steamy with it."

"Yeah, and his pal came at me with a thread cutter," my idiot told me.

All in all, them two plumbers tried out their whole kit on the boy and finally got our Steam pretty well disconnected.

"While you were thrashing them," Mercy announced, "I pulled the one's hair."

The big sap took her hand. "You're a game little kid, Mercy," was his crack.

"I don't know why they do it," Mercy told us, acting like she was going to open the tear spigots. "I don't want anybody but you, Steam. Heavens knows I never encourage them. Why, this morning there was a mash letter in my mail."

"What!" Steam sat up like he was stabbed. "Let's see it!"

"Oh, I threw it in the fire, of course," the dame quick-on-the-triggered him.

I happened to know she lived in a steam heated efficiency.

"Who was he? I'll break his jaw!" the Simple Simon screeched.

"Let me see," Mercy mumbled. "It was Robert—no, Thomas—hmmm—Thomas Somebody or Other. He lived in Kingsbury Place—or Hortense Place, was it? One of those fashionable places. I forget. Don't let it aggravate you, Steam, honey. If I pay no attention, you ought not to."

"I'd like to pass him a couple of bruises," the cuckoo fussed, forgetting that you can't hit a ghost.

For some time after that Steamhammer Cassidy never got much chance to team around a lot with his Mercy, because I kept him busy conditioning for his brawl with Sailor Hoyt.

At the time, you see, the contender mob had been shaved down to Steamhammer and Sailor Hoyt, and this mix with the Sailor was the last shuffle we'd have to win to get a poke at Swat Stanton, the champion.

I prayed for my tomato to tend to business, because this Hoyt was nobody any fighter could eat for a meal without he first did a lot of chewing.

My prayers were answered, because the work of getting my lunatic into shape went off without a hitch, or a half hitch, even.

ON the night of the rumpus, Mercy had a ringside seat, of course.

She and Steam exchanged half-wits' smiles when the two gladiators came into the ring and took their corners.

"Knock him silly, honey!" Mercy yelled to her dream prince.

"They'll have to scrape him off the canvas and send him home in alcohol jars, baby," Steam called back to her.

The Sailor opened up his cauliflowers when he heard this, and stretched his neck to see who the dame was. When he got a load of Mercy I thought sure his lower jaw would fall off into his lap.

He blinked his eyes, looked at her a second time to be sure it wasn't a optical illusion, and then glanced at Steamy with a puzzled expression on his pan.

Then Hoyt took another squint at Mercy, who promptly tossed her nose in the air and frowned at him.

Steam stiffened at this, with "Look at Hoyt trying to do himself good with my girl!" He started to get up off his stool with his right all doubled up for a swing.

I pulled the clown back to his perch.

"Keep cool," I told him. "In a second or so the bell'll ring and then you can let him have it."

"I'll learn him to try to swipe somebody's girl!" he muttered, fidgeting.

When the bell bonged for Round One, I knew from the way Steamhammer Cassidy shot out from his corner that it was going to be a grudge fight. It wasn't a shower, but a cloudburst of right and left jabs that he sent into the Sailor amidships, and Hoyt had to pull him into a clinch.

"Say," I heard Steam say to the Sailor, trying to be sarcastical, "would it help you any if I gave you that lady's phone number?"

"It wouldn't help me a bit," Hoyt laughed back. "For tripe's sakes, don't give her mine."

"That's a insult!" Steam whispered, and he shot the Sailor's head back so hard with a left to the chin that Hoyt went back into the ropes till the posts creaked.

It was a beautiful paste. Steam turned to grin at Mercy, who yelled, "Great work, honey!"

With Steam's head turned, it was a wonderful chance for M'sieu Hoyt, who had not been very famous for overlooking good chances. He recovered quickly and clouted my comedian such a whack in the sniffing apparatus that I was afraid Steam would be picking teeth out of the back of his neck for a month.

Our Mr. Cassidy hit the floor like it was his pet enemy. If he'd have gone right through and landed in the cellar coal pile I wouldn't have been astonished none.

He was up by seven, though, and went back fighting like I'd never seen him fight before—all because he had a idea that Sailor Hoyt was interested in his jane.

By the fifth round Sailor Hoyt was soaking

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MERCY AND THE MORON]
[Continued from page sixty-five]

up what had all the earmarks of a terrible licking. And I had Steam's goofiness over this conceited noodle, Mercy, to thank for it. I began to see the dame in a different light.

In the seventh, the groggy Hoyt punched a terrific hole in the fresh air when Steamy stepped underneath a fierce right and solar-plexused the guy who went down to the sea in ships as he straightened up. It left the Sailor reeling on his toes. A one two—number one to the pantry and two to the head—put Mr. Hoyt in the position he'll be in on the day when they hand him his last lily and slam the door in his face from top down. He stayed down, and nobody blamed him.

Boy, oh boy! Was I delirious with joy? Now we'd get our crack at the champion. I had a feeling that Swat Stanton was going to be a push-over for Steamy, provided certain details were managed right.

Back in Steamy's dressing room, Mercy threw her arms around the goof and told him he was wonderful.

"I couldn't lose, sweetheart, after I saw him ogling you," said my pain in the neck.

With Steamy's fight over, my big battle began. It was with Baldy Bishop, who would promote the Cassidy-Stanton frolic, and Swat's manager, Homer Pruitt, about what was to be our share of the gate.

I knew I had a fight, too. Them two have absolutely no use for money. Yeah—and tomcats hate cream, also. I believe either one of those two guys would crawl on his hands and knees into the middle of the Sahara Desert if you told them somebody dropped a dime out there.

I had them in the hole in a big way. They had to have Swat fight my sap now, because the public couldn't be fooled any longer about who was the logical contender, and said public wouldn't pay much good dough to see Swat Stanton tipping over any more has-beens or never-could-bes.

SO Baldy and Homer and me went into conference, which ain't such a big trick as it's cracked up to be, and in that four and a half hour talk was crowded more fighting than was seen around San Juan Hill. Who came out on top, hey? Hooray for me!

Baldy and Homer at first tried to tell me Steam and I were to be let down with 10 per cent. Steamy's a sap and all like that, but he ain't any 10 per cent man while I'm his pilot.

In the end, it was agreed to and signed to that the Stanton-Cassidy debating teams would go to the mat in the ball park, a nice, large place, with my idiot and me putting the shake on the cash register for 25 per cent of the net, 25 per cent of the movie dough, and the same cut out of the advertising rackets, hot dawg concessions, and so on.

ANY way the wind blew, I could smell fifty-dollar bills. I figured Steam and me were ripe to scissor about 50,000 engravings. Fifty thousand dollars is something you can't get many people to claim ain't a lot of money.

I decided that the exact moment had arrived for me to give Mercy La Cour a nudge.

"I'll take your word as a gentleman," Dizzy told me, "that this little tête-à-tête of ours concerns Steam's welfare only."

So I buzzed her on the phone and asked, "Can I drop around for a conference with you, Miss La Cour?" To play safe, I added: "It's about Steamy I want to talk to you."

She said she guessed it would be proper, and so I ankled over to her apartment.

"Now, listen, kid. I want to get off on the right foot with you at the start," I told her. "You're a sweet little girl and so on, and I admire you and what not, but I know you're not for me. In different words, Mercy, this is a business talk and I ain't trying to shoehorn my way into your affections, as much as I'd like to."

"I'll take your word as a gentleman," Dizzy told me, "that this little tête-à-tête of ours concerns Steam's welfare only."

"That's the spirit that built up the West," I said. "Here's the strategy. You saw how Steam tore into that guy Hoyt when he saw the Sailor was trying to make you. All right. You and me both want to see Steamy win this tea party with the champ. You know, from all you've seen in the movies and from what you learned at Vassar, that a fighter mad is a better fighter than one which don't give a damn—excuse me. And you also know that nothing will make a fighter madder than a little competition for his jane."

"Yes?" Mercy yawned, like she might wake up any minute.

"Yes," I said. "Now, here's the frame. I want Steam to get the idea that Swat Stanton is crazy about you. Drop him a hint here and there that Swat is an old sweetie of your'n and that he's trying hard for a comeback. It'll burn our boy friend up. Now, you just lay that—"

"Why, I don't have to pretend!" she shot at me, with a dive to five below zero. "Mr. Stanton is an old admirer of mine, although not an old sweetheart. I never could see him."

"What!" I yelled, not believing my ears. I still don't believe them.

"Certainly; didn't you know?" Mercy yawned again. "The whole town was talking."

"Tell me all about it, Mercy," I invited her.

"Well," she said, after thinking fast, "I had made some unwise investments, and temporarily I took employment in a restaurant of the better sort."

"Oh, waiting on the tables; I see," said I. "And that's where Swat Stanton was grocerying himself, I bet."

"Precisely." I wondered who taught her that word. "He dined there twice a day and habitually took one of my tables. I gave him no encouragement whatever. He became more and more persistent. He took to waiting outside the restaurant for me, and actually accosted me on the street a number of times. Once I had to threaten to call a police officer. He hounded me until I was forced to take employment elsewhere."

"The dirty dog!" was all I could think of.

"Gus," she said, getting confidential, "you've no idea what a girl alone has to put up with."

"Gee, this is made for us, Mercy," I enthused. "Don't cough up your lining in one cough. Ease the information into Steamy bit by bit, so it'll keep him boiling from now until the night of the big spectacle."

With tears in her eyes she mitted me.

DON'T think my gag didn't start to work quicker than at once. That very evening Steamy came home breathing fire, brimstone, and boloney.

"What do you think?" he busted right out. "Swat Stanton's an old admirer of Mercy's."

"You don't say!" I came back at him. "How do you know?"

"Mercy told me! Why, he led her a dog's life," the goof goofed

"Even when she spurned him, he dogged her tracks. Poor Mercy! Right now the kid's afraid of the dirty moron. Gee, but I wish California wasn't so far away."

"Why?" I asked.

"I'd pay Swat Stanton a little visit," he shouted, "and beat him soft."

Heigh-ho! It was working.

"Just be patient, Steam," I advised the filbert. "You'll get your chance soon to dim his lights."

"Listen, Gus," he roared, grabbing my arm so it felt like it was caught in a bear trap. "When I get that dude in the ring, I'll knock him north, south, east, west, and a dozen directions that nobody, including this fellow Eisenstein, ever heard of before. I'll stop just about one sixteenth of an inch this side of murder when him and me meet in the ring. When the doctors start stitching him up, it's going to be a sewing bee. When I corner that skunk in the ring, I'll bust him so—"

"That's the stuff, Steamy," I prodded him on, congratulating myself for being such a smart fellow.

Everything was moving, including the United States mails, which piled checks for seats up in heaps in Baldy Bishop's laboratories. Steam was busy getting into shape.

Out in California, so the papers said, the champ was swinging the Indian clubs and building himself up so that Steamy could tear him down. Baldy had carpenters and electricians busy putting up a neat but gaudy ring in the ball park. He even had musicians hired.

Mercy was doing her stuff as stuff should be done. Due to her, Steam hated Swat Stanton just a little more each day.

One day he chilled a big soda fountain engineer for east-and-westing Mercy. I didn't discourage him.

Since the comish insists every athlete trains on the ground for at least four days before the bout, Swat Stanton arrived from climate headquarters five days before the tussle. Swat helped the situation along sweetly by giving out interviews to the local press, telling how he was going to wreck our Mr. Cassidy.

"Just wait till I get a soak at that dirty moron," muttered Steam.

Ah! Blood! I pictured it all: The click of the turnstiles. The racket of gate crashers being thrown out on their ear. The groans from the crowd as they waited for the prelims to get over with. The *tick tick* of the telegraph. The radio gents spieling. The howls of people going wild when ten was counted on Swat.

I ORDERED my artist to do nothing but rest on the day before the scrap date. Toward evening he wanted to know could he grocery Mercy and take her to a movie. When she promised to see he was home early and in bed, why, I agreed.

I would have called 9 in the P. M. early. At 9:45 Steam and Mercy hadn't showed. I was worried. At 10:30 they hadn't showed, either. I was alarmed. Ditto at 10:55. I was nuts.

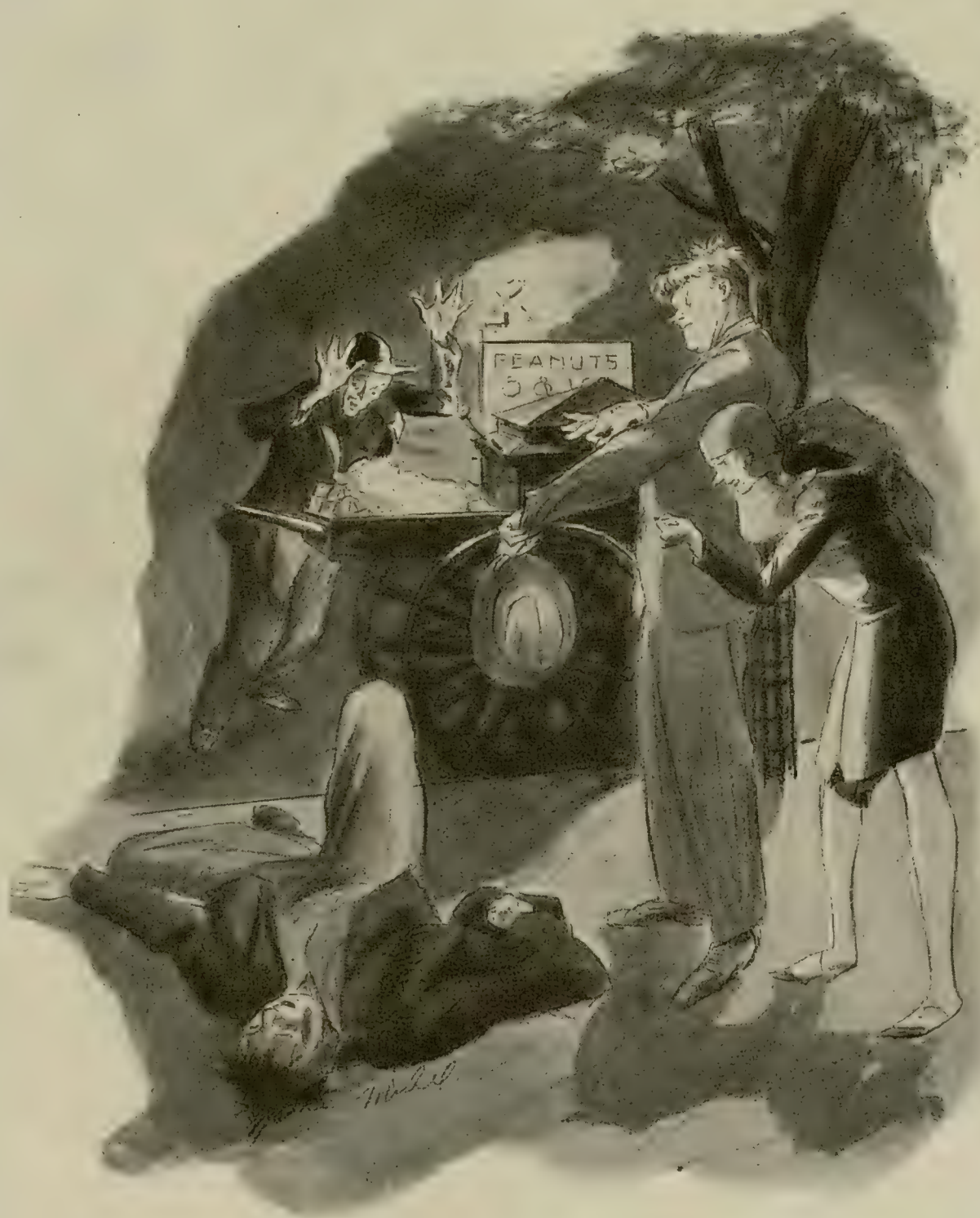
At 11 o'clock my phone rang. I snatched up the receiver, praying to hear Steam's voice. Instead, a gruff party said:

"This is the Magnolia Avenue Police Station. We got a stiff here claims you're his manager and he wants to see you. . . . What? . . . No; he ain't hurt. He's caged up."

I breathed much easier. Steam, I figured, had socked some dodo for ogling Mercy and got himself in left handed with the law and order. I was right, I found when I got to the cop club.

"I hope to tell you, he hit a guy!" the lieutenant busted out. "The guy's in a bad way in the General Hospital—arm broken and concussion of the brain from being knocked down. Your pal's back there in the scraper."

ALTHOUGH feeling sorry for Steam's victim, I had to smile to myself to think how murderous Steam would be next evening, if he was cutting up like this already.



"She's always said she lived only for the day when she'd see that moron get a beating. Well, Mercy seen it!"

I found Steamy pacing up and down in his crate like the well known caged beast.

"How did it happen, kid?" I asked him soothingly.

Before answering, Steam took a vicious kick at the bars—and nearly spoiled their jail—to show me what kind of a temper he was in.

"Me and Mercy went to the Alhambra movie theater," he explained, "because it's in a nice, quiet neighborhood where I wouldn't be recognized and bothered for ottygrifs and such. When we came out, we walked up Lotus Avenue, which is a—"

"Yeah, I know where it is," I interrupted him. Lotus Avenue is a very dark, noiseless residential street on the edge of town.

"Anyways, a pop corn and peanut man was driving his wagon up the street, and I stopped him, because Mercy wanted some peanuts. While I'm standing there waiting for my nickel change, this moron happens along and buys some peanuts, too. Right away he started to ogle the little girl and scared her half to death.

"Gus, it burned me up! Some people don't know when enough is enough. I socked him."

"Good boy!" I yelped.

"You think I done right?" He acted surprised.

"Why, certainly!" I said, reaching through the bars and patting his shoulder. "Go on."

"I thought you'd maybe be mad," he remarked. "Well, he got up—but he was groggy already.

"I guess we must have milled there for fifteen minutes. He didn't floor me once. He didn't even stagger me. I knocked him down five times—and the fifth time he stayed. He was cold."

"Hot dog!" I laughed.

"You think I done the manly thing, then?" he asked me.

"Don't be so insophisticated," I advised Steam. "Then what happened?"

"Why, the peanut man had run and got a copper. The John Law slapped the handcuffs on me and brought me here and had that lousy moron carted to the hospital. They tell me he's hurt."

"Broken arm," I bragged for Steam.

"Yeah!" he said.

"And concussion of the brain."

"Gee!" Steam grunted. "And you're not mad! I thought sure you'd raise hell."

"Why?" I asked him. "Ain't fighting your profession? This was swell practice. When I told you to rest today, I didn't mean you to take it so serious. What did this guy look like? Know who he was?"

Steam looked more surprised than ever. "Don't you know?" he gasped.

"No," I said, smiling. "Who?"

"Didn't they tell you? Didn't the coppers say who he was?"

"No. Who?"

"Swat," he said.

"Swat who?" I said.

"Swat Stanton," he told me.

"Swat Stanton — the *champ?*" I was ready to call my ears liars. "The guy you're supposed to fight tomorrow? You crippled him up?"

Everything went black before me. Also everything went lots of other colors. I saw enough red to paint all the fire engines and cigar stores in the U. S. I held on to the cell bars to keep from falling.

"I thought you knew," Steam confided to me weakly. "You ain't sore, are you, Gus?"

"SORE—oh, no! Every seat in the ball yard is sold. The whole world's waiting for this fight. Thousands of cash customers to see it—cash we got to give back now. And you knock him out! The night before! You even break his arm so he can't fight again for a long time. You shovel about fifty thousand dollars into the ash barrel. You queer yourself with me and you queer me with the promoters.

"You whip the champion of the world to a standstill—a knockout. In front of a capacity crowd? No! You fathead! On Lotus Avenue, a dark street, with not a soul around to see it—or pay for it. You! You knock him out! The champion you knock out! No one sees it! Sore—you—"

"You say nobody seen it," he told me. "Mercy seen it! The little girl I was fighting to protect seen it. He hounded her, Gus! He terrorized her. She's always said she lived only for the day when she'd see that moron get a beating. Well, Mercy seen it!"

THE END

Langley or Wright?

© Benner photo

The Langley plane being flown by Captain Walter Johnson after a new motor was installed in 1914.

(Reading time: 11 minutes 9 seconds.)

MAN flight in a motor driven, heavier-than-air machine first became a fact one bleak December day in 1903.

On that day, the brothers Wright—Orville and Wilbur—made four successful soarings from Kill Devil Sand Hill, Kitty Hawk, Dare County, North Carolina.

Their plane—the Flyer—was the result of a four year period of experimentation and seven years of study.

It was, down to its wooden bones and the canvas flesh of its wings, an American product.

Its co-pilots—Orville, as far as is known, was the first to fly—were Americans: American pioneers of the air descended from a pioneer of the wilderness who settled in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1636.

Yet this plane, this precious record of man's kinship with the birds, rests today on British soil, in the Science Museum of South Kensington, London.

It is there because Orville Wright, the surviving brother, believes America has dealt unfairly with him, in that the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.—logical resting place for the historic plane—has attempted to give to Dr. Samuel Pierpont Langley, one-time secretary of the Institution, credit for air achievements that Orville thinks should be given the Wrights.

Orville Wright objects to the Smithsonian's contention that Dr. Langley was the inventor of the first motor driven, heavier-than-air, man-carrying machine *capable of free sustained flight.*

The Smithsonian, where the original Langley plane now is housed, steadfastly declined to alter its claims for this airplane's performance until March, 1928, when Dr. C. G. Abbot, present secretary of the Institution, offered to remove the label which has offended Mr. Wright.

Even this gesture has not mollified the first man to fly in a motor driven, heavier-than-air machine.

When Orville Wright was notified at his Dayton, Ohio, home that the Smithsonian Regents had authorized Dr. Abbot to change the Langley plane label, he declared:

"The resolution does not touch upon a single point that has been at issue during the controversy. It does not clear up any of the discussion as it has been waged through the years.

"The resolution does not retract any of the misleading statements that have appeared in the Smithsonian's own publications.

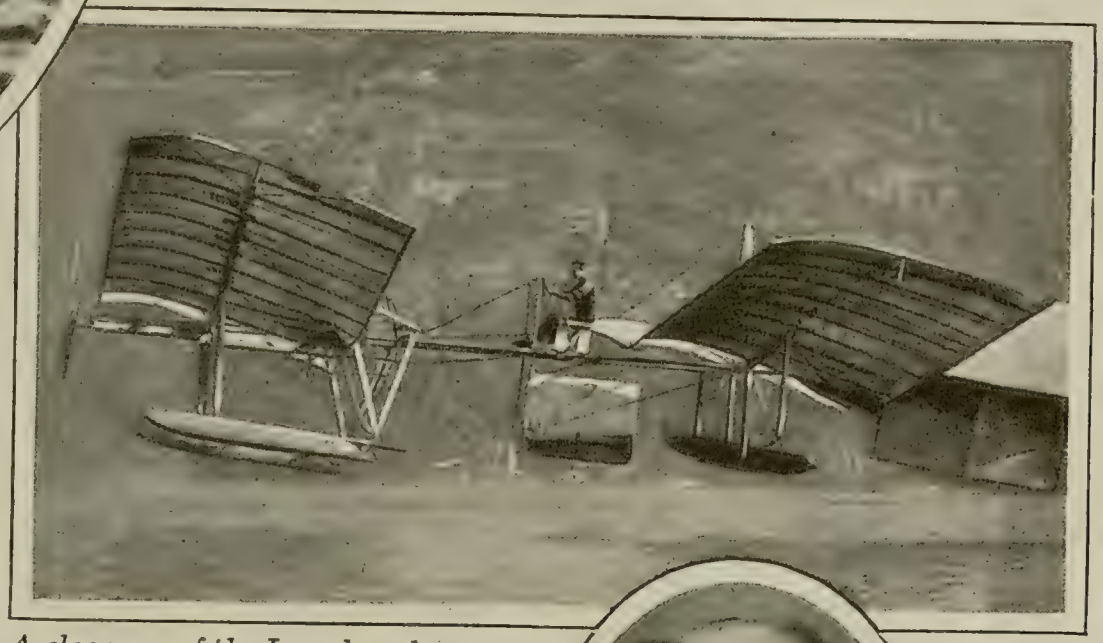
"The statement shows that there has been no change in the attitude and methods adopted by the Institution during the controversy, and it only goes further to show the existing need for an investigation.

"It is merely another clever use of words, such as the Smithsonian has been using for the last seventeen years."

No one familiar with the controversy can justly accuse either of the Wright brothers of having harbored animosity toward Dr. Langley. On the contrary, they admitted from the first their inspirational debt to him.

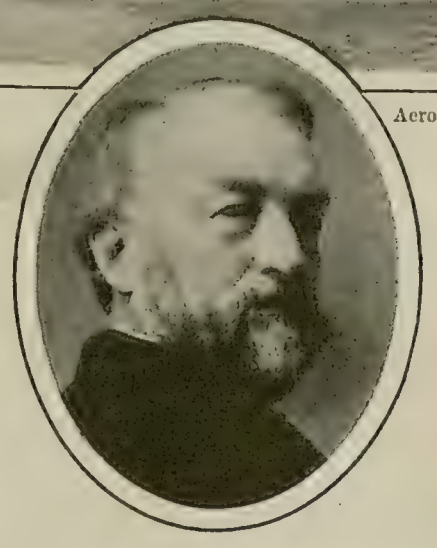
But, from an equally early period, they regarded him as the man who, through no fault or connivance of his own, cheated them of a place in aërial history rightfully theirs.

The Wrights never questioned the undeniable fact that Dr. Langley was one of those who did much to further the *science* of human flight—but they claimed as their own the distinction of being the first actually to *fly.*



Aero Digest photo

A close-up of the Langley plane at Keuka Lake, when it remained in the air for one minute and fifty-two seconds.



Dr. Samuel P. Langley.

DR. LANGLEY'S was a career to call forth the sympathy of all—all who are touched by a double failure, a difference of but nine days between his second crushing failure and the success of another, and the good-natured but nevertheless cutting ridicule of a nation—meted out as a reward for a lifetime of research.

Primarily, Dr. Langley was an astronomer. Between 1866 and 1887, while he was serving as director of the Allegheny Observatory in Pittsburgh, he constructed a laboratory for aërial investigations, where he engaged in his now famous experiments in aërodynamics.

Followed a period of experimentation with large models which resulted, in 1896, in the construction of his first successful steam driven flying ship.

This machine, with two horizontal wings and a vertical tail, had a supporting surface of seventy square feet.

It weighed seventy-two pounds.

The engine, controlled by the amount of water in the boiler, developed one horsepower, which served to drive two propellers in opposite directions.

The best flight ever made with this model was one of more than three-quarters of a mile over the Potomac River.

So great was the success of this machine that the United States War Department appropriated $50,000 for the construction of one large enough to carry a pilot. To this sum the Smithsonian Institution added $20,000.

Langley set to work immediately, but encountered long delays because of his inability to find an engine suitable to his purpose.

The best motor builders of that day—and consider, please, that but twenty-five years have elapsed since then—regarded one horsepower to the hundredweight as the minimum standard of motor merit.

Langley's motor quest took him to the back-yard shops of mechanical "geniuses" in almost every State of the Union. He went to England and to Europe to consult the best of the foreign motor manufacturers and the most absurd mechanical cranks.

Indeed, at this period he was regarded as something of a crank himself. Reticent and self-effacing by nature, he was given to nocturnal meanderings about the deserted streets of Washington, his every thought centered on one object—a flying machine that would carry a man!

Convinced, at last, that the motor makers of the world could not aid him, Dr. Langley turned to his engineering assistant, the late Charles M. Manley.

MANLEY'S product, a five-cylinder affair of marvelous ingenuity, was regarded as the one essential required to make the Langley airship a success. Today it too is part of the Smithsonian's Langley exhibit.

The Langley "aërodrome"—as the inventor called it—was now ready for flight.

Widewater, Virginia, about forty miles below Washington, D. C., was selected as the launching site. The aërodrome was to be catapulted into the air from a specially constructed runway inclining from the roof of a house boat anchored in the middle of the Potomac.

The banks were lined with spectators, and a small fleet of small boats, like children around an elephant, pushed and shoved about the house boat with its strange, birdlike burden.

Onlookers with field glasses issued verbal bulletins:

"They're getting ready now!"

"There he goes!"

"Yes, he's in the seat! He's going!"

And then, in a swelling sigh from both banks of the river:

The Facts About a Famous Controversy

By Norman S. Hall

"Ah-h-h-h-h-h—"

The aërodrome stirred, moved awkwardly, then shot down the inclined track—into the Potomac!

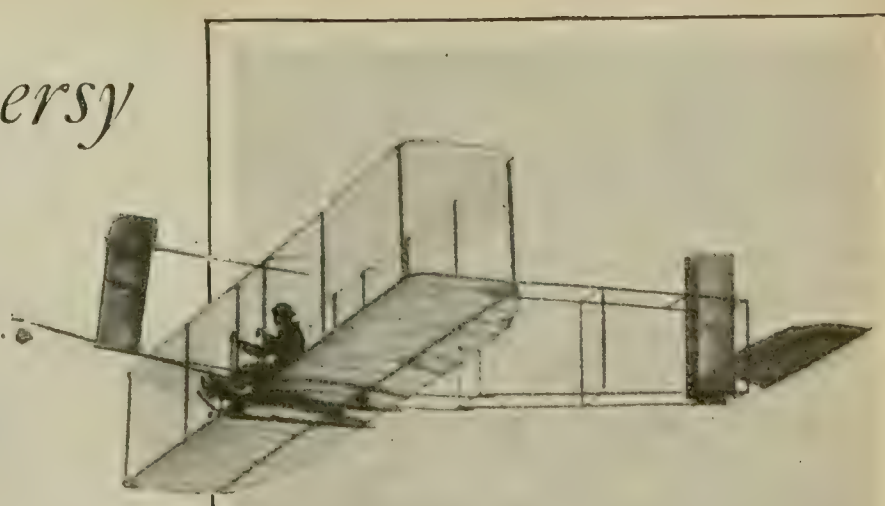
Manley, who, because of his familiarity with the motor, had been selected as pilot, and the ungainly aërodrome were fished unceremoniously from the Potomac while the crowd jeered, emptied its picnic baskets, and went home.

But Langley was undaunted. Investigation disclosed that one of the front wing posts had fouled in the launching gear, so bending the post that it could not support the weight of the machine.

Citing this mishap, Langley claimed that the soaring ability of his plane had not been properly tested, and set about making repairs.

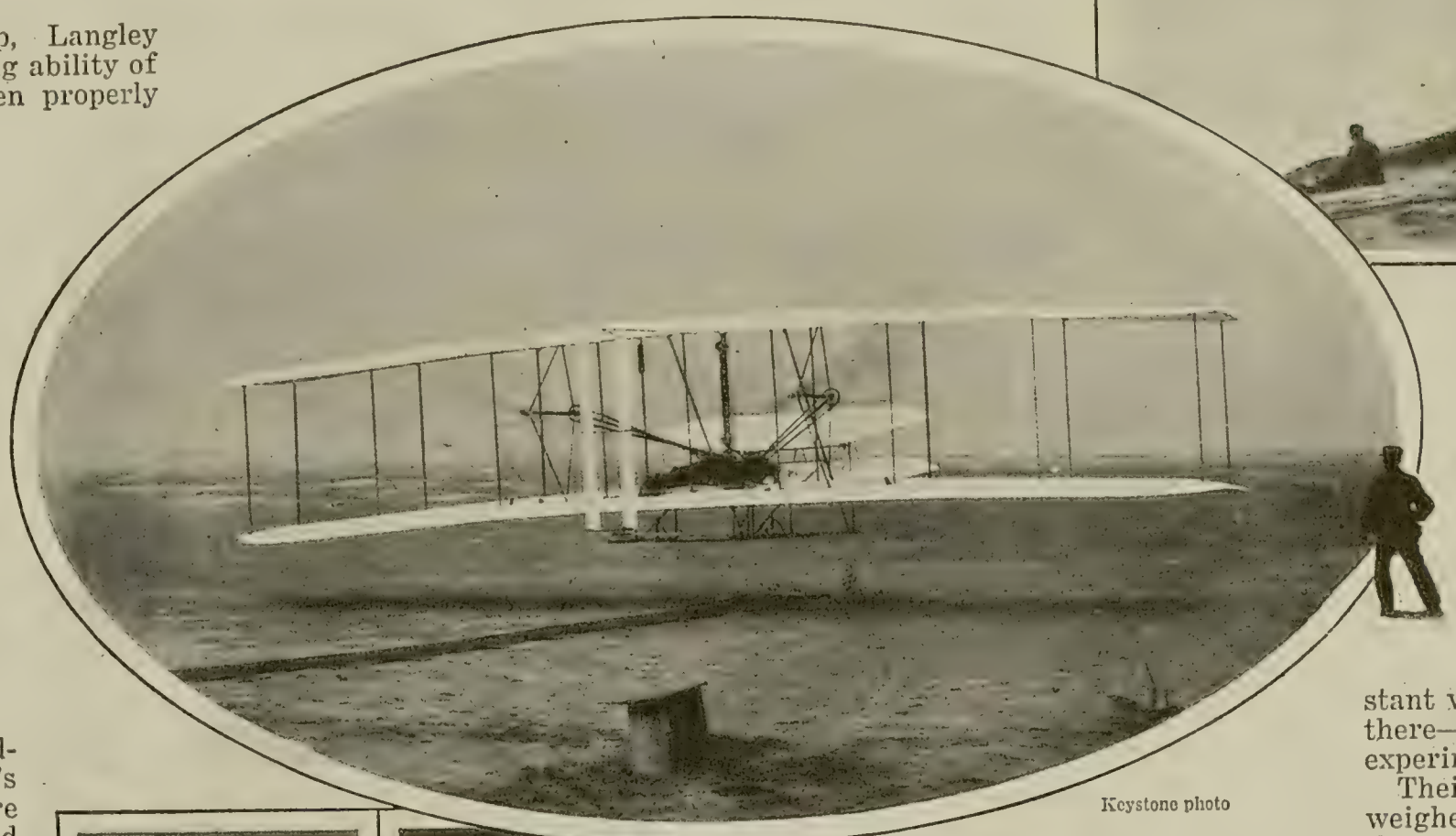
On December 8, 1903, a second launching was attempted with a similar result. This time Dr. Langley declared that a rear post had been crumpled in the launching.

He could find no sympathetic listeners. The aërodrome became "Langley's Folly" and the inventor a public jest. The funds appropriated by the War Department and the Smithsonian, as well as other money advanced by Langley's personal friends, were exhausted, and he could find no one to support him in further experiments. He died embittered and broken-hearted, believing he had mastered mechanical flight. He was seventy-two at the time of his death.



International photo

The Wright Brothers' glider in flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1903.



Keystone photo

The first Wright aërial flight — in a machine with a gasoline motor attached — on December 17, 1903.

Wilbur Wright.

Orville Wright.

NINE days after Dr. Langley's second failure to fly, the Wright brothers made the first successful mechanical flight as set forth in the opening paragraph of this article.

Because of the historical significance of this event, Mr. Orville Wright's own account, as written for the Aëronautical Society of Great Britain, deserves a place here. It follows:

> On the morning of December 17, between the hours of 10:30 o'clock and noon, four flights were made, two by Mr. Orville Wright, and two by Mr. Wilbur Wright.
>
> The starts were all made from a point on the level, and about 200 feet west of our camp, which was located about a quarter of a mile north of the Kill Devil Sand Hill, in Dare County, North Carolina. The wind at the time of the flights had a velocity of twenty-seven miles an hour at 10 o'clock and twenty-four miles an hour at noon, as recorded by the anemometer at the Kitty Hawk weather bureau station.
>
> The flights were directly against the wind. Each time the machine started from the level ground by its own power alone, with no assistance from gravity or any other sources whatever.
>
> After a run of about forty feet along a mono-rail track, which held the machine eight inches from the ground, it rose from the track and, under the direction of the operator, climbed upward on an inclined course till a height of eight or ten feet from the ground was reached, after which the course was kept as near horizontal as the wind gusts and the limited skill of the operator would permit.
>
> Into the teeth of a December gale the "Flyer" made its way forward with a speed of ten miles an hour over the ground, and thirty to thirty-five miles an hour through the air.
>
> It had previously been decided that, for reasons of personal safety, these first trials should be made as close to the ground as possible.
>
> The height chosen was scarcely sufficient for manœuvring in so gusty a wind and with no previous acquaintance with the conduct of the machine and its controlling mechanism. Consequently the first flight was short.
>
> The succeeding flights rapidly increased in length and at the fourth trial a flight of fifty-nine seconds was made, in which time the machine flew a little more than a half mile through the air and a distance of 852 feet over the ground.

THE flight in 1903 was the outcome of four years' constant labor to perfect a flying craft; for, since 1899, the Wrights had given their time to nothing else.

By 1902 they had perfected a glider with cambered (arched) wings with which they made more than 700 glides of varying lengths.

With this machine they returned to Kitty Hawk—selected because the United States Weather Bureau had informed them the strongest and most constant winds could be found there—and turned to motor experimentation.

Their completed plane weighed 600 pounds with the operator and an eight horsepower motor. This was the machine used in the four successful flights.

The scientific world turned to the Wrights.

Although a few of Langley's friends maintained his aërodrome could have flown had it been properly launched, they could not be heard above the din of praise for the Wrights' achievements. The Langley-Wright controversy could not be dignified as such until 1914.

IN 1914 Dr. Charles D. Walcott, then secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, engaged Glenn H. Curtiss to give the Langley plane a conclusive test.

The aërodrome was shipped to Curtiss' plant at Hammondsport, New York, on the shores of Keuka Lake, the scene of many of Curtiss' early aërial experiments.

Prior to this the Wrights had sued Curtiss for infringement of patents, but Dr. Walcott ever maintained that this legal action in no wise concerned his selection.

Curtiss has stated that he flew the Langley plane "in its original condition, with its original motor and propellers, with no alterations."

Despite this sweeping statement, it is admitted by all concerned with the 1914 Langley plane flights that struts and braces were added, that the planes were "rebuilt in so far as was necessary," and pontoons added to aid in launching the plane from the lake surface.

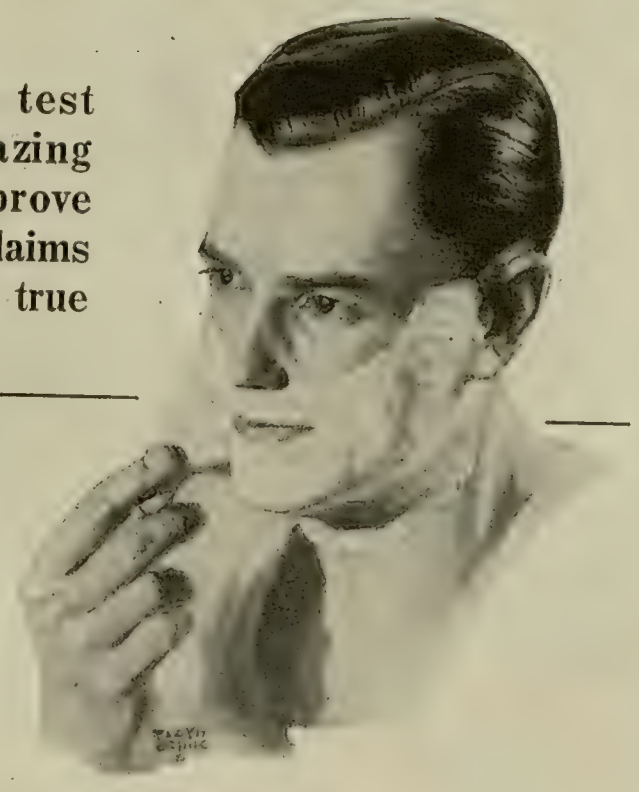
As to this phase of the controversy, I am fortunate in having the testimony of Captain Walter Johnson of 106 Homestead Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Johnson was one of three men who ever flew the Langley plane. The other two were Glenn

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Take 10 Shaves—FREE

Accept a generous test sample of this amazing shaving cream to prove that the remarkable claims men make for it are true



GENTLEMEN:

Advertising claims may sound much alike. And meritorious products that suit one may fail to please another. Hence we feel, in common fairness, that the way to introduce our new shaving cream is by offering a free test at our risk.

Thus, if it suits you—as it does the majority of those who try it—you will then buy it. Whereas, should it not, you will be out nothing.

If this reasoning appeals to you, detach the coupon now. Send it before you forget. We promise 10 delightful shaves which we believe will win *you*—as it has thousands—to this new delight.

1000 men helped us

Palmolive Shaving Cream has five unique features—things 1000 men told us they had sought. With their wishes to guide us, we set out to reach a new goal in shaving comfort.

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That creamy lather which multiplies 250 times to soften the stiffest beard—that unguent-like blandness from the palm and olive oil content—they are no accident. They follow naturally as a result of our 65 years of successful soapmaking.

These 5 exclusive features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
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Now make the trial, please

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you, yet there may be a better way. We've tried to find one for you, and will thank you to give it a test. Just send the coupon now, before you forget.

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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Just mail the coupon.

3974

10 SHAVES FREE

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1508, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

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.....

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(Please print your name and address)

[LANGLEY OR WRIGHT? Continued from page sixty-nine]

Curtiss and W. Ellwood ("Gink") Doherty of Buffalo, New York.

Captain Johnson, now a manufacturer, was one of the earliest American fliers.

In 1912 he held the world's duration record. It was three hours and fifty-one minutes. If you are interested in the progress of flying, you might compare it with today's duration record.

The monument at Kitty Hawk, where the Wrights assembled their first glider.

Captain Johnson, in describing the Langley plane tests, said:

"The pitch of the wings was not altered, but they were strengthened and repaired. The aërodrome would not fly with its original motor. It would hop, that is, barely clear the surface of the lake, but that was all.

"Following the attempts to fly it as we received it, we dismantled the two propellers with which Langley had equipped it and removed the original motor—which, incidentally, never could be kept 'hitting' on all five cylinders.

"We replaced the old Manley motor with a new Curtiss airplane engine working on a single propeller, and all three of us—Curtiss, 'Gink,' and I—flew it a number of times, both from the lake surface and from the ice in the winter of '14-'15.

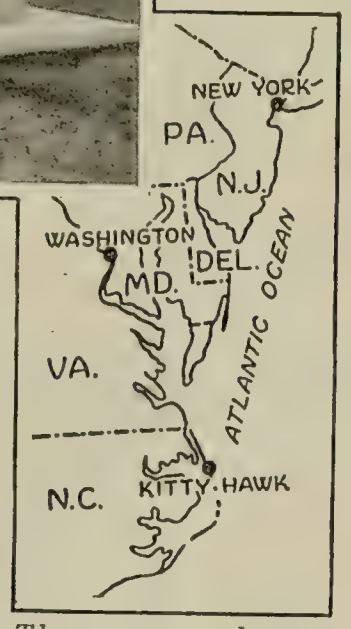
"On December 28, 1914, I flew it one minute and fifty-two seconds, and during that flight it held a natural bank and turned almost a complete circle. There were several other long flights, too."

Here, Captain Johnson consulted his diary and gave me the following flight figures: one minute and forty-five seconds, one minute and thirty-seven seconds, and one minute and twelve seconds.

The Langley machine was returned to the Smithsonian and the placard which has so offended Mr. Wright attached. It reads:

LANGLEY AERODROME

The original Langley flying machine of 1903 restored. In the opinion of many competent to judge, this was the first heavier-than-air craft in the history of the world capable of free sustained flight under its own power, carrying a man. This aircraft slightly antedated the machine designed and built by Wilbur and Orville Wright, which, on Dec. 17, 1903, was the first in the history of the world to accomplish sustained, free flight under its own power, carrying a man.



The map shows Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, where man first flew.

BECAUSE of this short paragraph and statements made in Smithsonian publications, the mother ship of the air squadrons of today may be viewed by posterity, if posterity will journey to England.

To most Americans that is the most regrettable feature of the entire controversy.

The Langley plane is in the United States. Today it hangs in one of the galleries of the Smithsonian, with a coat from Washington's back, a saber Grant carried, a six-shooter Custer wore, and the endless list, from Bibles to bayonets, that our great have left us.

There is another plane there now: The Spirit of St. Louis—Lindbergh's ship. Gallant company, controversy or no controversy.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page seventy-two)

1—Is Newfoundland a part of the Dominion of Canada?

2—In what grand opera does the famous "mad scene" occur?

3—In what State is the Garden of the Gods?

4—What are the colors of the flag of Italy?

5—What are herbivora?

6—In which State are both the highest and lowest points in the United States, excluding Alaska?

7—In a Bible story, who was it begged for crumbs from a rich man's table?

8—What is common to the meaning of the names John, Theodore, and Nathaniel?

9—In what country is the Assuan Dam?

10—How many masts has a bark?

11—Between which of the Great Lakes is Niagara Falls?

12—What countries were engaged in the Hundred Years' War?

13—What is called the Old Line State?

14—Where is the headquarters of the League of Nations?

15—What is an executive session of a legislative body?

16—What is the largest amount for which a United States post office money order can be bought?

17—Who wrote Without Benefit of Clergy?

18—What does *persona non grata* mean?

19—In what countries are Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Fujiyama?

20—When does a British Ministry "fall" or resign?

Sam Leever's Sad Plight

And the Dime that Made Him Famous

By

HUGH FULLERTON

(Reading time: 4 minutes 2 seconds.)

THERE never has been, and perhaps never will be, as exciting and dramatic a baseball season as that of 1908, when in both the National and American leagues three clubs came right down to the end of the race neck and neck; when Chicago and New York finished in a tie in the National League; and when Cleveland and Chicago, in the American, were beaten only two days before the finish.

There may be such races again, but no one ever will be in as sore a dilemma as was Sad Sam Leever—the Goshen, Ohio, schoolmaster—on Sunday, October 4, 1908. Sam was a great pitcher. He broke into baseball late in his career. He had been a schoolteacher, and tradition was that Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the Pittsburgh club, found him while driving past the school.

Brown Bros. photo

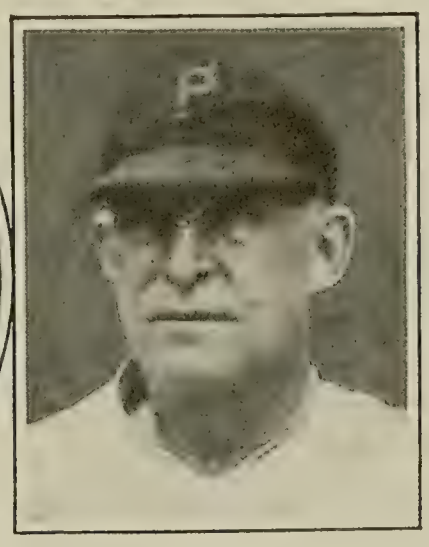
Joe Tinker, famous Chicago shortstop, at bat. He contributed one run to the crucial game with Pittsburgh.

The Ring photo

Sam Leever of the Pittsburgh Pirates, whose team came within one game of the pennant after he had sold his share of the World's Series money for a dime.

Brown Bros. photo

Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the defeated Pittsburgh team.



Fred Clarke, manager of the Pirates, who bought half of Leever's share for a nickel.

Sam was out playing Anthony Over with the big boys, and instead of throwing the ball over the schoolhouse roof he was curving it around the building. Also Sam knew how to take care of money.

Pittsburgh seemed to have dropped out of the National League race in mid-September. The club had fought hard, but Chicago and New York were drawing away from it. Then New York spurted, Chicago slumped, and the Giants were five games ahead of Chicago and five and a half ahead of Pittsburgh, with a dozen or so games to play.

Pittsburgh's players were gloomy. Sam was especially so. One night, when some of the optimists were trying to figure a chance to win, Sam remarked that he would sell his chance at the World's Series money for a thin dime. Fred Clarke, the manager, handed him a nickel, and Vic Willis gave him another.

Ten days before the finish the Giants crashed in a double header with Cincinnati. Chicago and Pittsburgh won double headers. The Cubs rushed on New York and tore down the Giants' lead further. New York, in panic, fell again and again before the left-handed slants of Coveleskie, Stan's brother, who was with Philadelphia; and on Sunday, October 4, when Chicago and Pittsburgh met on the West Side Park in Chicago to end their season, the standing was:

	Won	Lost
CHICAGO	97	55
PITTSBURGH	98	55
NEW YORK	95	55

PITTSBURGH and Chicago were finishing their season. The Giants had three more games to play against the weak Boston club. If Chicago won the game, the Giants could tie them by beating Boston three times. If Pittsburgh won the game, the pennant belonged to the Pirates, and Chicago would finish third. And there was Leever nursing the thin dime and reflecting upon this and upon that while his team mates, for his benefit, figured out that the winner's

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BOX SCORE

October 4, 1908

CHICAGO	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Sheckard, lf.	2	2	1	0	0
Evers, 2b.	1	2	5	4	0
Schulte, rf.	0	2	2	0	0
Chance, 1b.	0	1	13	1	0
Howard, cf.	0	0	1	0	0
Hofman, 3b.	0	1	1	1	0
Tinker, ss.	1	2	0	2	0
Kling, c.	0	0	3	2	0
Brown, p.	1	2	1	4	1
Total	5	12	27	14	1

PITTSBURGH	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Thomas, cf.	1	1	2	0	0
Clarke, lf.	0	0	4	0	0
Leach, 3b.	0	1	2	0	0
Wagner, ss.	1	2	3	1	2
Abbatichio, 2b.	0	1	1	2	0
Storke, 1b.	0	0	7	1	0
Wilson, rf.	0	1	0	0	0
Gibson, c.	0	1	4	3	0
Willis, p.	0	0	1	2	0
Camnitz, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Kane*	0	0	0	0	0
Total	2	7	24	9	2

*Batted for Willis in eighth.

CHICAGO	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	x	—5
PITTSBURGH	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—2

Two-base hits—Sheckard, Evers, Tinker, Wagner, Gibson. Hits off Willis—9 in 7 innings; off Camnitz—3 in 1 inning. Sacrifice hits—Evers 2. Stolen base—Brown. Double play—Gibson to Wagner. Left on bases—Chicago 9; Pittsburgh 5. Bases on balls—Off Brown 2; off Willis 3. First on errors—Chicago 2. Struck out—by Brown 3; by Willis 2. Wild pitch—Brown. Time—1 hour 38 minutes. Umpires—O'Day and Rigler.

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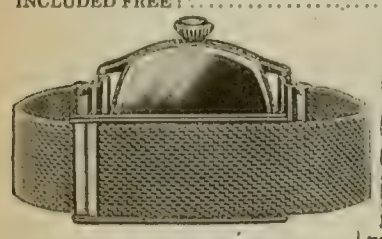

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FOR BOBBED HAIR — PRIM — FOR GROWING HAIR

THE BEST PIN

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

share in the World's Series would be $2,371.40.

The greatest crowd that ever had assembled at a game in Chicago jammed the park. Clarke selected Vic Willis to pitch for the Pirates, and Chance, as usual, named his ace—Mordecai Brown, the three-fingered marvel who had curved Chicago into championships and who pitched best when much depended upon the result.

Brown had been through a terrific strain, yet was near the peak of his efficiency just then, and the Cubs played behind him with a dash and confidence that indicated victory—barring accidents.

The Cubs played better and more perfect inside ball than any team of that decade, and they made their hits count. Their attack was diversified and adapted to the style of pitching against which they were pitted. It was one of those teams that could play any kind of ball at will.

It attacked in this game with a confidence that was unbreakable. Team spirit had been lifted by the desperate series in New York, which included the Merkle game which caused rioting and almost civil war. It was a united team. The bickerings and personal feuds were forgotten and they went right out to win.

Willis was a tall, lanky, right-handed pitcher with a beautiful curve ball and a tantalizing habit of putting his fast and slow balls just where the batter did not want them. Chicago's left-handed batters were the hope of the Cubs against such pitching, and in the first inning Sheckard ripped off a single, Evers moved him along the paths, and Schulte drove him home with a clean hit.

Given a one-run lead to work on, Brown was invincible, and the Cubs were working hard to add another run to their lead. It came in the fifth inning, a scientifically manufactured score, and the game seemed safe.

Then, in the sixth, the tide of fortune changed. Thomas started it by hitting a ball where, according to the Cubs, he had no business to hit it. The Cub outfield had swung around to play where he usually hit the ball, and he pushed one over the infield to the left field foul line. Two other hits followed, and the Pirates had two runs and the score was tied.

Leever, sitting on the bench, felt of his thin dime and did not know whether he was rooting for Pittsburgh or Chicago to win. He knew that if the Pirates won that game and the pennant he never would hear the last of his act in selling his share of the World's Series loot for a dime.

Brown Bros. photo

Mordecai Brown, who pitched Chicago to victory.

Instead of getting panicky, the Cubs steadied and fought harder. In the next inning Tinker smashed out a double and Brown drove him home with a clean hit that sent Chicago into the lead again.

From then on, Brown, using his great curve freely, held the Pirates safely while Chicago kept nicking away at Willis until he was removed for a pinch hitter, and then attacked harder the offerings of Howard Camnitz, and won the game 5 to 2.

ON that same afternoon their rivals, the White Sox, shut out Detroit with one hit, and threatened to win the American League championship and renew their civil war against the Cubs.

The Pirates, broken at the last hurdle, were a gloomy lot until they started home.

Leever felt the crushing force of the disappointment less than the others.

The week of "kidding" over his sale of his share of the series money had primed him to seek revenge.

"Lend me a dime to tip the porter, Sam," said Howard Camnitz, who happened not to have any change.

"Can't," said Sammy. "I gave my share of the series money to a redcap."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 70

1—No.
2—Lucia di Lammermoor, by Gaetano Donizetti.
3—Colorado.
4—Red, white, and green.
5—Animals that feed mainly on herbage.
6—California. Mount Whitney and Death Valley.
7—Lazarus.
8—All mean "the gift of God."
9—Egypt.
10—Three.
11—Erie and Ontario.
12—England and France.
13—Maryland.
14—Geneva, Switzerland.
15—One from which the public is excluded.
16—One hundred dollars.
17—Rudyard Kipling.
18—An unacceptable person.
19—Ecuador, Italy, Japan.
20—When the Prime Minister is unable to control a majority of the votes in Parliament.

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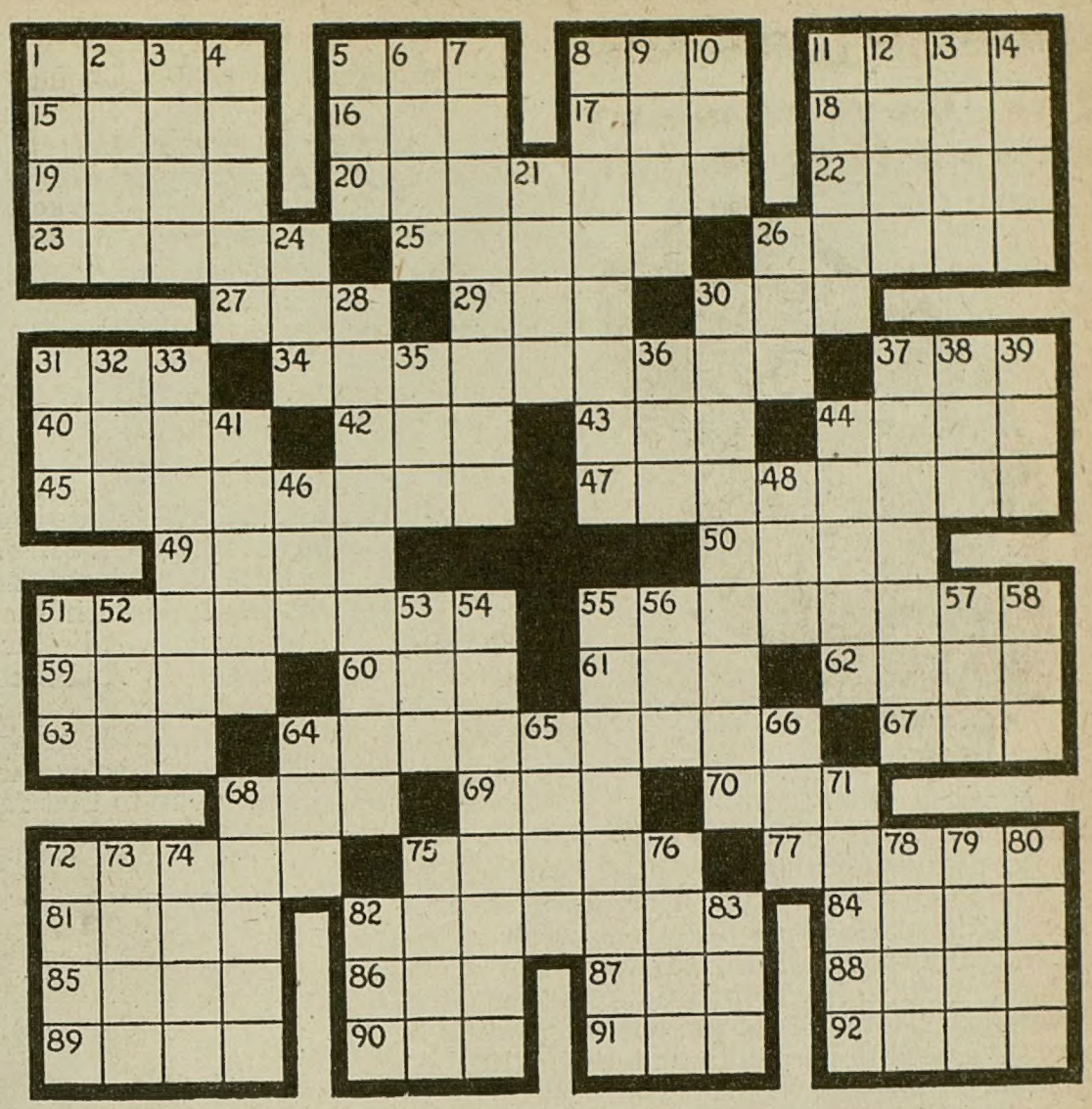
We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

Greek Cross Puzzle

A number of newcomers to cross-word puzzles greet you in this construction. These words are long, but readily solvable through the shorter and more familiar ones with which they interlock.

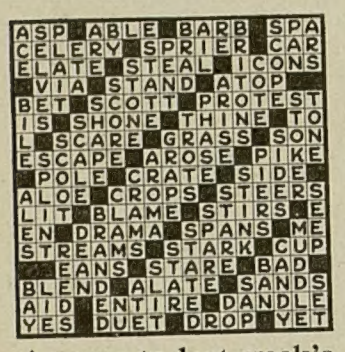


HORIZONTAL

1 Saturate
5 Tooth in a gear wheel
8 Unrefined
11 A variety of cabbage
15 Capable
16 Past
17 Evening
18 Early Persian poet
19 City in Alaska
20 Propelled by foot levers
22 Political radicals
23 Distributes
25 Ethereal salt
26 Parsonage
27 A swine
29 Wooden pin
30 Forefront of an army
31 Serpent
34 Entertained with open air music
37 African antelope
40 Tidy
42 Observe
43 Label
44 Greek god of love
45 Abhorred
47 Debilitate
49 City in Pennsylvania
50 Nipple
51 Wandering musician
55 Plaiters
59 Stake in draw poker
60 Born
61 Toss heavily or slowly
62 Assam silkworm
63 Existed
64 Capable of postponement
67 Turf
68 Conflict
69 Animal doctor (colloquial)
70 Part of the head
72 Raid
75 Decrees
77 Candle
81 Metal
82 Small finch (plural)
84 Went horseback
85 Classify
86 Measure of work
87 The turmeric
88 Pieces out
89 Wheelless vehicle
90 Printer's measures
91 An inclosure
92 Torn

VERTICAL

1 Courage (slang)
2 Reed instrument
3 Feminine name
4 Part of a ship (plural)
5 Head covering
6 Molding
7 Success; prosperous journeying
8 Allot to a special class
9 Affirm with confidence
10 Espouse
11 Holy book of the Mohammedans
12 So be it
13 Youths
14 Language of Scotch Highlanders
21 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
24 International distress signal
26 Rabid
28 An Occidental
30 Pertaining to plants
31 Moreover
32 Diocesan center
33 Official document conferring a right (plural)
35 Female ruff
36 A son of Jacob
37 Rough implements for rubbing
38 No
39 Employ
41 Concise
44 Avoid
46 Perch
48 Portuguese coin
51 Craw of a bird
52 Feminine name
53 Fish
54 Refuse
55 Prates
56 Plunder
57 Spanish word for river
58 Downcast
64 Division of time
65 Bear young, as a sheep
66 Devour
68 Diminished
71 More unusual
72 Tree (plural)
73 Verbal
74 Mechanical repetition
75 Stable
76 Proofreader's term
78 Thrust or prod
79 Paradise
80 Repose
82 A shelter
83 Speak



Answer to last week's puzzle

Word Golf at $5 a Hole

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every *original* WORD GOLF hole that it prints, and you may submit as many as you wish, but unused contributions cannot be returned. Any active English word may be used, provided it is not too unusual, but obsolete and foreign language words are definitely barred.

Address contributions to WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Following are six prize winning holes for you to play.
See if you can beat the indicated par on any of them.

A. G. HANAN, Vancouver, B. C.

M	O	L	D	
C	A	S	T	

FLORENCE MARTINELLI, Davenport, Ia.

S	T	A	R	T
C	L	O	S	E

C. E. WEAVER, Savannah, Ga.

T	R	A	P
H	O	L	E

GEORGE LA MARSH, Scarsdale, N. Y.

S	N	A	P
B	I	T	E

ELSIE I. SIPP, Chicago, Ill.

B	L	A	N	D
S	U	A	V	E

MRS. D. K. MURPHY, Washington, D. C.

O	A	S	I	S
W	A	T	E	R

Last week we asked you to have a shot at birdies on two holes. HOUR—WEEK and RASP—FILE were the ones which offered an opportunity to beat Old Man Par. Here's how they can be played in six and five, respectively, or one under what the diagrams allowed: HOUR—SOUR—SOAR—SEAR—WEAR—WEAK—WEEK and RASP—WASP—WISP—WISE—WILE—FILE.

Solutions of Last Week's WORD GOLF

ELMS	SCALE	STAR	HOUR	RASP	TURF
ALMS	STALE	SOAR	SOUR	WASP	SURF
AIMS	STOLE	BOAR	SPUR	WARP	SURE
DIMS	STORE	BOOR	SPAR	WARE	CURE
DAMS	SHORE	BOON	SEAR	WIRE	CARE
YAMS	CHORE	MOON	WEAR	FIRE	RARE
YAKS	CHORD		WEAK	FILE	RACE
OAKS			WEEK		

Bright Sayings of Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Poisoned Dart

Ann was offended because I would not take her with me to town.

As I put on my hat she said, "You don't look pretty in that hat."

I paid no attention, and as I went out of the door she fired the parting shot: "You don't look pretty in any hat."—V. Adelaide Cattoir, Arroyo Grande, Calif.

* * *

The Eternal Male

Bobby was fond of griddle cakes. One morning at breakfast, having eaten one, he in a most winning manner requested another.

His father, who had one on his plate, said he might have half of his. At the same time, he endeavored to give a little lesson in mathematics and explained that when a whole was divided into two equal parts, each part was one-half.

After Bobby had eaten his portion of the cake, his father, thinking to impress the lesson upon him, asked:

"Bobby, how do you get one-half of anything?"

And Bobby, with a roguish glance, replied:

"I des smile."—E. L. Bucklin, Minneapolis, Minn.

Cissy was a little black haired girl with the prettiest curls.

A Message to Cissy

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to*

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 5 minutes 3 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Cissy has gone away.

She'll never come back. She's gone so far away she can't come back. I looked for her in the park one day. I always looked for her in the park as soon as I got there. She wasn't anywhere. I looked there and everywhere. I called her name loud. But she didn't hear me. I thought maybe she was hiding on me. We used to play hiding on each other.

Mom says she never will come back.

I think that Cissy should have stayed here. She and I were such very good friends. That's what her Mommy said—and everybody. We were in-sep-rubbles. That's what they said.

She and I were 'xactly the same age. We came into the world at once. She maybe got here a day or two ahead of me. She always could get places faster'n me. But it didn't make any dif-fer-ence in our ages. They were 'xactly the same.

We were awful good friends. We fought and we played together all the time. When I'd go home I'd tell my Mom all about what Cissy said to me. And her Mom says she used to do the same about me, whether she saw me or not. One day she went downtown with her Mom to get some new clothes. So she wasn't in the park. But I told Mom what she said to me, just the same. Mom thought I was telling lies, I guess.

Course they weren't lies. Only grown-ups haven't any sense, just like they 'cuse us of not having. They're so far away from the Land o' Dreams that they don't know there ain't much of a rim around that land and our own. So when we use our thinkers too fast and few-re-usly, they say to each other:

"Can you imagine how that child can tell 'em right out of a clear sky, without any prep-ration at all? It just beats all."

Cissy was a little black haired girl with the prettiest curls any girl ever had. And her eyelids had long black fringes on them when she shut her eyes. They were blue when she opened them. She was just "charming." That's what all the grown-ups said. And she loved me! And I loved her 'most to death.

We met in Central Park. I looked at her and I said, "I like you." And she looked at me and said, "I like you, too." So then we were friends. So she and I would take either her ball or my ball and we'd throw it up in the air and catch it maybe and maybe we wouldn't. But it didn't make any difference. Then she'd let me have her doll carriage. She'd take mine. And we'd go for a walk to give our babies an air-ing.

Cissy was very per-tick-iler not to let the sun get in her doll baby's eyes; so she wouldn't have to wear spec-tikkles, she said, and I should also be careful about mine.

But then along came something her little brother brought in the house. It was a disease. And Bobby got better of it—all better. Then Cissy got it. And the first thing you know, she went away.

I asked all the grown-ups where she'd went. They said, "She's gone to a far place, and when people go up to that far place, they never come back, because that country is so much nicer."

When it comes night and the stars come out, Mary and me look up to find you.

And I said, "Where is it?"

And Mom said, "It's up beyond the stars. And it's called Heaven. And it's where people go who have been good all their lives, and little children also. Every little child is so lovely that God loves him and her and wants them with Him. And when big children live all their lives so that they don't break any laws of God or man, then they're just the same as little children, except that they're a little older and more tired at having lived so long. But God likes all his kids, no matter how old they live to become. And when they lie down and go away He's ready to gather them to Him, because He's the Father of us all."

And I said, "For goonness sake, Mom, why should He gather us to Him? You and Daddy and Aunt Toni have gathered me till I'm almost suf-fo-cated."

And she said it doesn't mean anything like that. He just gathers us in His arms and makes us forget that we've been down here on this earth, which is nothing but an old vale of tears anyway. So I said what is a veil of tears? And she said, "Honey dear, you're too little to understand, and I hope you never will know—"

"Well, if Cissy is up there," I said, "I want to go up and be with her, because she is the bestest friend I ever had."

And Mom said, "God forbid"—whatever that means.

Then she said, "If you're an awfully good little girl all your life and never do anything that you or Cissy would be ashamed of, then God will take you up there to be with Cissy for all eternity."

And I said, "What does all eternity mean?"

And she said, "It means that God and Heaven will outlast the sun and the moon and the stars and the earth."

And I said, "Then I'll be an awful good girl all my life and will never do anything that Cissy or me'll be ashamed of. And I hope that God'll take me up there, because she can throw a ball so good and play so nice that I don't care if I'm a thousand years old, I want to be up there with her."

I'M not very old. Not yet. I'm not more than three and a half. But I bet if I live till I'm nine thousand years old and haven't any teeth I'd never lose another playmate just half so good as Cissy. For goonness sake, you only meet one or two playmates in your life that mean a single stick of candy to you.

Anyway, Cissy, you and I'll see each other some day. I'll come upstairs there where God keeps all His children. I'll always be a very good girl, not for God's sake, but because I want to play with you again.

Cissy, I know you're away up in the sky somewhere, and when it comes night and the stars come out, Mary and me look up to find you, because we know God would let you out for a coupla minutes. But you never do come out.

Are you mad at me? Or are you mad at Mary?

I didn't mean it for taking your ball that time. And I didn't mean it for taking your kiddy car. I just wanted to fun with you. I wish you wouldn't be mad at me for "all eternity" because from what Mom says to me eternity is a long, long time.

Better peek out from behind a star and say, "Hello, Toni." I'll answer you back so loud you can hear me in Heaven.

Toni's tried lots of things—she'll try anything once—but she never tried to be a nurse before. Next week she does and—well, don't miss it.

Good Ventilation is half the Show

"I'll never go in that theatre again," sighs the disgruntled customer who feels as though he had been smothered.

"I'd like to see the show, but my wife absolutely refuses to sit in a hot, stuffy theatre," comments another cash customer.

"I don't know what it is, but something about that playhouse gets on my nerves," replies the third.

What's the answer? *Improper ventilation!*

The "customer is always right" in the theatrical business as well as any other business. People like good shows, but insist on personal comfort during the performance.

Proper ventilation is of vital importance in theatres; just as it is in homes, offices, factories, restaurants, schools and countless other places.

American Blower ventilating equipment has been specially designed to provide proper ventilation with the minimum of effort and at a very low cost.

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Bakeries	3 minutes
Laboratories	3 to 10 minutes
Ship Holds	10 minutes
Kitchens (Home)	2 to 3 minutes
Laundries	5 minutes
Theatres	5 to 10 minutes
Garages	5 minutes
Dining Rooms	5 to 15 minutes
Machine Shops	15 minutes
Lodge Rooms	10 minutes
Foundries	5 to 10 minutes
Retail Stores	5 to 15 minutes

* This table is based on climatic conditions in Central United States. Other tables for specific localities are available.

Theatre Owners and Operators—
Send for our catalog and a copy of "Ventilation News"

Send us your name and address and we will mail you free of charge and without obligation, a copy of our beautifully illustrated rotogravure magazine "Ventilation News" full of interesting facts and pictures, and our illustrated catalogs on theatre ventilation.

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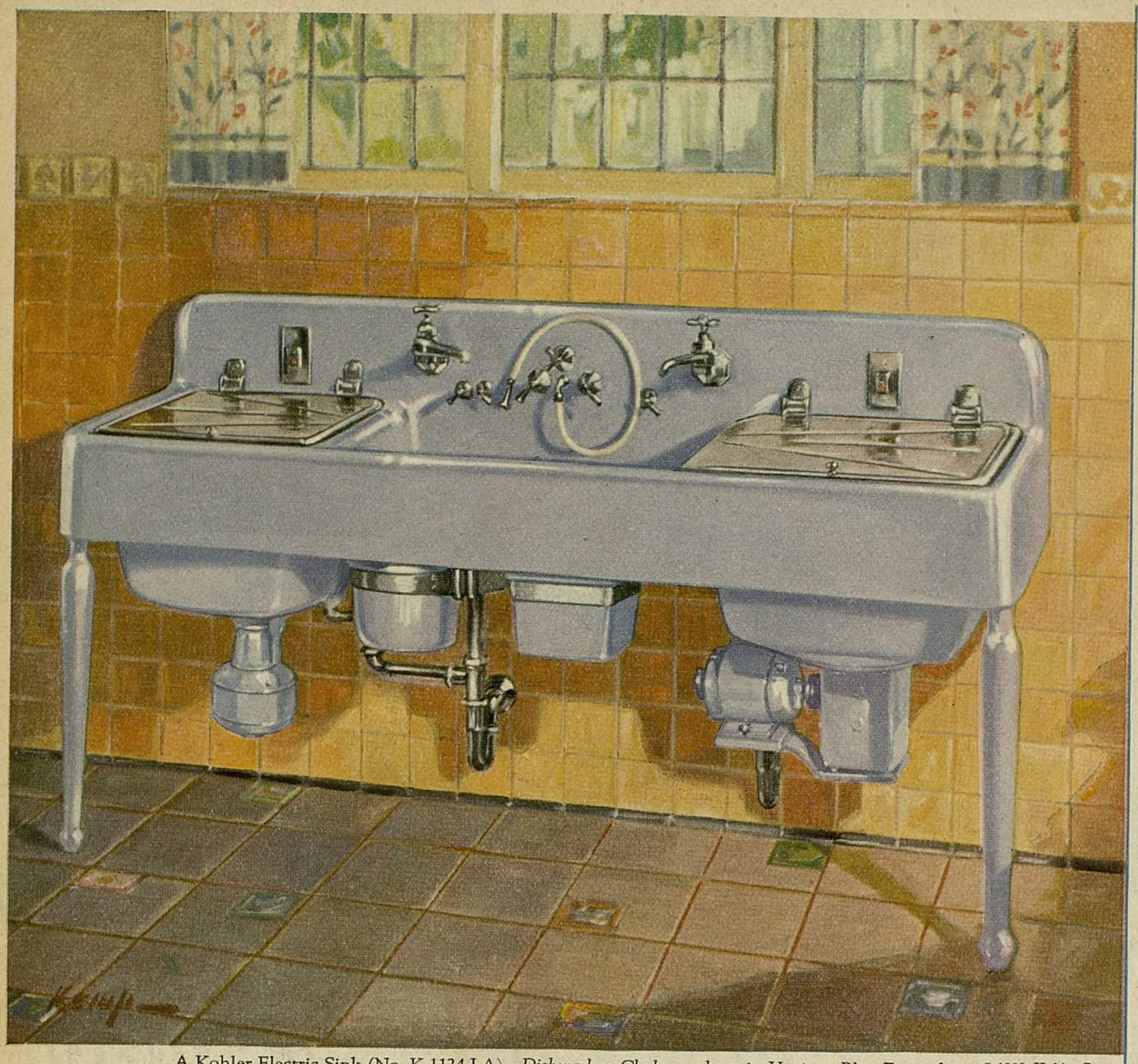


A Kohler Electric Sink (No. K-1124-LA)—*Dishwasher, Clotheswasher*—in Horizon Blue Enamel © 1928, Kohler Co.

See what a *modern* sink will do

Would you like to do the dishes by merely pressing a button, without so much as dipping a fingertip in water? You can, in the built-in electric dishwasher on the left.

Would you like to have an electric clothes-washer that is really *convenient* for the every-day light laundering of miscellaneous articles? You have it here on the right—a built-in washer that does not have to be trundled about; that fills and empties itself; that is never in the way when not in use.

But wait! This *modern* sink—this Kohler Electric Sink—does other things besides. It supplies hot, cold, or tempered water through either of its swinging spouts or through its rinsing hose. It holds water in its central well—without a dishpan. It utilizes space beneath for the handy receptacles illustrated and described at the right.

Not content with being efficient, this wonderful sink brings grateful beauty to the kitchen—beauty of softly lustrous chromium-plated fittings: beauty of *color*. Like Kohler bath tubs, lavatories, and toilets, Kohler sinks offer you a choice of *six* colors—delicate, everlastingly permanent shades of blue, green, lavender, ivory, brown, and gray. *Color means Kohler*. . . .

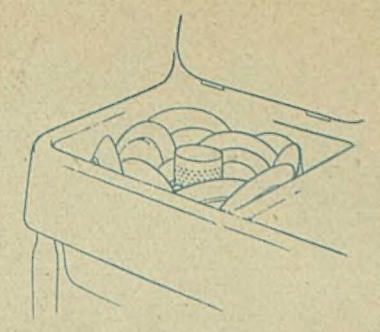
Your own plumber can supply Kohler Plumbing Fixtures. The coupon in the corner will bring you many good reasons for asking him to be sure that he does.

KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873*, KOHLER, WIS. · *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis. · *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

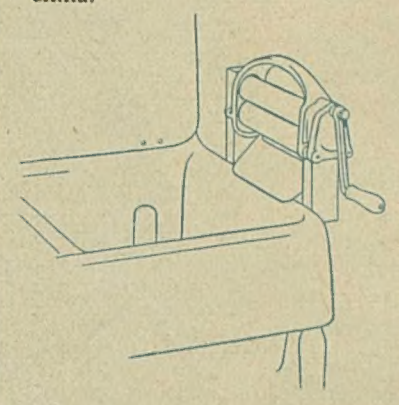
LOOK FOR THE KOHLER TRADE MARK ON EACH FIXTURE



Perfected dishwashing

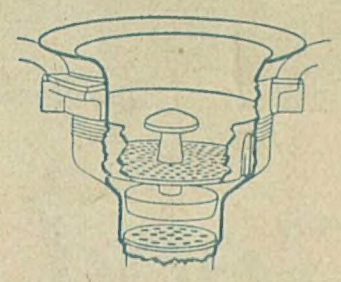
Delighted users join with the foremost home economics institutes in attesting the complete success of this simple, convenient *built-in* device for dishwashing by electricity.

The dishes are washed fastidiously, *hygienically* clean. Health is safeguarded—to say nothing of delicate hands and precious china.



For light laundering

What could be more convenient? A built-in washer with an easily removable wringer, always ready for the *everyday* washing of children's clothes, luncheon sets, silk undergarments—*all* those things that are too valuable or too immediately needed to be left for the regular washing.

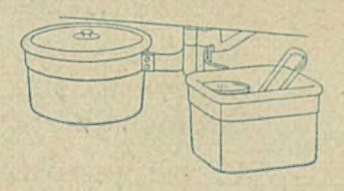


It holds water

The extra-deep central sink *holds water* just like a bath tub. You can wash fruits or vegetables, for example, without using a pan.

Combined with the water outlet is a strainer cup which catches debris and lifts out for easy emptying. An original Kohler improvement—called the "Duostrainer."

The Duostrainer illustrated above is operated by hand. Another style is lever operated. Kohler sinks in many models may be had with these exclusive modern fittings.



A place for everything

These useful receptacles swing forward at a touch, then retire underneath the sink, where they can not possibly be in the way.

One is for brushes, cleaning powder, steel wool, scrapers, and the like. The other is for garbage, replacing the awkward strainer in the sink corner.

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis.

Gentlemen: Please send me descriptive literature as checked below.

☐ Kohler Electric Sinks for dishwashing and clotheswashing.

☐ Kohler Colorware for bathrooms, kitchens and laundries.

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